

CHAMBERS'S
PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE

VOLUME II

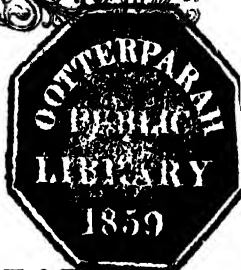


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THE SANITARY MOVEMENT.

THE first half of the nineteenth century has been pre-eminently a period of contrasts—great and impressive, often startling, at times inexplicable. Twenty years of war have been followed by thirty years of peace, in which human capabilities have developed themselves to an unprecedented extent. England, in her plenitude of power, has surpassed the achievements of the mightiest of bygone nations. In her mastery over physical elements rude nature has been conquered; and art, science, and mechanical ingenuity have risen to a pitch of refinement which, but that we have grown up among the results, would appear as the exaggerations of untamed fancy. Whatever can contribute to pleasure, comfort, luxury, convenience, is infinitely multiplied and realised: we see it in halfpenny steamboats, penny postage, express and excursion trains, and the electric thought-flasher—all telling of energy and progress. And yet, side by side with all this wealth of power and enterprise we find elements of weakness, of degeneracy, of perdition even, which are not to be paralleled in countries the most barbarous, among people the most untutored.

Of all the great undertakings by which the era is signalised, there is perhaps none which so clearly stamps a character of real and essential progress as the Sanitary Movement; for the result of this, mediate and immediate, is a positive, a cumulative good; a social, moral, and—shall we add?—intellectual amelioration of a most beneficial nature—one which we believe destined to effect great results in the material advancement of a people. Its ultimate effect, whether so intended or not, lies beyond the pecuniary advantage—the pounds, shillings, and pence: it recognises the existence of claims and sympathies—intimate relations between all phases

and grades of society. It matters not that those who held the might and controlled the capabilities had to learn their rudiments of duty and responsibility in a severe school; that their attention was compulsory rather than spontaneous; that motives of not exalted character were brought into play: it was something gained when the conviction was established, that it would be no longer safe or politic to ignore the existence of 'masses' of population, for the multitudes proved their kin from time to time by fatal evidence—in the communication of mortal disease. Distress and misery could not seize on the destitute ranks without foraying, so to speak, for victims among those in happier positions. And slowly and painfully the great truth forced itself into notice—that negligence and ignorance were costly as well as criminal; that 'classes' might be 'dangerous' in more senses than one; that interests involving other than temporal consequences were recklessly slighted, flung away as worthless. ●

It matters not, we repeat, in what way the impulse originated; the prime fact remains, that it was felt and obeyed, and inspired the inquiries—What are we to do? and, How are we to do? One obvious course was to try backward and trace effects to their causes; to discover why the groundwork of opulence, luxury, and health, should be indigence, misery, and appalling mortality. Here ever-increasing wealth; there ever-grinding poverty. Hope and ever-widening knowledge on the one hand; despair and foulest ignorance on the other. Extremes meet; and, as we have seen, lofty and lowly are brought together by grim compensations.

Were it necessary, we might go back to ages long anterior to our own historical period, and show that certain leading principles have been recognised and acted on by the wise as essential to health and vigour of body, which principles could not be departed from without risk or penalty. But such a survey is incompatible with our present scope; we need not even insist on Hippocrates or Galen; our purpose will be efficiently attained by taking the philosophy of Bacon as our retrospective limit, as the primary text. 'There is a wisdom,' writes the master, 'beyond the rules of physic: a man's own observation, what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health. Examine thy customs of diet, sleep, exercise, apparel, and the like, and try, in anything thou shalt judge hurtful, to discontinue it by little and little.' Add to this what he says on habitations, and we have the pith of the whole matter.

Although during the eighteenth century a few examples were given of the advantage of treating health on principle, it was reserved for the present generation, as already mentioned, to bring the vast accumulation of unconnected experiences to bear with comprehensive force on the whole question. The carrying out of the New Poor-Law may be regarded as the starting-point of the inquiries which led to the Sanitary Movement: medical men of enlightened minds were authorised to collect evidence on certain social phenomena said to favour pauperism; and this evidence, when logically collated, presented an amount of proof altogether irresistible. Still, the knowledge of the facts was confined to a very limited circle—of those especially interested either in the economical or the scientific bearing. The doctrine was broached that disease was not inevitable; that its physical causes were removable. Hence in 1839 the further inquiry autho-

rised by government in England, Wales, and Scotland, which embraced the condition of the labouring population in towns and rural districts—their dwellings, relative to cost and comfort; wages and expenditure; and means of cleanliness and decency everywhere, whether public or private. With respect to dwellings, the assistant commissioners were instructed to 'inquire as to the comparative health and condition of the inmates, and whether the advantage of improved dwellings has been observed to have any salutary influence on the moral habits of the inmates; whether the increased comforts of his house and home have tended to withdraw the labourer from the beer-shop, and from the habits of improvidence to which it leads; whether residents in separate and improved tenements are superior in condition as compared with the labourers who hold merely lodgings, or who reside with other families in the same house.' Thus a moral object, the vital principle of the whole, was kept in view; and to this we owe whatever of good has as yet resulted from the science of sanitation.

An idea of the specific obnoxious influences may be formed from the queries addressed to medical practitioners, and others who assisted in the preliminary investigation. It had been remarked that certain localities in town and country were always infested by contagious febrile disease, and it was desirable to know 'Whether the surrounding lands are drained or undrained? Whether there is a proper supply of water for the purposes of cleanliness of the houses, persons, and clothing? Whether there are good means of ventilation with a due regard to warmth? Whether there are proper receptacles for filth in connection with the cottages? Whether such residences are unduly crowded, and several families or persons occupy the space which would properly suffice only for a less number? Whether there are any inferior lodging-houses crowded by mendicants or vagrants? Whether there is a gross want of cleanliness in the persons or habitations of certain classes of the poor? Whether there is a habit of keeping pigs, &c. in dwelling-houses, or close to doors or windows?' These are but a few out of the whole number, but they exhibit the general scheme. Out of the replies furnished on the several points, Mr Chadwick, in 1842, produced his valuable 'Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain,' in which the whole mass of evidence for the first time was most ably discussed. This treatise, as it may be called, on sanitation and social economy, was followed in 1843 by a supplementary report 'On the Practice of Interment in Towns'—of burying the dead in the midst of the living, of which more by and by. The judicious spirit in which these two works are drawn up is such as will long preserve the reputation of their author among the most eminent of sanitary reformers. In June 1844 appeared the 'First Report of the Health of Towns' Commission on the State of Large Towns and Populous Districts.' The objects of the inquiry on which this report was based were generally the same as those quoted above; in fact all later evidence may be considered as an elaboration of that published by Mr Chadwick in 1842. The new investigations confirmed the former facts both in cause and effect. The sceptical could no longer claim the privilege of doubting that 'defective drainage, neglect of house and street cleansing, and ventilation, and imperfect supplies of water, contribute to produce atmospheric impurities which affect the general health and physical condition of the population, gene-

rating acute, chronic, and ultimately organic disease, especially scrofulous affections and consumption, in addition to fevers and other forms of disease.' In reply to the official series of sixty-two queries, returns were obtained from municipal and other public officers in fifty towns, including the large seats of manufactures, seaports, and 3,000,000 of the population; besides which, each town was visited by an authorised inspector for the proper verification of the facts. Defects in the law of sewers, instituted in the reign of Henry VIII., were pointed out, and amendments suggested. The chief and most obvious use of sewers had been strangely overlooked or disregarded. 'In some of the larger and most crowded towns,' observe the Commission, 'all entrance into the sewers by house-drains, or drains from water-closets or cesspools, is prohibited under a penalty. In other places, including a part of the metropolis, the entrance of house-drains is commonly deemed the concession of a privilege.' So if a man wished to take measures for the promotion of health in his household, he could only do so under favour! It further appeared, almost without exception, that in all structural arrangements there was no plan: every builder built as to him seemed best; and houses were 'run up' without the slightest regard to drainage, decency, or real comfort for the expected tenants. The statements might well stagger belief: although a few cheering facts stood out amid the overwhelming weight of discouragement; and wherever remedial measures had been applied, although isolated or imperfect, great good had followed. Here was sufficient ground for a recommendation of powers, while, to avoid the burthen and vexation of new and increased rates, the principle was suggested of 'spreading the expense of the outlay over an extended period, so that the cost might be repaid within a reasonable time, with interest, by an annual rate.' The evidence showed that an addition might be made to topographical nomenclature: if the provinces could boast of 'Montpeliers' and 'Valcs of Health,' and towns of 'West-Ends' and stately 'Malls,' so could the one and the other lay claim to 'Fever districts'—and permanent ones, for in them fever was as persistent as in the pestilential swamps and jungles of the torrid zone. The aspect of towns, taking the metropolis as a type, was too much after the manner of social usages—a sham. The main thoroughfares, showy, spacious, passably clean, such as might be required by a highly-civilised community, which would impose on a casual visitor or incurious citizen, but which only served to mask a 'behind the scenes' of quite another character. The long tall rows of houses concealed deformities worse than hideous, with here and there a vomitory, truly such—the only means of communication between the hidden regions and the stately avenues. Few who passed in the hurry and strife of business or pleasure could imagine so repulsive a background to the brilliant picture. Except the unhappy dwellers in these dismal haunts, none entered but a hasty pedestrian seeking a short cut, or the dispenser of charity, or minister of religion. Here were grim Death's harvest-fields; here the mortality was double that of the population in 'more favourable circumstances.' Not only more deaths, but more living disease; rapid mortality; an accelerated ratio of births; and multitudes of infants coming into existence, year after year, apparently for no other purpose but to die off as fast as possible. Then, again, the liability to fever and fatal sickness on the part of adults was directly the reverse of what the young who chanced to

survive required. The more children, the more orphans. Taking a fixed number of parents, the attacks of fever on those between twenty and thirty years of age fell but little short of the total at other ages. From twenty to forty is the most susceptible period; and it is precisely during this time that parents are swept away, leaving orphan families to swell the already overgrown ranks of famine, disease, and crime.

In 1845 the Commission published their second 'Report,' which entered minutely into details, tracing the evils before specified into their remotest ramifications, still taking as types the same fifty towns. There is not much of variety in the evidence: one example may stand for the whole. The differences consist in degree and intensity, not in character and quality. Degeneracy is degeneracy, find it where we may; and the overcrowded rooms in country villages are not less unhealthful and fatal to their occupants than those of densely-populated towns. One notable feature about this report was the practical data it established for the carrying out of preventive or remedial measures in the twenty-nine distinct postulates or recommendations by the Commission. These, in brief, are—to place all local sanitary bodies under supervision of the crown; to provide plans and surveys before undertaking new works; to purchase the rights of mill-owners and others, where mill-dams were obnoxious to public health; that all building arrangements should be brought under statutory regulation; that one administrative body should have control over the paving, lighting, and cleansing of towns, the drainage, sewers, cesspools, &c. and the furnishing of water—the supply of this indispensable element to be constant, and laid on without stint to public baths and washhouses, and to numerous fire-plugs in the streets; the rights of existing companies to be purchased whenever desirable; to denounce and abate nuisances by summary process; to provide that factories and steam-boats shall consume their own smoke; wide and airy thoroughfares to be opened in close neighbourhoods, and the width of streets to be determined by law; cellar dwellings, with certain exceptions, to be prohibited; no houses to be built without the conveniences required for health, cleanliness, and decency; public buildings and schools to be systematically ventilated; lodging-house keepers to be licensed, and placed under magisterial surveillance; and last, though not the least important, it is recommended 'that local administrative bodies have power to appoint, subject to the approval of the crown, a medical officer properly qualified to inspect and report periodically upon the sanitary condition of the town or district, to ascertain the true causes of disease and death, more especially of epidemics, increasing the rates of mortality, and the circumstances which originate and maintain such diseases, and injuriously affect the public health of such town or populous district.'

Here was a good basis of operations for a sanitary campaign; as will by and by appear, these initiatory proceedings went beyond the 'blue book;' they produced results. It is so much the habit for provincial towns to model themselves after the metropolis, that to commence the rectifying process with London seemed a matter of paramount necessity. Accordingly, in 1847, we had the 'First Report of the Metropolitan Sanitary Commission,' with evidence bearing strongly on the cholera question, its causes and consequences, and, by its reasoning, driving in the wedge of improvement a little further. A second and third Report followed in 1848, suc-

ceeded by two Reports from the General Board of Health in 1849, containing forcible evidence on sources of atmospheric contamination and disinfecting processes; and lastly, the 'Report on General Scheme for Extramural Sepulture,' in February 1850. With this voluminous aggregate of information we rest for the present.

We have now, as succinctly as may be, to show how the case has been made out; in how far it is established by the testimony. We may take each village, town, and city throughout the kingdom as central points to so many circles—each circle, as you pass from circumference to centre, exhibiting all the deplorable phenomena attendant on ignorance of natural laws, or on their evasion. Let us begin with an outlying example or two: the first taken from romantic Devon, the county par excellence for invalids, the delight of tourists. Who that has resorted thither will not remember the pleasant aspect of Tiverton, crowning the slope of a hill? Yet defilement lurks within, and health is endangered by offensive open drains and sewers, by which 'the whole town is more or less deteriorated.' And further, 'many of the cottages are built on the ground without flooring; some have neither windows nor doors sufficient to keep out the weather, or to let in the rays of the sun, or supply the means of ventilation.' Imperfect construction is not the whole of the evil: lack of space, of proper accommodation, necessitates overcrowding, and overcrowding leads to consequences which revolt the better feelings of our nature, and which might with propriety remain unrevealed, were it not that the true way to repair errors is to acquaint ourselves with their entire results. Families of six, eight, or more individuals sleep in one room—the majority not unfrequently in one bed: father, mother, grown-up sons and daughters, and young children. Well might one of the witnesses exclaim, 'How could it be otherwise with such families than that they should be sunk into a most deplorable state of degradation and depravity?—or that abhorrent crimes should be committed without compunction?—that unchastity should find the "cunning woman" ready to aid in concealing the shame, or rather the fruit of immorality?' Parish after parish, county after county, all tell the same tale of miserable hovels, called cottages by courtesy, inhabited by a sunken population—children devoured by disease; pure air an impossibility; all order, decency, and delicacy lost in overwhelming squalor. Between Bristol and Bridgewater in the Axbridge Union, the tenements, 'instead of being built of solid materials, are complete shells of mud, on a spot of waste land, the most swampy in the parish.' The medical officer of the Chippenham Union (Wiltshire) 'during three years' attendance on the poor of the district, had never known the smallpox, scarlatina, or the typhus fever to be absent.' The royal town itself is no exception: 'of all the towns visited by me,' writes the reporter, 'Windsor is the worst beyond all comparison.' Everywhere we find something to deplore or condemn. But if the south was bad, the north was no whit better: Dorsetshire had its parallel in Northumberland. Even at the risk of repetition, we cannot forbear quoting a passage from the evidence descriptive of the 'cottages' provided for the use of farm-labourers in the latter county, which, be it remembered, is in England, not in Ireland. The description is by the Rev. Dr Gilly, vicar of Norham. 'The dwellings,' he

says, 'are built of rubble or unhewn stone, loosely cemented; and from age, or from badness of the materials, the walls look as if they would scarcely hold together. The wind rushes in through gaping chinks; the chimneys have lost half their original height, and lean on the roof with fearful gravitation. The rafters are evidently rotten and displaced; and the thatch, yawning to admit the wind and the wet in some parts, and in all parts utterly unfit for its original purpose of giving protection from the weather, looks more like the top of a dunghill than of a cottage.'

'Such is the exterior; and when the hind comes to take possession, he finds it no better than a shed. The wet, if it happens to rain, is making a puddle on the earth floor. (This earth floor, by the by, is one of the causes to which Erasmus ascribed the frequent recurrence of epidemics among the cotters of England more than three hundred years ago.) It is not only cold and wet, but contains the aggregate filth of years, from the time of its being first used. The refuse and dropping of meals, decayed animal and vegetable matter of all kinds, which has been cast upon it from the mouth and stomach—these all mix together, and exude from it. Window-frame there is none: the windows do not open. There is neither oven, nor copper, nor grate, nor shelf, nor fixture of any kind: all these things the occupant has to bring with him, besides his ordinary articles of furniture. Imagine the trouble, the inconvenience, and the expense which the poor fellow and his wife will have to encounter before they can put this shell of a hut into anything like a habitable form! This year I saw a family of eight—husband, wife, two sons, and four daughters—who were in utter discomfort, and in despair of putting themselves in a decent condition, three or four weeks after they had come into one of these hovels.'

Again: 'How they lie down to rest, how they sleep, how they can preserve common decency, how unutterable horrors are avoided, is beyond all conception. The case is aggravated when there is a young woman to be lodged in this confined space who is not a member of the family, but is hired to do the field-work, for which every hind is bound to provide a female. . . . Last Whitsuntide, when the annual lettings were taking place, a hind, who had lived one year in the hovel he was about to quit, called to say farewell, and to thank me for some trifling kindness I had been able to show him. He was a fine tall man, of about forty-five, a fair specimen of the frank, sensible, well-spoken, well-informed Northumbrian peasantry—of that peasantry of which a militia regiment was composed, which so amazed the Londoners (when it was garrisoned in the capital many years ago) by the size, the noble deportment, the soldier-like bearing, and the good conduct of the men. I thought this a good opportunity of asking some questions. Where was he going? And how would he dispose of his large family (eleven in number)? He told me they were to inhabit one of these hinds' cottages, whose narrow dimensions were less than 24 feet by 15, and that the eleven would have only three beds to sleep in: that he himself, his wife, a daughter of six, and a boy of four years old, would sleep in one bed; that a daughter of eighteen, a son of twelve, a son of ten, and a daughter of eight, would have a second bed; and a third would receive his three sons of the age of twenty, sixteen, and fourteen. "Pray," said I, "do you not think that this is a very improper way of disposing of your family?" "Yes, certainly," was the

answer: "it is very improper in a Christian point of view; but what can we do until they build us better houses?"*.

The dwellings of those whose labour lies below the surface exhibit a similar degree of wretchedness: the 'lodging-shops' of the miners of the north are such, that in comparison the wigwags of the prairie Indians are palaces. In a room 15 feet by 18 were fixed two tiers of seven beds each, each bed being occupied by three or four men or boys, according to circumstances. There was no opening to the external air; fumes of cooking were continually rising from the kitchen beneath; yet here slept from forty to fifty men, succeeding each other in relays during the twenty-four hours—hot, dirty, and dusty. 'Though the beds,' states the reporter, 'had not been occupied for the three nights preceding my visit, the smell was to me utterly intolerable. What the place must be in the summer nights is, happily for those who have never felt it, utterly inconceivable.' And this is said to be 'a fair sample of all the lodging-shops in the country.' Heaven help the lodgers! One of the miners declares the rooms to be unfit 'for a swine to live in,' where fifty men slept in sixteen beds, with 'not a single flag or board on the lower floor; and there were pools of water twelve inches deep. You might have taken a coal-rake, and raked off the dirt and potato-peelings six inches deep.' In such circumstances as these, we can hardly expect the moral virtues to flourish. Poor humanity sinks very low when not upheld by the higher sustaining influences.

Deeper yet: pass from the country into the towns. In the evidence from Lancashire, it is affirmed by Mr Wood—'I have met with upwards of forty persons sleeping in the same room, married and single—including of course children, and several young adult persons of either sex. In Manchester I could enumerate a variety of instances in which I found such promiscuous mixture of the sexes in sleeping-rooms. I may mention one: a man, his wife, and child, sleeping in one bed; in another bed two grown-up females; and in the same room two young men unmarried. I have met with instances of a man, his wife, and his wife's sister, sleeping in the same bed together. I have known at least half-a-dozen cases in Manchester in which that has been regularly practised—the unmarried sister being an adult.' Overcrowding, either in public lodging-houses or in private dwellings, is attended by physical as well as moral debasement. A degenerating process has been observed among the wretched beings who throng these places, whereby they sink into the form and habits of the monkey tribes. 'The state of society' in the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens is said to afford no inapt specimen of what actually exists among the degraded and indigent of our population. A London magistrate makes a statement which presents another aspect of the downward tendency. 'I have often said,' he observes, 'that if empty casks were placed along the streets of Whitechapel, in a few days each of them would have a tenant; and these tenants would keep up their kind, and

* The fact at the same time must not be concealed, that the proprietors of cottages experience great difficulty in getting their tenants to live in more than one room—at least such is the case in Scotland, where a family, old and young, will persist in crowding into a single apartment, for the sake of heat and sociability, rather than divide themselves among the beds of two separate rooms.—ED.

prey upon the rest of the community. I am sure that if such facilities were offered, there is no conceivable degradation to which portions of the species might not be reduced.' Some appalling forms of the degradation here alluded to were witnessed in many parts of the country during the construction of railways, by the herding together of troops of brutalised 'navigators' in towns and villages already too thickly populated.

With such a state of things, every degree and tone of improvidence and debauchery would inevitably be associated. Where not an idea existed of the laws of health, over-eating and over-indulgence in intoxicating liquors were sure to prevail; while cleanliness, either of person or of habitation, would be altogether disregarded. What would be the effect of such a polluted mass underlying the other grades of society? In proportion to the degradation, so is the disposition to mischief and violence. Here lie the seeds of crime, the materials for mobs and riots, the instruments of the demagogue and the enemies of order. Here is the plague-spot of modern civilisation; and until it shall be removed our prosperity will be equivocal, and our progress uncertain.

The evils which in rural districts are to a certain extent scattered or sparse are highly concentrated in towns. A dirty cottage is bad, but a dirty street is worse. Like begets like; and from Penzance to Inverness the rule applies without reserve. Glasgow, the wealthiest mart of Scotland, is spoken of by Mr Chadwick as 'the worst he had seen in any part of Great Britain, both in structural arrangements and the condition of the population.' Everywhere five great wants are imminent—want of water, want of air, want of sewers, want of drains, want of exercise-grounds—combined causes of uncleanness, stagnation, and damp. It is proved beyond a doubt that fevers and other fatal diseases are generated by atmospheric impurity. Rheumatism is induced by damp. Scrofula, tuberculoma, consumption, are especially diseases of civilisation. The more people crowd together, and shut out light and air, the more liable do they become to these and other maladies. No effectual comprehensive measures have ever been taken to prevent this evil, although it has been frequently complained of. A proclamation by Elizabeth in 1602 set forth 'that such great multitudes being brought to inhabit in such small roomes, whereof a great part being very poore, and being heaped up together, and in a sort smothered with many families of children and servants in one house or small tenement, it must needs follow that if anye plague or other universal sickness should by God's permission enter among these multitudes, the same would spread itself.' Overcrowding and want of air produce similar effects on the lower animals: rabbits kept in constantly impure air, by way of experiment, became consumptive. It is the same with cows when kept in unventilated stalls. Priestley found that a mouse kept in unchanged air grew weak, and almost lifeless; and that, on putting a second mouse into the same air, it instantly died. 'There can be no doubt,' says Sir James Clark, 'that the habitual respiration of the air of ill-ventilated and gloomy alleys in large towns is a powerful means of augmenting the hereditary disposition to scrofula, and even of inducing such a disposition *de novo*.' Physiologists show that those distressing maladies, goitre and cretinism, are due to noxious local influences, chiefly to a stagnant atmosphere; and, as is well known, the complaints are most prevalent

in deep valleys, in which the circulation of air is intermittent or languid. In an ill-built village near Amiens, composed of damp and dismal houses, the inhabitants at one time died of scrofula as sheep of the rot, or cattle of murrain: a fire broke out, and swept away a number of the miserable dwellings; they were replaced by others, built more in accordance with the requirements of the human animal; and in these no cases of scrofula have occurred. Granting that the habits of the whole village may have changed somewhat for the better, the fact still remains, that improved structural arrangements neutralise, if they do not destroy, the causes of mischief, and contribute to the permanence of health. Even without seeking for aggravated cases, we might rest with the professional allegation that impure air, among other ill effects, causes deafness: in short, want of ventilation untunes—if such a word may be accepted—the individual, and leaves him an easy prey to sensual excitement.

Habitation appears to exert a paramount influence on health quite independent of education, and of what have been often urged as the best preventives of social deterioration—abundant work and high wages; for in New York, where there is always employment for those determined to exert themselves, with good pay, and schooling gratis, 33,000 of the population live in alleys and cellars. In the latter, according to Dr J. Griscom, a trustworthy authority, 'fevers, rheumatism, contagious and inflammatory disorders, affections of the lungs, skin, and eyes, and numerous others, are rife, and too often successfully combat the skill of the physician and the benevolence of strangers.'

'I speak now,' he continues, 'of the influence of the locality merely. The degraded habits of life, the filth, the degenerate morals, the confined and crowded apartments, and insufficient food of those who live in more elevated rooms, comparatively beyond the exhalations of the soil, engender a different train of diseases sufficiently distressing to contemplate; but the addition to all these causes of the foul influences of the incessant moisture and more confined air of underground rooms, is productive of evils which humanity cannot regard without shuddering.'

But atmospheric impurity is not confined to the domiciles of the wretched: in the abodes of royalty, in the drawing-rooms and chambers of the noble, in the halls of the learned, in the temples of pleasure or of worship, ventilation is the exception, not the rule. Architects and builders seem to have been profoundly ignorant of the physiological fact, that man carries a pair of lungs beneath his ribs fitted only to inspire oxygen and nitrogen in their purity. Stand for a moment at the open door of a carriage in which some five or six of the titled and well-born have been riding for an hour closely shut up, and you shall know what a noisome atmosphere really is. Go into a crowded Protectionist or Financial Reform meeting, when the excitement is pretty well up—enter a church or chapel in the middle of the sermon—thrust yourself into a theatre at half-price—or even into the meeting-rooms of any one of our learned or scientific societies—and the sense of foul impurity shall smite you as the breath of hell. Your instinctive impulse to flee from the sickening influence suggests the remedy. Society, from base to apex, has yet to be retrained with the true principles of the reciprocal relations between functions and physical elements.

Again: look at the houses of tradesmen, their shops and workshops; if the evidence is to be believed, they are fertile generators or aggravators of consumption.' Dr Guy, who has paid much attention to cause and effect in connection with this disease, contends that consumption is not, as is often urged, a national disease, further than as promoted by national habits. Mr B. Phillips shows also, by a comparison of fifteen different countries in the four quarters of the world, 'that there is no European country, at least in so far as our information extends, in which the people are more free from the disease than England and Wales;' and that it 'is much less prevalent in the present day than it was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.' We may have scurvy and ague among us again, and call them national diseases if we will. In London, as in most large towns, business is the primary consideration: provided the shop be spacious, all sorts of injuries and inconveniences may be tolerated in the rest of the house. Dust and gas contaminate the air of the shop, yet here, and in a gloomy den at the rear, the occupant passes his days. At night, he sleeps in an upper apartment in an atmosphere vitiated by the emanations from below. In such circumstances the vital functions inevitably become languid; the lungs weary for oxygen in its freshness and purity, and at length assume the abnormal state which favours the insidious formation of tubercles. The less of muscular action, the greater the susceptibility to the disease; for which reason artisans are longer-lived than tradesmen. Then climate is blamed, but Dr Guy asserts that 2500 of the annual deaths from pulmonary consumption in the metropolis are, so to speak, *wasted*, caused by 'deficient ventilation.' The force of this argument may be estimated when we consider that change of air, removal to a healthful situation, frequently effects a cure.

Workshops are still more insalubrious. The man sacrifices to Plutus as well as the master; or perhaps it would be more charitable to say he is under the same imperative necessity of supplying his stomach daily with a certain amount of food. Means of living the aim, though health, moral, and life are sacrificed in the acquisition. The evil extends through a wide range of trades, but exhibits itself most markedly among sedentary occupations. Milliners, dress-makers, and tailors, appear to be especially unfortunate. Many of the garments worn by the well-dressed portion of the community are in too many instances fabricated under circumstances sickening to contemplate. Men are found working in rooms the noisome atmosphere of which could only be matched by that of a felon's cell ere Howard commenced his jail visitations. Reeking hot they sit, often stripped to the skin, to preserve something like a feeling of comfort in the heated temperature; and if more floors than one, becoming more pestilential the higher you ascend. You have the positive, comparative, and superlative—discomfort, disease, death! The present writer will not easily forget a visit he once paid to the workshop of a tailor on the South Bridge, Edinburgh. Some thirty men were at work in the crowded room; the offensive odour from scorched cloth, interfused with exhalations from human lungs and skin, was nauseating in the extreme: to penetrate beyond a foot or two, or to remain, was impossible, and the risk of suffocation or a swoon was only to be escaped by a precipitate retreat. But the horrid taste, the feeling of contamination, was not to be got rid of; nothing

short of a bath and an hour's walk on the Calton Hill could remove it. The experience, though transient, has left a painful impression of the miseries to which the working population subject themselves, either from their own ignorance or that of their employers.

We pity the negroes toiling under the hot sun of the tropic or the torrid zone; we interfere by force in favour of those imprisoned in the foul holds of slave-vessels; we convert prisons into penal palaces; and shall we not do something for those whose toil feeds the ever-multiplying resources of the country? Let the principle be recognised, that we have no right to exact the sacrifices now made—let means be taken to provide efficient and practical remedies—and then education may combine its elevating influences, which, failing these, serve but to aggravate the sense of misery.

It is obvious that ventilation, to be complete and effectual, must derive its aerial currents from a pure source. But the atmosphere of large towns is anything but pure: the Registrar-General calls it a 'disease mist;' and not the least to be dreaded among causes of contamination are intramural graveyards—the burying of the dead in the midst of the living. We have already alluded to Mr Chadwick's Report on Interment in Towns; it contains a body of information from trustworthy sources on the question at large—the deadly effects of animal decomposition, the generation of miasm, the spread and communication of morbid matter. The presence of animal exuvia in the soil is injurious in more ways than one: superiorly, by the evolution of gaseous products; inferiorly, by percolation through the contaminated soil, and the consequent tainting of springs and wells. Evidence to this effect may be found in impromptu burial-grounds: fields of slaughter have sometimes proved as fatal to the survivors as to the slain. 'At Ciudad Rodrigo,' as Sir J. Macgregor states in his account of the health of the army, '20,000 dead bodies were put into the ground within the space of two or three months; this circumstance appeared to influence the health of the troops, inasmuch as for some months afterwards all those exposed to the emanations from the soil, as well as obliged to drink the water from the sunk wells, were affected by malignant and low fevers and dysentery, or fevers frequently putting on a dysenteric character.'

'In the metropolis,' continues the Report, 'on spaces of ground which do not exceed 203 acres, closely surrounded by the abodes of the living, layer upon layer, each consisting of a population numerically equivalent to a large army of 20,000 adults, and nearly 30,000 youths and children, is every year imperfectly interred. Within the period of the existence of the present generation, upwards of a million of dead must have been interred in these same spaces.'

From seven to ten years, less or more, according to temperature, nature of the soil, and other circumstances, are stated as the period required for the decay of a human corpse; during all this time gases more or less deleterious are evolved. The quantity of carbonic acid is so great, that graves twenty feet in depth have become filled in the course of a single night; in some instances Dr Reid has drawn off this gas by a ventilating process; in others, the diggers have suddenly died by incautiously descending into the fatal pit. It is no uncommon occurrence for meat on the premises of butchers in the vicinity of Westminster

Abbey to acquire an offensive taint in the course of a few hours. Want of space is the prime cause of this noxious influence; the 'seven years' required for decomposition, though recognised in theory, are disregarded in practice. The abominations, the ill health endured by those who live close to London churchyards, almost exceed belief. The deeds perpetrated in the Spa Fields burial-ground, which attracted public attention in 1845, will long be remembered. For a length of time coffins were dug up and burned with their contents, to make room for new interments; the long hair of women was cut off for sale; and dentists were supplied with teeth from the exhumed corpses! We do not object to cremation; we think it the best mode of disposing of the dead; but that a state of things should exist which leads to the committal of enormities so atrocious as those above referred to, is not to be tolerated. It is one that calls for the speediest and severest exercise of governmental authority.

It may be painful to question the propriety of restraining the exercise of human sympathies, especially when evoked by deep affliction; but when we find the practice of retaining corpses for a long time unburied, surrounded by a bereaved family or other inmates, productive of harm, we are compelled to obey a sense of duty, and declare the practice to be as mistaken as it is mischievous. The evil becomes most flagrant among those of narrow means—the multitudes of the working population who inhabit one, or at most two rooms. Frequently when death has been the consequence of some loathsome disease, the body has been kept for days at one side of an apartment, on the other side of which the family have been living, cooking, and taking their meals. Here also injurious consequences ensue, moral as well as physical, as instanced in a striking passage of the Report. The corpse is never absent from the sight of the survivors; 'eating, drinking, or sleeping, it is still by their side; mixed up with all the ordinary functions of daily life, till it becomes as familiar to them as when it lived and moved in the family circle. From familiarity it is a short step to desecration. The body, stretched out upon two chairs, is pulled about by the children; made to serve as a restingplace for any article that is in the way; and is not seldom the hidingplace for the beer-bottle or the gin if any visitor arrives inopportunately. Viewed as an outrage upon human feeling, this is bad enough; but who does not see that when the respect for the dead—that is, for the human form in its most awful stage—is gone, the whole mass of social sympathies must be weakened—perhaps blighted and destroyed?'

The remedy for this particular evil forms part of the proposed remedial plans which we shall have presently to notice. Immediately, or within a few hours after death, as peculiar circumstances might warrant, the body should be removed to a building, to be erected in the precincts of all cemeteries, and there lie under proper custody until the time of interment, which should in all ordinary cases be within three days. Speedy removal of a corpse after death need not involve the apprehension of burying alive. In any and every case where suspended animation was suspected, the body would be placed in an apartment specially contrived, so that the slightest indication of returning consciousness should be at once attended to. The difficulties in the way of such a reform as this are great, though not insurmountable: long-established custom and a host of prejudices are

to be overcome besides the sympathies of sorrow. The popular notion is, that prompt removal of a corpse would be 'cruel;' and we can only look to knowledge and enlightenment for rectification of the error; to show that the lower a people are in civilisation, the more unnecessary attentions do they bestow on mortal clay; that it is the animate spirit which we love, not the perishable carcase; that vain pomp is worse than useless. Large sums are lavished on funeral trappings which would prove of lasting benefit to those who have to pay for them, and the incongruity of the emblems with the present condition of society is lost sight of. Those accustomed to witness the return of 'mourning-coaches when the funeral's done,' will estimate the array at its true value, especially when contrasted with an unobtrusive ride to the cemetery, there to assume the funeral garb, and having paid the last solemn duty to the departed, to return with a chastened spirit that seeks not to attract the vulgar gaze.

Then the expense! Funerals afford grand opportunities for plunder. The number of undertakers in London is estimated at from 500 to 1000: many of them merely receive orders, on which a commission is obtained: while a second, and sometimes a third party, does the work, so that three profits have to be paid. One of these middlemen 'got' a new suit of clothes for himself out of the 'remuneration' from a common mechanic's funeral. A labourer's funeral costs from £3 to £5; working tradesmen pay from £10 to £12: people of 'moderate respectability,' £60; a clergyman's widow was charged £110 for her husband's funeral, she having ordered 'what was respectable;' while to gentlemen and the superior ranks the cost is from £200 to £1000. From detailed statements, collected with a view to ascertain the fair and honest cost of interments, it appears that a 'walking funeral,' exclusive of burial fees, can be undertaken at specified rates—'For a labouring-man, £1, 10s.; for a labourer's child, 15s.; for a tradesman, £2, 2s.; for a tradesman's child, £1, 1s.; for a gentleman, £6, 7s. 6d.; for a gentleman's child, £3, 10s. The expenses of hearses and carriages would depend on the distance, and would make from one to two guineas each carriage extra.' This is near the rate of charges made for interments in Paris, and admits of the funeral being conducted in a solemn and decorous manner: economy in this respect not involving shabbiness. The 'proximate estimate of the expense for the total number of funerals in England and Wales, in one year,' is stated as £4,871,943. The useless and excessive outlay in this large amount, if applied to sanitary arrangements, would constitute an immediate and effectual means of preventing many of the evils complained of. The necessary structural reforms in ordinary dwelling-houses may be made at a charge of £1, 5s. 10d., or less, payable as instalments over a period of twenty or thirty years. In Liverpool alone, with proper precautions, £30,000 might be saved in funeral expenses yearly.

One point cannot be too strongly urged—and that is the necessity for prohibiting at once and for ever the practice of burial in towns or in close proximity to human habitations. Cemeteries of large extent may be laid out on waste lands adjoining railways, so as to be readily accessible; and the building of dwelling-houses within a mile of these resting-places of mortality should be rigidly forbidden. To provide for the 50,000 annual deaths in London; and allow ten years to elapse before disturbing the same

ground, 444 acres would be required—an area equal to that of three of the West-End parks put together. We need not go far for precedents: extramural interment is the rule on the continent, as it was among the primitive church. On the continent, too, and in the United States, we find the appointment of a public-health officer an essential part of sanitary police. In times of distress and disease among the poor, this official would act as referee, and be at hand to give advice and assistance: his presence would operate as a check on burial-club murders and secret poisonings. Inquests on sudden but natural deaths would be unnecessary; and his supervision would be a means of protecting the poor from extortionate charges at funerals, and from 'the various unforeseen contingencies that occur to perplex and mislead the prostrate and desolate survivors on such occasions.' We are led to believe, from the Report on Extramural Sepulture, mentioned in a former part of this paper, that the burial-in-towns' grievance will not be suffered to exist much longer. It is proposed to obtain two acts, one for London, the other for the country. The present practices, as urged above, are not to be permitted; fees are to be reduced, and not more than one corpse is to be buried in a grave. A site on the banks of the Thames (said to be at Erith) has been surveyed for a general cemetery, eligible in all respects for the purposes required. It can be reached by steamboat from London Bridge in about an hour, or by railway. Reception-houses for the dead are to be built in various localities near the river, so that corpses may be at once removed from among the living.

Carelessness of infantile life is a prominent characteristic of some of our densely-populated manufacturing towns; to meet this, the Registrar-General recommends the establishment of dispensaries for the young. 'How pitiful,' he observes, 'is the condition of many thousands of children born in this world! Here, in the most advanced nation of Europe—in one of the largest towns of England—in the midst of a population unmatched for its energy, industry, and manufacturing skill—in Manchester, the centre of a victorious agitation for commercial freedom—aspiring to literary culture, where Percival wrote, and Dalton lived—13,362 children perished in seven years over and above the mortality natural to mankind. These "little children," brought up in unclean dwellings and impure streets, were left alone long days by their mothers, to breathe the subtle, sickly vapours—soothed by opium, a more cursed distillation than "hebenon"—and when assailed by mortal diseases, their stomachs torn, their bodies convulsed, their brains bewildered, left to die without medical aid—which, like Hope, should "come to all"—the skilled medical man never being called in at all, or only summoned to witness the death, and sanction the funeral!'

The fatal practice of giving opiates to children here alluded to is one that prevails, especially in Lancashire: nearly every town is implicated in the melancholy result. 'Godfrey's Cordial,' 'Mother's Blessing,' 'Infants' Preservative,' and other similar deleterious compounds, are sold by hundreds of gallons as 'quietness' for children; and in this way numbers are slept to death. According to Dr Lyon Playfair, 'the mother goes out to her work in the morning, leaving her child in charge either of a woman who cannot be troubled with it, or with another child of perhaps ten years old. A dose of *quietness* is therefore given to the child to prevent it being

troublesome.' Again at dinner-time and in the evening is the deadly potion administered, until the victim of parental ignorance dies, or becomes deformed or idiotic. And what is worse, the death is frequently intentional: the child is 'entered' at sometimes a dozen burial-clubs, and the wretched parents sell the life of their offspring for the insurance money.

It is interesting, painfully so in the present instance, to mark the parallelism between cause and effect in places remote from each other, and in different states of society. The assistant-surgeon at Allahabad complains of certain 'savage customs' prevalent in that city, whereby 'at or about the second month of its infantile life every child is made to take opium, wine, or any other narcotic drug to lull it to sleep. This unnatural and cruel practice has gained so firm a footing, in this city in particular, that even the rich mothers, who can easily afford maid-servants for their children, nay, who have them already, indulge in it frequently. If for a time they abstain, it is with no very good or great results. The ample opportunity afforded to the mother by this inhuman course, and the very few number of times she is required to suckle the child, induce her soon to overlook the evil and dangerous consequences, and to resume the task of destruction.'

Next to want of pure air, we may consider the want of pure water—of a full and steady supply of the indispensable element—a prominent cause of disease and demoralisation. Efficient drainage and sewerage depend on a copious supply of water. Without water, alleys, streets, and roads cannot be kept properly clean; for want of water, thousands of the population are dirty and filthy in person and habitation. Want of water in constant pressure increases the risk of fire, and keeps up the rates of insurance. In crowded districts, where every room of nearly every house is, separately tenanted, a scarcity of water is severely felt, and uncleanness is inevitable. The labour of descending flights of stairs to fetch water from a 'stand-cock' is too great to admit of a free and sufficient use of the precious fluid. Equivocal vegetables, purchased from unsavoury hucksters, are cooked without any process of washing; and after the boiling of 'morbid meat,' the liquor is made to do duty in other domestic operations. Two or three instalments of under-clothing are washed in unrenewed water, which then, instead of being thrown away, is used in scrubbing the floors and stairs. Hence noxious exhalations, and the foul smells which cling to the abodes and the persons of those to whom the epithet 'great unwashed' has been applied. How are people to wash without water? We are not Mussulmans, that we should make-believe to perform ablutions with 'invisible soap and imperceptible water.' When people become accustomed to dirt, when its presence is either unperceived or unfelt, there is no limit to the downward tendency. Perhaps the most repulsive feature connected with the want of water is the foul condition of the *lieux d'aisance*: it is hard to conceive the depravity of sentiment which tolerates the presence, the contact even, of human excreta—which makes no effort to avoid or remove the most loathsome of excrementitious matters. Apart from the horrible physical contamination, the moral contamination is conspicuous. Each degree of squalor finds its peculiar locus. Let any one perambulate the Canongate, Cowgate, and their purlieus, in the Old Town of Edinburgh, at early morn, at mid-

day, and again in the evening, let him note the habits and characteristics of the population therein domiciliated, and then extend his explorations to the 'back streets' of the New Town. He sees an essential difference: bad as the one may be, the other is worse immeasurably—in fact beyond the reach of adjectives to qualify. So of Glasgow, so of Liverpool, so of Manchester, so of Sheffield, so of London, and of every other place where ignorance or cupidity has stifled the disposition to improve.

From a calculation made on the basis of the last census, there are in London 300,000 cesspools, whose contents form an exhaling surface of 2,700,000 feet, nearly 62 acres, or 17,550,000 cubic feet. This, in the words of the authority, 'is equal to one enormous elongated stagnant cesspool 10 miles in length, 50 feet in width, and 6 feet 6 inches in depth, which would extend through London, from the Broadway at Hammersmith to Bow Bridge over the river Lea—a distance of 10 miles. If such a gigantic cesspool of filth were to be seen, it would fill the mind with horror; but, as is shown above, a vast number of small ones, which, added together, equal it in extent, is dotted all over the town; in fact it may be said that the ground, in old districts more particularly, is literally honeycombed with the barbarous things.' The atmospheric pollution which such a hoarded conglomeration must necessarily produce can hardly be less fatal than the paludal miasma of the Campagna, or of the equatorial regions of Western Africa. If not in itself a cause of disease, it aggravates the effect a thousandfold. With our improved social habits, we no longer allow our streets and kennels to be defiled with the excreta of a population; the operations of nightmen are viewed with increasing disgust. Why, then, should we be content to live—to go through our daily avocations—expand ourselves in domestic or intellectual enjoyments—pour out our hearts in loving sympathies, with a pestiferous accumulation of putridity but a few inches below our feet? If the nuisance were irremediable, we might resort to fumigations and counteracting perfumes, as did our forefathers, and endeavour to be thankful that things were no worse. But the remedy is as simple as the evil is offensive. With an ample supply of water properly distributed, and applied in dwelling houses and underground, all these noxious matters may be at once carried away. In a well-constructed sewer, the continuous flow of a small stream of water effects by simple and innocuous means a transport and removal which now cost so dear in every sense of the word.

The reservoirs at the Fairmount works, by which Philadelphia is supplied, contain 22,000,000 gallons. The water is distributed through 97 miles of iron pipe. The daily consumption in 1848 was 4,275,352 gallons, for which the receipts were nearly 117,000 dollars. Three water-wheels lift the quantity required at a daily cost of four dollars, and two men, working 12 hours alternately, do all the duties connected with the supply, which, besides private service, includes 851 fire-plugs, and 319 'public hydrant pumps.' New York, too, has its aqueduct 40 miles in length, 8 feet high, and 7 wide, which will convey 30,000,000 gallons daily; the distributing reservoir holds 21,000,000 gallons, and there are more than 180 miles of pipe laid throughout the city. Boston also will be abundantly supplied when the aqueduct which is to bring water from Cochituate Lake, twenty miles distant, shall be finished. The source will

afford 10,000,000 gallons every day: the capacity of the reservoirs is 70,000,000 gallons. Such undertakings are worthy of all praise.

London is supplied with water by eight principal companies, and two or three minor ones, who furnish, according to Mr Fletcher's calculation, as read before the Statistical Society, 380,000,000 hogsheads yearly; being 10,140,500 cubic feet per day, or at the rate of 30 gallons for each individual of the population. Yet it is notorious that there are in London 70,000 houses, occupied by more than half a million of inhabitants, which have no supply whatever. It is in this class of dwellings that the miserable make-shifts take place alluded to above, as exhibited most markedly in the east of London, where some hundreds of 'stand-cocks' scattered over the 'low neighbourhoods,' with an intermittent supply, afford but scanty means for comfort or cleanliness.

The thirty gallons per day to each individual is thus shown to be practically a fallacy. Yet were it true, certain essentials would still be lacking. We want water, but good water, sweet and wholesome—not diluted mud or sewer refuse. The Thames, in its course of 160 miles, receives the refuse outpourings of 223 cities, towns, and villages; the metropolis discharges its pestilential tribute to the noble river through 130 sewers, to the amount of 30,000,000 gallons daily, or 130,000 tons. Among a population of 2,000,000, the mere daily ablutions must contribute largely to the causes of contamination; add to this the excrementitious matters, 'the washings of foul linen, the filth and refuse of many hundred manufactories, the offal and decomposing vegetable substances from the markets, the foul and gory liquid from slaughter-houses, and the purulent abominations from hospitals and dissecting-rooms,' and an idea may be formed of the quality of the fluid which no inconsiderable portion of the inhabitants of London are doomed to drink, to use for all domestic purposes every day of their lives, unless, indeed, they abjure the impure element altogether, and consume it as disguised by brewers, distillers, and licensed victuallers.

The Lambeth Company, which distributes water over a large part of the low, flat district on the south of the Thames, take their supply from the river near to Charing-Cross Suspension Bridge; they pump it at once, without any intermediate process of filtration, into the cisterns of their customers. Now it is worthy of remark, that during the late visitation of cholera the deaths were more numerous on the Lambeth side of the river than in any other part. The maximum mortality fell in Rotherhithe, a district supplied with water from the Thames near Chelsea Hospital. The whole of this peninsula region lies low, as before stated, some feet below high-water mark—a fact not to be lost sight of in theorising on the relation between impure water and choleraic phenomena. But when we find the more elevated districts—supplied by the New River and the companies deriving their supplies from Hampstead and from the Thames at Kew and Hammersmith, sources of comparative purity—escaping almost intact, we cannot resist the inference that bad water induces an abnormal condition in those who drink it favourable to the encroachments of disease. From time to time, a panic has seized the public mind on the subject of Thames water; and companies have filtered on a large, and individuals on a small scale, hoping to obtain a drinkable beverage.

THE SANITARY MOVEMENT.

In 1828, a committee of medical and scientific gentlemen appointed by parliament drew up a report on the water question. We have quoted from this report above. As regards the mechanical cleansing, they considered 'it obvious that water receiving so large a proportion of foreign matters as we know find their way into the Thames, and so far impure as to destroy fish, cannot, even when clarified by filtration, be pronounced entirely free from the suspicion of general insalubrity.' Analyses of water engaged the attention of Berzelius during some of the latter years of his life: that great chemist found it impossible to divest water, once contaminated by human excreta, of its noxious principles.

The subject is a fertile one, commercially as well as physiologically. Since the Reports of the Health of Towns' Commission were published, many schemes and projects have been put forward with a view to a pure and efficient water-supply. Artesian wells, and distant lakes and streams, are talked about as available sources; but no one plan has yet appeared which combines all the requisites. Forcible objections are urged against increasing the already too numerous associations of irresponsible companies. One great controlling and administrative authority would appear to be the essential principle of true sanitary reform.

In addition to the vitiating causes already indicated, the monster smoke-nuisance is a pre-eminent grievance. Manchester, Stockport, and others of our northern manufacturing towns are flagrant examples of a prejudicial excess of smoke. Wherever the fuliginous vapours abound, there vegetation languishes, in most cases perishes—the deadening influence extending even to outlying suburbs. That which is fatal to vegetable life would, by analogy, be fatal also to animal existence: some things which may be taken into the stomach without harmful consequences, are eminently injurious when brought into contact with the lungs. People have eaten decomposing animal substances, and lived, when the gases evolved in the process of decomposition would have destroyed life. The air of large towns conveys to a person fresh from the country, and in a normal state of health, a sense of suffocation. This feeling is experienced by town-dwellers themselves in rainy or damp weather. The carbon of the smoke then becomes saturated, and sinks, and the subsidence of the murky canopy prevents that ventilation which in clear open weather takes place in a greater or lesser degree. In Manchester, the rain-water is harder than that of springs in the neighbouring hills—an anomaly only to be accounted for by the carbonaceous overcharge in the atmosphere. Hence the busy seats of manufacture, whose inhabitants, above all others, require energy, activity, and spirit, are compelled to work at a discount, and the industrial barometer is depressed in proportion to the aerial surcharge and debasement. But the working population are not the sole sufferers. 'Even upon the middle and higher classes the nuisance of an excess of smoke, occasioned by ignorance and culpable carelessness, operates as a tax, increasing the wear and tear of linen, and the expense of washing, to all who live within the range of the mismanaged chimneys. In the suburbs of Manchester, for example, linen will be as dirty in two or three days as it would be even in the suburbs of London in a week.'

Londoners will hardly be reconciled to their own smoky annoyances by

the knowledge that a greater exists two hundred miles to the northward. It was a subject of complaint a couple of centuries ago. The Earl of Strafford, writing to one of his friends after an illness, says, 'I recovered more in a day by an open country air than in a fortnight's time in that smothering one of London.' 'As the air is,' says old Burton, 'so are the inhabitants—dull, heavy, witty, subtle, neat, cleanly, clownish, sick, and sound.' The quaint humorist was nearer the truth than he perhaps thought. To say nothing of breweries, distilleries, and their countless rivals of all degrees, the twelve gas companies of London burn 180,000 tons of coal in the twelvemonth—no small item in the sooty aggregate. In fact the veriest smoke-denouncer of the present day would need but to reproduce honest John Evelyn's complaint, as set forth in his 'Fumifugium.' In his day even the evil was already obnoxious; for he speaks of the 'hellish and dismal cloud of sea coal,' and of the chimneys of brewers and traders, whose 'belching sooty jaws do manifestly infect the air more than all the chimneys of London put together.' Plants and flowers, too, would no longer grow where the fumes penetrated. The author of 'Sylva' took part in preparing an act to suppress the nuisance; but nothing came of it, and the same negative result has continued down to our own day.

A twofold necessity would seem to exist for purification of the air in towns, seeing that not only are the lungs of the community defrauded of their fair and natural quantum of oxygen, but the water is deteriorated in quality by absorption of impurities from the atmosphere. Dr Angus Smith, in a report on the air and water of towns, read to the British Association, shows the deterioration to consist in more than the increment of carbonic acid, and to be due to organic matter, which all animals throw off in expiration. He has collected condensed breath from the inside of windows in crowded rooms, and submitted it to chemical analysis. 'If allowed,' he observes, 'to stand some time, it forms a thick, apparently glutinous mass; but when this is examined by a microscope, it is seen to be a closely-matted confervoid growth, or, in other words, the organic matter is converted into confervæ, as it probably would have been converted into any kind of vegetation that happened to take root. Between the stalks of the confervæ are to be seen a number of greenish globules constantly moving about, various species of volvox, accompanied also by monads many times smaller. When this happens, the scene is certainly lively and the sight beautiful; but before this occurs, the odour of perspiration may be distinctly perceived, especially if the vessel containing the liquid be placed in boiling water.' It is worthy of note that even after many days of rain, this organic matter may still be detected in a town atmosphere.

The doctor's summing up ought to be widely known. We reproduce some of his conclusions here—they may serve as sanitary texts. *Imprimis*, that the pollution of air in crowded rooms is really owing to organic matter, not merely carbonic acid, that this may be collected from the lungs or breath, and from crowded rooms indifferently; that it is capable of decomposition, and becomes attached to bodies in an apartment, where it probably decomposes, especially when moisture assists it; that this matter has a strong animal smell, first of perspiration, or, when burnt, of compounds of protein; and that its power of supporting the life of animalcules proves it to contain the usual elements of organized life.

Next he explains the chemistry of filtration, and alleges that 'water can never stand long with advantage, unless on a very large scale, and should be used when collected, or as soon as filtered.' Small filters do their work imperfectly; the larger they are the better. The vapid, spiritless taste of water in large towns is caused by the water purifying itself from the noxious matters which it receives from sewers and drains by percolation or otherwise. The corrective recommended for this absence of living flavour is the addition of a small quantity of acid. Again—'The slightly-alkaline state into which the soil is put at certain periods of the year, give it a facility for emitting vapours.' Here we seem to have a glimpse of one of the manifold operations of telluric chemistry: it would be interesting to learn whether any, or what condition of the soil favours the development of cholera; or whether the diffusion of ammonia in the atmosphere, by facilitating the evolution of organic particles in hot weather, has any part in the phenomena of epidemics.

It would far exceed our limits to dissert at length on all the causes which deteriorate public health, to the prejudice of public and private economy and morals. Most of them have been brought forward directly or indirectly, and we can only particularise one or two others before approaching the subject of remedial measures. Perhaps but few persons, until of late, had ever thought that dirt and impurity involved such fearful consequences, such an amount of sorrow and suffering. Dirt, danger, disease, death, form an alliterative series fraught with highly-important considerations which compel attention. It costs more *not* to have paved streets, drains, and sewers, and a constant supply of water in the house, than to have all these conveniences. In Manchester, Leeds, and other towns, as shown by concurrent testimony, the more a street is neglected by the municipal authorities, the more will it be neglected by those who inhabit it. If a street be kept clean, there is a hope that the dwellers therein will follow the cleanly example; but it is manifestly a delusion to expect purity to flourish in a swamp of impurity. Classify the fever patients in hospitals, you will find that nine out of ten come from the unpaved and undrained districts. Dr Baron Howard remarks, that in such quarters 'whole streets are unpaved, and without drains or main-sewers; are worn into deep ruts and holes, in which water constantly stagnates; and are so covered with refuse and excrementitious matter, as to be almost impassable from depth of mud, and intolerable from stench.' This is said of Manchester, where, 'of 687 streets inspected by a voluntary association, 248 were reported as being unpaved, 112 ill-ventilated, 352 as containing stagnant pools, heaps of refuse, ordure, &c. . . . Of the 586 streets of Leeds, 68 only are paved by the town—that is, by the local authorities; the remainder are either paved by owners, or are partly paved, or are totally unpaved, with the surfaces broken in every direction, and ashes and filth of every description accumulated upon many of them. In the manufacturing towns of England, most of which have enlarged with great rapidity, the additions have been made without regard either to the personal comfort of the inhabitants or to the necessities of aggregation. To build the largest number of cottages on the smallest allowable space, seems to have been the original view of the speculators; and the having the houses up and tenanted,

the *us plus ultra* of their desires. Thus neighbourhoods have arisen in which there is neither water nor out-offices, nor any conveniences for the absolute wants of the occupiers.' Here we have a significant hint—one out of many—that 'cupidity of proprietors' is justly chargeable with a great amount of public misery.

In all this there is not only loss of character, health, and life, but loss also of a source of revenue to towns, and of materials highly valuable to the agriculturist. Assuming that 15,000 tons of solid excrementitious matter are daily cast into the sinks and sewers of London, and that each ton is worth 10s. when converted into *poudrette*, or marketable manure, there is in the present waste of such materials a daily loss of more than £7000, and this superadded to the often-urged obnoxious consequences of such waste. If we draw up a debtor and creditor account in this, as in any other part of the subject, the balance is always against the hitherto imperfect arrangements. Wherever improvement has been attempted, although on no grand comprehensive scale, the result has proved favourable. In Aberdeen the streets are swept daily at a charge of £1000 yearly; the refuse is worth £2000. In Perth, again, the cost of cleansing is £1800 annually, while the value of the sweepings is £1730. With our increased knowledge of the chemistry of agriculture, and of the necessity for maintaining a due balance between the animal and vegetable kingdoms—between the physical and the organic—it is little creditable to us, as a people apt to avail ourselves of all promising means of trade, that the most valuable of fertilising substances, the richest in nitrogenous principles, should be poured forth as worthless. Our area of waste lands would soon be diminished were a proper economy of manures once established. In the cities and towns of China, tubs and tanks are placed in the streets for public use, and at the close of each day are emptied into barges, which, by means of the numerous canals, convey the prized freight to all the farms of the district. Here we see a rational appreciation of useful elements: whatever system of sewerage may be adopted, it must, to be thoroughly efficient, provide for a proper conservation and employment of the animal refuse. Its distribution in a highly-diluted state to wide districts, by means of pipes laid underground, has been recommended; but taking all circumstances into consideration, we believe that its conversion into the solid form, or as *poudrette*, would be the more desirable process, and the most available for general transport. The invigoration which commerce is destined to feel under the relaxation of restrictive laws will doubtless stimulate ingenuity to some acceptable solution of the difficulty.

Another instance of combined waste and noxiousness is to be found in intramural slaughter-houses. In this, as in so many other nuisances, modern civilisation is remarkably tolerant. That which the Plantagenets and Tudors regulated by statutory enactments, is now left in a great measure to legislate for itself. There are 4000 butchers in London; and to supply the vast demand ever concentrated in the metropolis, nearly two millions of animals of all sorts are sold at Smithfield in a year. A cattle-market within the walls, nay, in the heart of a large and densely-populated city, is one of those civil incongruities which, familiarised by long custom, we look on as matters of course; and yet a few moments of calm reflection, aided

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by common sense and pecuniary disinterestedness, would convince any one of the egregious mistake. Smithfield was once outside of London—the natural situation for a quadrupedal Exchange; in fact out-of-town cattle-markets will complete the amelioration to be commenced by out-of-town cemeteries. The city corporation derive an annual profit of nearly £4800 from the present market, the area of which is scarcely one-fourth of what is really needed to afford proper accommodation to the herds and flocks of live-stock, the 160 salesmen, the 900 licensed drovers, and the multitude of buyers, whose purchases form an annual aggregate of £7,000,000.

The other markets of London—north, south, east, or west—are reproductions of the Smithfield nuisance on a smaller scale: most of them are infested by slaughter-houses—a very scandal to social polices. Whether on the surface, or, as is frequently the case, in an underground cellar, the emanations from the noisome garbage taint the meat exposed for sale at the stalls, and add to the already existing overcharge of atmospheric impurity. From fifty to sixty sheep, or ten to twenty cattle, are slaughtered daily in some of these reeking vaults. We may, however, hope that the nuisance here specified, as well as others, will ere long be looked back on as errors of the past; for by the Report of the Commission of Sewers for the City of London, published a few weeks since, we learn that slaughter-houses within its jurisdiction are now licensed, and cleansed in accordance with the regulations, and that other local evils are in process of mitigation or removal. We gladly record this step towards essential efficiency in corporate supervision.

Putting the physical and economical advantages against the 'interests,' there is no valid reason why such nuisances should not be abated—the rather as the precedents for such a step are as complete as could be wished. The two cattle-markets of Paris are many miles distant from the city; all animals intended for consumption in the capital must be killed at one or other of the five abattoirs, or slaughter-houses, built at some distance without the walls. These edifices were erected in 1810, in obedience to a decree by Napoleon, and were so perfect in their arrangements, as to have never been improved on. The regulations for securing entire cleanliness are admirable, and are enforced rigorously on the butchers and killers employed on the premises: a task greatly facilitated by the ample space afforded and the means for thorough ventilation and circulation of the air. The original cost of the abattoirs was £680,000; the revenue derived from them in 1848 amounted to £47,608; while the expenditure being £4958, a net profit remained of nearly £43,000. Abattoirs are not altogether unknown in England: there is one about three miles from Liverpool, which, while remunerating the proprietors, has relieved the town, though not so completely as could be wished, of a mischievous source of annoyance. The inhabitants of the great port of the Mersey will find but little good in half-measures; nothing short of entire prohibition of intramural slaughtering will meet the necessities of the case. Norwich also has its abattoir, on too small a scale, however, to be efficiently remedial as well as profitable.

The removal of the metropolitan cattle-market is no new question; it was eloquently discussed in speech and writing nearly a hundred years ago; and the government Commission lately appointed to collect evidence, and report on the Smithfield case, will find much work already done to their

hands in Mr Gwynn's statements, published in 1766, as well as in the memorial presented to the Lords of Council for Trade in 1808. In reply to the latter, the Lords determined to suppress the existing market, and remove it to a site of not less than twelve acres beyond the walls. Unfortunately this praiseworthy decision was not acted on, chiefly because of supineness on the part of the authorities, and opposition of interested individuals; and it was not until 1828 that attention was again drawn to the subject. However, in parliamentary phrase, the parties took nothing by their motion. In 1835 Mr Perkins erected a spacious and well-provided cattle-market at Islington, with a view to divert the trade from the heart of the city, and thereby abate a nuisance both dangerous and disgusting; but the undertaking proved a failure, and until within the past year not a hoof was lodged in the roomy receptacles. The decision of the Commission now sitting will doubtless be a final one: we trust it may also be the right one, and that through them sanitation may yet gain somewhat in completeness.

Such, so far, may be considered as the essential grievances obnoxious to public health, and the cause of unparalleled evils, physical and moral, social and individual. But the conclusions have been disputed; they have been questioned as theoretical, and unsupported by fact. A very slight acquaintance, however, with the history of medicine, coupled with that of interior national economy, will satisfy all the inferences as to cause and effect. Ample confirmation is afforded by the annals of every people whatsoever, that their wellbeing and advancement depended not less on obedience to laws of health than to political laws. Mr Walker furnishes a case in point:—'In ancient Egypt,' he states, 'plague was unknown. Although densely populated, the health of the inhabitants was preserved by strict attention to sanitary regulations. But with time came on change, and that change was in man. The serene climate, the enriching river, the fruitful soil remained; but when the experience of two thousand years was set at naught—when the precautions previously adopted for preserving the soil from accumulated impurities were neglected—when the sepulchral rites of civilised Egypt were exchanged for the modern but barbarous practices of interment—when the land of mummies became, as it now is, one vast charnel-house—the seed which was sown brought forth its bitter fruit, and from dangerous innovations came the most deadly pestilence. The plague first appeared in Egypt in the year 542, two hundred years after the change had been made from the ancient to the modern mode of sepulture; and every one at all acquainted with the actual condition of Egypt will at once recognise in the soil more than sufficient to account for the dreadful malady which constantly afflicts the people.'

Here we find one of the remarkable instances in which it is possible to assign a primary habitat to a disease on distinct grounds. The plague is peculiar to countries bordering on the Mediterranean; but its breeding-place is a district on the coast of Egypt adjacent to Alexandria. In former times the Egyptians were very cleanly in their habits: they made openings in the walls of their rooms to promote ventilation, and kept up a continual descending current of air in their chambers by means of the *malqaf*, an apparatus constructed on the roof of their houses; still used by their descendants, but much less effectively. Now, the great mass of the popula-

tion live huddled together in miserable dwellings. The system of burial among them is most imperfect: the grave is generally not more than eighteen inches in depth, and in many instances the body is covered only by a thin coat of sand. There are thirty-five burial-grounds in Cairo, each one a centre of pestilence. Dogs and hyenas prowl about them at night, and feast on the corpses; millions of flies, generated by heat of climate and putrefaction, infest the air during the day, and sometimes by contact communicate plague to the passers-by. Egypt is not alone in this desecration of burial-grounds: in some parts of Ireland dead bodies are not unfrequently exhumed and devoured or mutilated by packs of ferocious dogs.

Again: one of the assistant-surgeons under the medical staff of India directs attention to the *takias*, or burial-grounds, of which there are 300 in and about the populous city of Benares. They are, to quote his own words, 'productive of mischief . . . and as the poor do not mind to bury the dead deeper than they think it necessary, a few years' rains expose them to the action of the atmospheric heat and air. . . . Effluvia from putrid dead bodies, under favourable circumstances, have been known even in Europe to nearly depopulate a number of villages; and that in India they will produce similar effects, but of an aggravated nature, is matter of no surprise.' Here we have a definite effect arising out of a definite cause; but other phenomena are not so easily explained. It would be interesting could we know why scarlet fever should have originated in Arabia in the sixth century, and why no record of hooping-cough exists prior to 1510, when it prevailed fatally in Paris, and has subsequently destroyed great numbers in all parts of the world. Cholera, too, is peculiar to India, in which country it has been known and dreaded from the most ancient times. Influenza also, which comes at all times and seasons, choleraic in character, and equally mysterious—what is it? These are instances where our science is at fault. That the obnoxious principle lies in paludal poison or marsh miasm, is generally agreed on; but opinions are divided as to the nature of the miasm. One side pronounces it 'a product of vegetable decomposition; the other an exhalation from the earth, favoured by the condition of the marsh.' Others, again, assign the cause to some as yet undiscovered phenomena of telluric chemistry—some æriform product of decomposition infused into the air immediately above the surface of the earth. But however ignorant we may be of the real causes of zymotic and epidemic diseases, we know that filth, uncleanness, and an impure atmosphere, are positively favourable to their outbreak and to the virulence of their ravages. The filthy condition of towns in England in former times is scarcely to be imagined: the unpaved streets were made the receptacles for filth and refuse of all descriptions. Cities and towns were thus converted into human jungles not less malarious than the swamps of India. Renewal of air was never regarded as a vital necessity, and fearfully at times was the ignorance punished. In our judicial records will be found more than one mention of a 'black assize.' At Oxford in 1577, three hundred individuals who had attended the court, as well as the judge and sheriff, died from malignant fever within forty-eight hours of the opening of the proceedings. The disease was communicated by the wretched prisoners who had been shut up for months in the noisome cells of an unventilated prison; and a similar instance occurred in London

at the Old Bailey in 1756, when the lord mayor, the two judges, besides several persons of note, and many others also, met their death. Cause and effect were never more markedly exhibited. The history of epidemics as regards our own country alone is appalling; the lives swept away in the oft-recurring visitations of the destroyer must be counted by myriads. To go back but two centuries: Howel, writing in 1648, says, 'in and about St Paul's Church horse-dung is a yard deep;' and more than one writer of the days of the second Charles complains that the sulphuretted hydrogen exhaled from the filth and refuse which then defiled the streets of London turned silver black. No wonder that with such a congenial *nidus* prepared for its reception, the pestilence of the East should have ravaged the West. But then, as now, the great plague found its victims among the 'lower orders;' of those in high positions, and among the wealthy, but few comparatively died. Even when no such dread calamity prevailed, the waste of life was startling to a competent observer: Sydenham has left it on record, that in his time from 1000 to 2000 persons died every year in the metropolis of ague and intermittent fever—diseases which seldom occur in the present day except in low, marshy, undrained localities. Had the great plague not been followed by the great fire, London would have suffered again and again from the same causes—want of cleanliness, space, and air. Sir Christopher Wren's noble plan for rebuilding the city, which may even yet be studied with advantage, provided amply for street ventilation; but how imperfectly the benefit was realised, will long remain as a signal instance of shortsightedness and cupidity. Perhaps the sash-windows, which 'came in' with William III., may have assisted in the subsequent gradual ameliorations.

The development of typhus is remarkable: its action is most fatal in northern latitudes; in the south it rarely appears, or very mildly. It is constant in England: jail fever, hospital fever, putrid fever, ship fever, are only other names for the one fell malady—typhus. It is both infectious and contagious; it is not generated in the miasm of churchyards, in the atmosphere of dissecting-rooms, in effluvia from noxious trade-operations, though all these prepare the way for its fatal attacks. It is pre-eminently the disease of the poor and the destitute. Many practitioners who visit exclusively among the wealthier classes never see a case of it. Dirt, privation, bad food, and overcrowding, are powerful predisposing causes; and where these are combined, the contagion plays and riots with human life as the wild winds of the equinox with the fallen leaves of autumnal forests. 'I once went,' states Mr Bowie in his evidence, 'into a room where a woman was lying in typhus fever, a small underground apartment, the window of which opened into a confined area or yard. To this situation she had been confined several days: the window and door were closed; none of the excretions had been removed. On entering the room, I was almost suffocated; the stench was unbearable. I rushed to the window, and threw it open before I could speak a word. After paying my visit, when I got into the street I was seized with headache, giddiness, and sickness. I was so ill the next morning that I was unable to rise, and was confined to bed for several days afterwards. No dead locusts putrefying in a stagnant pool in Ethiopia could have produced a worse smell, or created a more poisonous atmosphere, than existed in that room.' In

addition to all other distressing circumstances, the mere pecuniary cost of typhus is an important item in the general sum of suffering. Liverpool expends annually £2400 on cases of typhus fever alone; an amount which, properly applied, would go far towards the entire suppression of the disease. This is a case in which the remedial efficacy of ventilation cannot be too strongly insisted on: it is perhaps the cheapest that can be had recourse to. Varro and Hippocrates knew its value; they both effected cures during the prevalence of epidemics by causing openings for ventilation to be made in the walls of sick-chambers. And there is a passage in one of the letters addressed by Erasmus to Wolsey's physician which would apply with almost equal force at the present day. 'The English,' says the learned Hollander, 'are totally regardless concerning the aspect of their doors and windows to the east, north, and south; then they build their chambers so that they admit not a thorough air, which yet, in Galen's opinion, is very necessary.'

The ancient Romans, with their practical good sense, took measures, extraordinary for the period, to maintain the standard of public health. The first aqueduct for supplying Rome with water was constructed as early as 313 B.C. The huge sewer or *cloaca maxima* is attributed to Tarquin, who also drained the unhealthy swamps which surrounded the seven-hilled city. These swamps are now left to take care of themselves, and the consequence is a perpetual malaria. Roads were gravelled and streets paved by the Romans at an early period, and aediles appointed to have charge over baths, sewers, temples, aqueducts, streets, and roads. At one time during the republic there was a contract by the censors to pay 1000 talents, nearly £200,000, for the repair of the sewers—no mean evidence of the importance attached to the underground channels. The emperors outdid the republic. Agrippa once more repaired the sewers, and turned seven rivers into them with such effect, as to render them navigable. He also built 170 public baths at his own cost. The whole number of these edifices in Rome was nearly 1000. One of them was so spacious, that 3000 bathers could be accommodated at once. Under Augustus the whole city was laid out in *vici* or blocks, each of 230 dwelling-houses; the height of houses was fixed at seventy feet; and the law required that a space of five feet should be left between one house and another; and crooked and narrow streets were straightened and widened.

To turn to another part of the world: when the Spaniards first invaded Peru and Mexico, they were much astonished to find that the 'barbarians,' as they called the natives, were far advanced in those social arrangements commonly considered as inseparable from modern civilisation. Aqueducts, carried 'over hill and valley for several miles,' bore abundant streams wherever luxury or necessity required. The city of Mexico was supplied from a source in a hill a league distant by means of earthen pipes as large as a man's body. There were two rows of pipes, so that if one needed repair, the water could still flow through the other to the capital, there to be distributed to the fountains and reservoirs for the service of the population. And further, as recorded by Mr Prescott:—'A careful police provided for the safety of the city. A thousand persons were said to have been employed daily in watering and sweeping the streets, so that a man—to borrow the language of an old Spaniard—"could walk through them

with as little danger of soiling his feet as his hands.'" The population numbered 300,000; thus 1 in 300 was employed in the work of cleanliness. If such arrangements—the arts of peace—were made the subject of especial attention by the Romans, and by the barbarians of America, we have the less excuse for neglecting them in our more advanced state of enlightenment.

The visitation of influenza in 1847, and of cholera in 1849, may, if rightly viewed, be taken not only as a warning, but as an index of what has not been done, and of what has to be done. The reports of the General Board of Health published in the latter year embody a large and valuable mass of facts and suggestions on the whole subject in connection with quarantine and the prevention of diseases. With regard to the first of these questions, it appears from the evidence that quarantine regulations, such as have hitherto prevailed, are a mistake, productive more of harm than good; that on the arrival of a ship in port, the immediate removal of the sick to airy quarters provided for their reception on shore is the best means of arresting the progress of disease. Science and philosophy are brought forward in support of these views. 'There has been much confusion of terms,' states the report, 'in respect to the use of the words contagion and non-contagion. We have had instances of professional men who avowed their belief of the contagiousness of typhus, and stated that they had experienced it in their own persons. When asked for the evidence on which the belief was founded, they have usually related some circumstances showing, not the contagiousness, but the infectiousness of the disease. Contagion is a term applicable to a different set of circumstances. According to the hypothesis of contagion, no matter how pure the air, no matter what the condition of the fever ward, if the physician only feels the pulse of the patient, or touches him with the sleeve of his coat, though he may not catch the disease himself, he may communicate it by a shake of the hand to the next friend he meets. If this were so, the track of a general practitioner who attended one patient labouring under a specific epidemic disease would be marked by the seizure of the rest of his patients; and if any disease of common occurrence really possessed such powers of communication and diffusion, it is difficult to conceive how it is that the human race has not been long since extinguished. It is not in human power to take from any disease the property of contagion, if this property really belong to it; but it is in our power to guard against and prevent the effects of any contagion, however intense; and it is equally in our power to avoid communicating to common disease an infectious character, and aggravating it into pestilence. Strictly, contagion, as the word implies, is capable of being communicated only by actual contact; while the influence of infection, as far at least as regards the diffusion of the exhalations of the sick into the surrounding atmosphere, is represented to be limited to the distance of a very few yards.'

It may not be uninteresting to follow what is here advanced concerning contagion with some particulars as to the genesis and development of cholera, as communicated by Dr S. Davis of Patna to the Statistical Society:—'During the eight years,' he observes, 'of my residence here, I have seen several severe visitations of cholera and remittent fever, the

former usually making its appearance at the commencement of the hot winds. There is often in April and May an indescribable but well-understood state of the atmosphere, accompanied with variations in the wind, and a hazy and sultry appearance, that is favourable to the production of the former very frightful disease. During such weather you find vegetation blighted by impalpably small animalculæ, which elude the perception of the naked eye, but are easily discovered by the aid of the microscope. I have long thought that cholera, and some other diseases, have their origin in animalculine blight; and late writers have brought together so many facts bearing on the subject, that this opinion gains ground with me daily; nor is the circumstance of diseases spreading more in crowded cities than in smaller localities at all contrary to this theory, since there are so many more points of attraction and deposit. The state of the atmosphere is without doubt greatly modified by the locality over which it ranges; and in situations favourable to the production of disease, it is not unreasonable to conclude that a peculiar state of it is attended by a vivifying influence which brings into existence poisonous animalculine exhalations capable of producing maladies in those who may be obnoxious to it, either from congenital or induced debility, or other idiosyncrasy.'

The enumeration of evils in many instances serves to suggest the remedies. If it be objected that we have left too little space for the discussion of the latter, we should find a sufficient answer in the fact, that more than one responsible 'board' or 'commission' is at work on the whole subject. Our summary of the recommendations embodied in the Health of Towns' Report for 1845 will already have conveyed an idea of the essential points; and a brief abstract of the several acts of parliament, all more or less consequent on the general sanitary inquiry, may appropriately serve to complete the scheme. We shall take them chronologically. An act passed in August 1844, to take effect in January 1845: it regulates and prescribes the height of houses in proportion to the width of streets; the dimensions of courts and backyards of dwelling-houses, so as to insure free access of air for ventilation. It provides for duly-proportioned windows, without providing for the repeal of that egregious legislative blunder which perpetuates a window-tax. Dangerous trades or occupations are to be carried on at a distance of forty feet from any house; and those offensive or noxious—blood, bone, tripe, or soap-boiling, fell-mougering, tallow-melting, slaughtering of animals—are not to be within less than fifty feet of any dwelling, or forty feet of any public way. And further, in thirty years from the date of the act, 'it shall cease to be lawful to continue to carry on such business in such situation.' This enactment, however, contains a saving clause, to be applied in special cases. The act also embodied a clause prohibiting the use of cellars as dwellings under certain conditions. Those persons who live in London will remember how the builders started into unwonted activity towards the close of 1844; houses were built or commenced on every spare spot of ground, whether suited to the purpose or not; and the result is, that several of the leading thoroughfares, especially on the 'Surrey side,' are completely spoiled by unsightly projections, whose form is anything but that which constitutes a convenient dwelling. It is not presumptuous to predict that the buildings thus erected by over-

hasty enterprise will some day have to fall before the sanitary reformer. Liberty of the subject is a great privilege, but not to be tolerated when it prejudices the common-weal.

The act to encourage the establishment of public baths and washhouses was passed in August 1846. On requisition of any ten rate-payers a vestry meeting may be convoked, at which two-thirds of the number present may decide to erect baths and washhouses, and charge the cost on the poor-rate. The resolution is to be sent to the Secretary of State, and the arrangements to be under the supervision of government commissioners. A code of by-laws is also enacted, to be observed in such establishments for the proper maintenance of order, decency, and economy. In June of 1847 came an act for consolidating the provisions for lighting, cleansing, and improving towns. It provides for the appointment of surveyors and inspectors of nuisances; for plans of districts, or places where pipes or drains are to be laid, to be drawn and engraved on a scale of sixty inches to the mile; for the management, alteration, and construction of sewers; no unauthorised drains to exist under penalty of £20. The commissioners are empowered to drain houses or buildings, to construct ash-pits and privies, and recover the cost from any proprietor refusing to comply with the regulations. Cesspools and drains may at all times, after notice given, be viewed by the inspector. The paving of streets to be also subject to the same control. No new streets to be laid out without authority, and to be not less than thirty feet wide if a carriage-way, or twenty feet if not a carriage-way. Streets to be named and numbered; gates to open inwards; projections to be removed; and, where a wider thoroughfare is required, houses, when rebuilt, to be set back; the fixing of water-spouts, erection of public clocks, and licensing of slaughter-houses, also to come under the same authority. With the proviso of four weeks' special notice, 'the commissioners may purchase, hire, or build slaughter-houses and knackers'-yards—places for public recreation—and public bathing-places, washhouses, and drying-grounds; but in any building provided for baths, the number of baths for the working-people must not be less than double that for the higher classes.'

Another act for promoting the public health passed in August 1848. It applies to all parts of England and Wales, except some metropolitan districts, and provides for sanitary improvements. One-tenth of the poor-rate payers in any town may petition for an inspector to visit and report on the state of the locality; or, if on an average of seven years, the Registrar-General finds the deaths to exceed 23 in 1000, the Central Board may then, on their own responsibility, send down an inspector, and issue a provisional order according to circumstances. Vaults, cellars, or drains, must be made according to fixed regulations; no house to be built or repaired below the ground-floor without proper covered drains communicating with a sewer, or without ash-pits and privies; the latter conveniences, especially, to be provided at workshops where above twenty of both sexes are employed at the same time, under a penalty of £20, or £2 a day on default. Lodging-houses are to be registered and limited as to number of inmates; cellar dwellings are prohibited unless seven feet high, three feet being above the street, and properly drained, and provided with all essential conveniences. Nuisances may be summarily abated, and overcrowded

vaults and burial-grounds may be closed when necessary. The act further confers powers on local authorities, and prescribes penalties. The whole of the provisions were further confirmed and extended by additional acts passed in 1849.

What more is wanted? is a question that naturally arises after perusing the legislative enactments. Herein are embodied all the essentials of efficient sanitation. But opposition is strong, whether based in selfishness or ignorance; and 'the greatest good of the greatest number' must be conquered inch by inch from shortsighted opponents. Opposition was offered to Philip Augustus when he wished to pave the miry streets of Paris; the parliament of the Protectorate were opposed in their measures for getting rid of brick-kilns within the precincts of London; and who is there that will not remember instances of opposition to sanitary improvement within his own experience? The assault has, however, been made, and although the advances are lamentably slow, eventual success must be achieved. Besides the Commissions mentioned more than once in the course of the present Paper, and the General Board of Health, there is the New Sewers' Commission. Talent and ability are not lacking, and the sooner these qualities are manifested in real practical efforts the better for all parties. If the plans for the sewerage and drainage of London be not yet matured, we see no reason why the surface of the streets should not be properly cleansed. The withdrawal of the opposition to the general introduction of Mr Whitworth's street-sweeping machine would be an important step in the right direction, and tend greatly to promote individual cleanliness. Whatever system of drainage may be adopted for the metropolis, we for our part should like to see it combined with Mr Martin's plan for diverting all the sewerage from the river, and constructing a broad public terrace-thoroughfare on each side from Vauxhall to London Bridge, whereby a good view of the noble stream would be obtained, as well as an airy promenade for the pent-up citizens. We would not have water, taken from the Thames in or near London, drunk on any terms; but we would have the river saved from its present overwhelming pollution—a measure the more necessary, when it is considered that the surface of the stream within the limits of the metropolis is 2245 acres. The fouler the water, the more noxious the exhalations—a fact which hitherto has not received all the attention it deserves.

If our remarks throughout have been more especially applied to London, it is that we hope to see the capital city become a model for the whole kingdom: she may, however, take lessons from without as well as within. In some instances we are indebted to cholera for ameliorations which ought to have resulted from foresight. Since the visitation of the epidemic, Birmingham has been favoured with a 'constant supply' of water, to the great comfort and convenience of the inhabitants, many of whom now dispense with the encumbering and insalubrious water-butt. The 'toy-shop' town, too, is well swept; not a court or alley but is purged by the scavenger's broom at least once a week, while in the leading thoroughfares no accumulations of dirt are permitted.

How much is involved in the great question which we have here endeavoured to discuss in a practical and philosophical spirit! All human inte-

rests are in some way concerned. Legislative policy, political economy, the amenities of civilisation, are unsound and imperfect, unless based on true social economy. Education without sanitation must be *er necessitate rei*—inefficient and unsatisfactory: it is not easy to elevate minds familiarised with filth and squalor. There is an essential dependence between physical and moral purity. If the substratum of society is to be uplifted, perhaps no means would be so permanent and effectual as its sudden introduction into an improved class of dwellings. A great point is gained when people become sensible that a degree of responsibility rests upon them—that they have a character to lose. And to this point—unless experience be fallacious—we can only arrive by means of the combined ameliorating influences of sanitation and education.

There is much in the question to task and interest the restless spirit of invention and enterprise, which now, as ever, characterises the British people. The meteorologist, by his studies on climate and temperature, may render valuable service to the physician in framing an extended code of laws of health. The mechanician, the engineer, the artisan, will here find scope for their highest ingenuity: we want the simplest and best modes of building, of fitting interiors, of constructing streets, of warming, lighting, and ventilating. All these are prime desiderata, waiting their realisation in some coming Newton of sociology. All human sympathies may find exercise in the work. It is better to train and lead than to punish; better to coerce by moral than mechanical influences. Reputation, too, is to be won, and 'glory' achieved, in this aggressive movement, not less brilliant and far more lasting than that won by cannon and cohorts. Happily our hands are less fettered than formerly: to some extent we can

‘Cut Prejudice against the grain.’

we have outlived the notion, that the calamitous results of human error and social ignorance are the direct and inevitable inflictions of Providence, to be submitted to with Mohammedan fatality. The philosophy of cause and effect has cleared the question of most of its difficulties; and we can but trust that far-reaching views will be combined in its solution with soundness of judgment and promptitude of action, and that a liberal spirit will animate all parties in the furtherance of so grand and benevolent a work.

WASHINGTON AND HIS COTEMPORARIES.

THE nature of the series of events which forced the British dwellers in America to oppose an armed resistance to the aggressive measures of the ministers of the English crown, and the characters and motives of the distinguished men who conducted that resistance to a successful issue, are still strangely misrepresented, alike by persons who maintain the divine right of the colonial office to administer the affairs of Englishmen—provided they live a great way off—after its own good pleasure, and by those who regard the issue of the memorable struggle as a great blow struck for the common liberties of mankind. The example of its chief hero, Washington, is to this hour absurdly pleaded by every man who fancies that the violent subversion of existing governments is the sole means of establishing improved and lasting ones. To the heroes of such convulsions—and the remark ought now to strike the ear as the expression of a mere truism—the illustrious American bears not the faintest resemblance, any more than he does to Mahomet or to Napoleon Bonaparte. Neither he nor his great associates, Hamilton, Adams, Franklin, Knox—not even excepting Thomas Jefferson, subsequently the idol of the ultra-democracy of the States—were in any fair sense revolutionists; nor were they republicans, in our idea of the term. Though native-born Americans, they were, by breeding and tastes, English gentlemen: nothing at first was more distressful to their feelings than a repudiation of monarchical principles, nor did they finally resign these principles till after all chance of accommodation with the British crown had passed away. Republican institutions, in the essential meaning of the phrase, they had indeed lived under for upwards of a century—Rhode Island, for instance, perhaps the most democratic state in the Union, though the differences between the constitutions of the various states are unimportant, is still governed by Charles's charter of 1663—and those institutions they were thoroughly resolved to defend; but, provided they practically enjoyed self-government, they, and the people whom they represented, were anything but anxious that the apex of the political column should be surmounted by an elective president in place of the hereditary monarch. Their position was throughout purely a defensive one: they stood upon the ancient legal ways of the constitution; but being firmly resolved to resist, at whatever cost or sacrifice, the unlawful violence with which they were menaced, and having accepted the appeal to arms forced upon them by the madness of successive British ministries with profound regret, if without

mistrust, they determined, to use the words of their great chief, 'never to sheathe the sword they had been compelled reluctantly to draw in defence of their country and its liberties till that object had been accomplished, but to prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.' And so little of wild theory mingled with the practical and sober aspirations of those thoughtful and earnest men, that when the contest was terminated, and they were free to choose any form of constitution they pleased, they decided on changing as little as possible—well knowing that for the present to firmly and permanently influence the future, it must itself remain connected with, and lean upon, the past. The difference between the British and American forms of government—allowance being made for the disturbing effects of certain social influences—is, after all, much more nominal than real. Trial by jury, Habeas Corpus, inviolability of domicile, the independence of the courts, the subjection of every act of the executive to the ordinary operation and restraints of the law—a point so fatally overlooked by our continental neighbours—the distribution of power, by confiding local self-government to popular bodies thoroughly independent of the central authority—these, and other safeguards which constitute the essence of British freedom, were, and are, jealously preserved by our transatlantic brethren. The defenders of the liberties of America erected a noble, and—regard being had to the requirements of their geographical and social position—possibly in some respects an improved, political edifice, compared with that beneath which they had been reared to the moral height and dignity of freemen; but that their work will endure when other, and, in appearance, more symmetrical structures shall have crumbled into dust, is chiefly because they were modest enough and wise enough to build upon the old and tried foundations.

It may be doubted, too, whether the term 'hero,' which has slipped from our pen, ought to be applied to George Washington—a man plain of speech and purpose, of gentlest affections, and quiet, domestic tastes; having neither the start, the swagger, the curt pomposity, nor the varnished mask and glittering plumes of the historic hero, who, ever preceded by flourishes of innumerable brazen instruments, is industriously paraded on the world's stage, till, the remorseless hand of Time having stripped him, bit by bit, of his tinsel glories, the blindest worshipper perceives what a poor humanity it was, after all, that had been audaciously tricked out for the admiration and observance of mankind. Neither had he, though impetuously brave and daring, as was abundantly proved—not only at the fatal massacre at Monongahela, but on numerous other occasions,—that love and admiration of war and fighting which distinguish the conventional hero. His sword, with him only a means, and a sad one, to a righteous and otherwise unattainable end, was much more joyfully sheathed than drawn; and with war, he fervently desired that all its glorious and hateful memories might expire. Washington, too, appears to have had a deep sense of the responsibility he was under to his Creator for the right use of the faculties and opportunities confided to him. Upon the arrival of the intelligence in Virginia that all hope of inducing the English ministry to abandon the illegal and tyrannous course upon which they had entered was at an end, and that war was consequently inevitable, he, we find from his diary, 'went to church, and fasted all day.' Finally, having obtained supreme

power, triumphed alike over foreign aggression and domestic faction, he quietly put off the glittering burthen, and ascended—for surely we must call it so—to the dignity of private life, feeling only surprised, in the noble simplicity and unconscious greatness of his nature, that men should admire as a sacrifice that which he esteemed not only an imperative duty, but an unspeakable relief. Whether, with these qualities and deficiencies, Washington is fairly entitled to the appellation of 'hero,' either in the genuine or conventional sense of the term, we must leave the reader to decide. It must be, we suppose, a matter, after all, of feeling and of taste—precisely as may be the comparative splendour of the brilliant fire-wonders of our pleasure-gardens, and that of the calm and silent stars, upon which perhaps a Vauxhall audience, and others who might be named, would differ in opinion. Still, as the word 'hero' is down, it may remain.

Thus much premised, we may, without danger of misconception, proceed to mete out equal justice to the assailants and the defenders of the British states of America during the revolutionary war. A retrospective glance at the chief incidents of that great event must be at all times interesting, especially to Englishmen, the present generation of whom may possibly be called upon to meet and decide a question akin to that of which the barbarous and sanguinary solution cost their country, between seventy and eighty years ago, so terrible a sacrifice of blood and treasure. The question of colonial connection and independence is fortunately no longer exclusively viewed through the blinding mists of a vainglorious and spurious patriotism. Experience has effectually disposed of some of the grosser fallacies proclaimed in those days by the wisdom of our ancestors. It would scarcely be possible now, one would hope, to call down the applauding shouts of the Commons by Lord North's declaration, so loudly cheered in 1775—'that absolute sovereignty over our colonies is a question virtually interwoven with not the increase, but the maintenance, of commerce with them.' Neither, we imagine, are there many persons in this age and country, however nervous and impressionable, that would feel greatly alarmed at the repetition, by any tongue however sonorous and eloquent, of the Earl of Chatham's oracular counsel to his admiring peers—'When the power of this country ceases to be sovereign and supreme over America, I would advise every gentleman to sell his lands, and embark for that country.' As we have unquestionably outgrown such puerilities as these, we may reasonably hope that others of less transparent, but not less real, absurdity will in time pass away from the national mind; and that, warned by the errors of the blundering past, a more honourable, a more rational determination of the vexed question of colonial dependence and imperial dominion may in future be arrived at; and that, should the necessity arise, the last grasp of the hand exchanged by this country with any of its giant children, in token of merely political separation, will be a pledge of goodwill and hearty sympathy—the precursor and sign of a true and real alliance of interests, purposes, affections, cemented by community of origin, of language, of literature, and of religion.

A consummation this devoutly to be wished; and no means seem more likely to assure it than to place vividly before the public eye the consequences resulting from the adoption of a different policy. Sad task! For

there is no passage which an Englishman, jealous for the honour of his country, would more gladly tear out and efface from its heroic history than the story of the American struggle for independence. This feeling of regret is not caused by the *failure* of the attempt to subjugate the British people inhabiting America: far from it. The separation of England and the United States is now felt to have been one, sooner or later, of necessity. No one in the present day pretends that the restless, enterprising millions of North America could be safely or satisfactorily governed by any amount of wisdom which might happen to be enthroned in Downing Street; and assuredly no sane Englishman can regret the rapid growth in numbers and resources of a kindred people, who exchange, and, we venture to say, will continue to exchange, the rich surplus of their varied climate and fertile soil for the products of the skilled industry of Great Britain: nor is it caused by any emotion of wounded national pride or vanity; for if he have made himself master of the subject, he knows that at no period have the military qualities which distinguish the British race been more conspicuously and brilliantly displayed than throughout that disastrous conflict. His regret is, that the silly sophistries of pretended statesmen, aided by the illusions of a blind and narrow patriotism, should have induced the English people to lavish their blood and treasure in the vain hope and purpose of bending their distant countrymen to a yoke themselves had, after many fierce and sanguinary struggles, cast off and trampled beneath their feet. Yet not wholly without redeeming lights is that dark and troubled picture. The heart swells with mournful pride, and the moistened eye kindles with a subdued exultation, as we mark the development upon a distant soil of the old spirit which has placed an island, almost lost amidst the storms and tempests of the Northern Ocean, in the van of civilisation—the calm speech and the determined purpose, the resolution, at all hazards, to hold fast by the sacred rights bequeathed by a great ancestry. No spasmodic outburst there of passionate, unstable discontent—no ‘straw on fire’ of hot, inconstant passion. ‘We have counted the cost,’ they say, ‘and find nothing so dreadful as slavery.’ They had been else unworthy of their name and race; for were not the *élite* of these people the descendants, the immediate descendants, of the men who had left the British shores during the intervals of triumphant despotism which occurred during the long struggle terminated by the Revolution of 1688?—men amongst whom, but for an accident, would have been Hampden, Cromwell, Ireton; the stubborn old Puritan breed, in short, with all its virtues and all its prejudices; Solemn-League-and-Covenant hill-side folk—the very last people, one should suppose, with whom a wise minister would seek to play a high prerogative game? The old fire had frequently blazed forth, too, in the new States. The authorities of Massachusetts sheltered Goffe and Whalley, who had sat in judgment upon Charles I., from the vengeance of his son; and when compelled to proclaim the Restoration, strictly forbade all rejoicings, even to the drinking the king’s health. This feeling was probably strengthened, if not chiefly excited, by the savage deaths inflicted by the restored government upon that sincere, enthusiastic fanatic Hugh Peters, and the celebrated Sir Harry Vane. Peters, a native of Massachusetts, had been for many years a favourite preacher at Salem. A few hours before he was hanged, he bade his only child, a daughter, ‘go home to

New England, and trust in God there.' Sir Harry Vane, who, spite of Cromwell's denunciative exclamation, was a great and sterling patriot, and mild, tolerant withal upon religious matters—a rare virtue in those days—had been an exceedingly popular governor of Massachusetts; and there, as well as in Rhode Island, to which he had also been a great benefactor, his memory was held in honour, and his violent and illegal death, it should seem, vindictively mourned. This State declared in 1692 'that no tax could be valid without the consent of the local authorities;' for the project of taxing the unrepresented colonies was, it must be borne in mind, no sudden inspiration of George III. and his advisers. It had been long contemplated, although, till Mr Grenville, no statesman had been found mad enough to attempt to carry the design into execution. Sir Robert Walpole, not the most scrupulous or constitutional minister this country has known, when defeated in his Excise scheme, was urged by Sir William Keith, the governor of Virginia, to tax the American colonies. The wary baronet was wiser than his counsellor. 'I have,' he replied, 'Old England against me already; do you think I want New England also?' In 1704 the protest of Massachusetts was renewed by New York and other States. Nay, Virginia, where, and in the Carolinas, the British connection was the most ardently cherished, declared as early as 1651 'that the right of taxation rested solely in the House of Burgesses'—so thoroughly warned were the British ministers of the certain resistance they must encounter! It must not be forgotten either by persons desirous of accurately measuring the extent of the wisdom and foresight displayed by those gentlemen, that the British colonists, at the time it was resolved to carry the long-meditated design into execution, had enormously increased in power and resources, and were placed in much more favourable circumstances for defence and resistance than at any former period of their history. The victory of Wolfe, and other triumphs, sealed by the treaty of 1763, had relieved them of their late powerful and dangerous neighbours the French, and their allies the Indians. Their numbers were not much short of three millions, and the development of their commercial enterprise was so great—in the whale-fishery, for example—as detailed in 1775 before the House of Commons, as to cause Mr Burke to exclaim, 'What in the world is equal to it?' Having attained this degree of growth and prosperity, it was resolved to tax them for the benefit of the imperial revenue, on the by no means invalid plea, that as great expenses had been incurred in expelling the French, and giving peace to the colonies, they should contribute something towards the imperial exchequer. At the same time, however, the colonists were told they could have no *representation* in the British House of Commons. And on this bigoted notion, that the House of Commons was already made up—complete—perfect—and could bear no fresh intrusion, the whole affair hinged. What a lesson is this fact calculated to teach!

Mr George Grenville, urged by George III.—who, it clearly appears from his since published private correspondence with Lord North, was throughout fanatical in his insistence upon the right and duty of England to tax America—gave the signal for confusion, tumult, and ultimate war, by passing, March 1765, with the concurrence of large majorities in both houses of parliament, a bill to impose stamp duties on the peaceful and

loyal colonists, who required nothing of this country but permission to love and respect her, and leave to contribute, by the recognised authority of their own representative assemblies, such expenses as it might appear England had incidentally taken upon herself on their behalf or in their defence. Happily the fortunes of Great Britain are beyond the power of acts of parliament to permanently damage—the spirit and energy of the people sufficing to redeem, though sometimes at a frightful cost, the mistakes of legislators. Were it not for the lamentable consequences which resulted from the doings of the different ministries that led and continued the attack upon the franchises and immunities of our separated countrymen, it would be amusing to remark their alternate rashness and cowardice, their bold words and childish acts, their high-sounding promises and impotent conclusions. A glance, though only a brief one, is instructive.

The American Stamp Duties Bill was of course indignantly rejected by the colonists. Mobs paraded the cities, bearing aloft the obnoxious act, surmounted by a death's head, and the words, 'England's folly and America's ruin;' lawyers bound themselves to the nation and each other to use only unstamped paper; women formed themselves into associations, pledged not to speak to, much less marry, any of the other sex who should presume to buy or use stamps; the entire people, in a word, entered into a solemn league and covenant to resist by every means in their power the odious edict. Well, the Grenville ministry quitted office, and the Rockingham administration, which succeeded, repealed the hated and unproductive bill; but at the same time deprived the repeal of all efficacy or value by a solemn reservation of the only point really in dispute—the right of parliament to tax the unrepresented colonies!

Another cabinet succeeded; and Mr Charles Townshend introduced and carried a bill, intended, doubtless, in the plenitude of the ministerial wisdom, to benefit *both* countries, by levying duties on British manufactured goods—glass, china, paper, painters' colours—imported into the colonies, besides a duty of threepence per pound on tea. This curious measure excited as fierce an opposition as the stamp act. The death of Mr Townshend caused the break-up of this ministry, of which the Earl of Chatham, it must be stated, was the nominal, though inactive chief. The Duke of Grafton next succeeded to power, or at least to office; and Lord Hillsborough, secretary of state, wrote to the governors of the American provinces to state that the cabinet intended introducing a bill for the repeal of the duties on 'paper, glass, china, and colours,' as 'contrary to the true principles of commerce.' After some delay, this promise was redeemed, but it was at the same time resolved that the impost upon tea should remain! Upon the firm maintenance of that threepenny duty both ministers and parliament resolved, as upon a thing necessary for the dignity of the king's crown, the integrity and prosperity of the empire, the supremacy of parliament, the safety of the constitution, and many other admirable things very eloquently dilated upon at the time, but scarcely worth recapitulating now.

The political scene again changes, and we find ourselves in the presence of Lord North's (son of the Earl of Guilford) cabinet. The opposition of the indignant colonists to the miserable and aggressive measures of the

British ministers continuing as vehement as ever, and merchants and manufacturers beginning to find, in consequence of the general refusal of the colonists to purchase any British commodities, that trade and commerce were rapidly declining under the expedients devised for their maintenance and extension, a stroke of remarkable financial generalship was resolved upon by the new administration. They granted such a reduction on the British duty on tea as enabled the East India Company to sell the article to the colonists at so reduced a rate, that the tax of threepence per pound would not raise the price to the consumer. This device was much applauded at the time. The partisans of the minister were confident that it would reconcile all differences; the Americans would of course surrender the principle so long contended for, if they could only save their pockets; and the king's government, by giving back with one hand what they snatched with the other, would prove themselves alike the able champions of the prerogative of the crown and the welfare of the people.

The success of this scheme did not at all correspond with the expectations of its promoters. The tea cargoes were in some ports forbidden by the authorities to be landed; and in Boston harbour, on the 18th of December 1773, a mob of persons, disguised as Mohawk Indians, boarded the *Dartmouth* East India tea-ship, and threw its cargo overboard. This done, they retired without committing any other damage, or offering any violence or insult to the crew.

It was determined by the British ministry to visit the consequences of this outrage upon the entire community of the State in which it was committed. A bill was passed to fine the town of Boston to the value of the tea thrown overboard. This was seriously defended upon the precedents that London had been fined in the time of Charles II. because some unknown persons had slain Dr Lamb; and that Edinburgh had been amerced in a large sum for not having prevented the mob from hanging Captain Porteous. They might as well have adduced the law of the Conqueror, which levied a fine on any county or hundred where a Norman should be found slain. The essential distinction that London and Edinburgh, whether justly or unjustly, were punished by recognised authorities, was overlooked, or treated as of no importance. Boston was also deprived of its privileges as a port of customs, which were transferred to Salem. These measures, in the opinion of those who maintain the right of the English parliament to tax and bind America, may have some show of justice, but not even they can justify the subsequent acts of the minister, who, in his bill 'for the better regulating government in the province of Massachusetts,' entirely repealed the charter of William and Mary, and vested the nomination of councillors, judges, magistrates, and sheriffs in the crown, and in some cases in the governor. In other words, the ministry, with the aid of parliament, trampled under foot the constitution of Massachusetts, and erected an unmitigated despotism in its stead! It was also enacted that any person accused of treason, murder, or other capital offence, if alleged to be committed in defence of the measures of the British government, might, at the pleasure of the governor, be removed to England for trial—that is to say, as every lawyer knows, and knew, be withdrawn from all chance of punishment.

These outrageous proceedings, which it is impossible to palliate, much less to justify, were carried with a very high hand indeed. Mr Ballou, the agent for Massachusetts, was refused a hearing by the House of Commons; and the respectful prayer of the Americans resident in London, that honourable gentlemen 'would not drive a long-suffering and gallant people to the last resources of despair,' was treated with contemptuous indifference. The truth was, the ministry were determined to put down all resistance by force, and they replied only by a lofty and disdainful silence to every effort made to turn them from their fatal course.

The colonists were thoroughly persuaded that the outrage in Boston harbour was but a pretext eagerly seized upon by the ministry to carry into effect a long-since-foregone determination—that of restricting the general liberties of America. This suspicion derived countenance from the previous discovery of a number of letters written by Governor Hutchinson and Judge Oliver of Massachusetts to Mr Whately, a member of parliament, and secretary to the minister, Mr George Grenville. Hutchinson and Oliver urged upon the ministry that the colonists were not fit 'for what are called English liberties,' and recommended the adoption of measures to modify, in a despotic sense, the popular constitutions of the American provinces. This treasonable correspondence—it was surely nothing less in a moral point of view, coming from men who had sworn to respect and maintain those liberties?—had been placed in Dr Franklin's hands by a Dr Hugh Williamson, with an injunction to keep secret the source from which he obtained it. Franklin immediately transmitted them to America, where their publication produced an immense sensation; and the impeachment of Governor Hutchinson was soon afterwards demanded. Dr Franklin, whose incessant and zealous efforts to heal the unhappy differences between the mother country and the colonies had been warmly and frequently acknowledged by the most eminent persons—amongst others, by Chief-Justice Pratt, the judge who first held that 'general warrants' were illegal, and better known as Lord Camden—was summoned before the council relative to the demand of impeachment. The abuse with which the single-minded and amiable philosopher was assailed by Wedderburne, the attorney-general, afterwards Lord Loughborough, a man now only remembered because he *did* abuse Dr Franklin, is an amusing specimen of the virulence of a loose-tongued lawyer, salaried to exhibit simulated indignation. First charging Franklin with having obtained the letters by fraudulent and corrupt means—'unless, indeed, he stole them from the person who stole them'—Wedderburne thus proceeded: 'I hope, my lords, you will brand this man for the honour of his country, of Europe, of mankind. . . . Into what company will he hereafter appear with an unembarrassed face, or the honest expression of virtue? I ask, my lords, if the revengeful temper attributed by poetic fiction only to the bloody African is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily American?' This rabid nonsense, according to Dr Priestley, threw the lords of the council into ecstasies of mirth: 'even Lord Gower laughed; and the only man who behaved with decency was Lord North.' Franklin listened to it all in silence, returning not a word; only, when he took off the court suit of Manchester spotted velvet which he had worn on the occasion, he mentally resolved never to put it on again; nor did he break that resolution till the 6th of February 1778, when he

signed at Versailles a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between France and the United States. Dr Franklin not long afterwards left England for America, disgusted with the conduct of the British ministry, and not very well pleased with that of the states he represented. By the cabinet he was contemned as a violent American; while some of the more hot and impatient of his countrymen feared lest his partiality for England might prevent him from acting with sufficient vigour in the crisis which all could see was rapidly approaching. Other agents were appointed, and the catastrophe came swiftly on.

The intemperate proceedings of the ministry derived no countenance from the acts or speeches of the colonists. The language of the different assemblies was invariably respectful, though firm. As late as November 1774, the first congress of the American people, assembled at Philadelphia, in its address to the king, thus unanimously expressed itself:—‘We ask but for peace, liberty, and safety; we wish not a diminution of the prerogative, nor do we solicit the grant of any new right in our favour: your royal authority over us, and our connection with Great Britain, we shall always cheerfully and zealously maintain.’ Washington, in a letter to Captain Robert Mackenzie, gave the following testimony:—‘You are taught to believe that the people are rebellious, setting up for independency, and what not. (Give me leave, my good friend, to tell you you are abused—grossly abused. Give me leave to add, and I think I can answer for it as a fact, that it is not the wish of any government here, separately or collectively, to set up for independence; but this you may at the same time rely on, that none of them will ever submit to the loss of those valuable privileges which are essential to the happiness of every free state, and without which life, liberty, and property are rendered totally insecure.’ Jefferson himself thus wrote to Peyton Randolph, president of the first congress:—‘Believe me, my dear sir, there is not throughout the British empire a man who more cordially cherishes a union with Great Britain than I do; but, by the God that made me, I will cease to exist before I accept that union upon the terms proposed by the parliament! and in this I believe I speak the sentiments of America. We want neither motives nor power to effect a separation—the *will* alone is wanting.’ So general, indeed, was the expression of loyal attachment to the parent country, and of a desire to remain at peace and amity with her, that Lord Camden remarked upon it with some surprise to Dr Franklin, and predicted that the tone of the colonists would soon change into a demand for independence. ‘Not,’ replied Franklin, whose almost fanatical anxiety to maintain what he deemed the ‘unity’ of the British empire—that ‘costly and beautiful vase’—is so well known—not unless we are scandalously treated.’ ‘It is precisely because I foresee that you will be so treated,’ rejoined his lordship, ‘that I make that prophecy.’

Many eloquent voices, it is consolatory to remember, were raised on behalf of those distant Englishmen, even in the parliaments which backed the insanity of ministers by such overwhelming majorities. Chatham, Burke, Fox, vehemently combated the right of parliament to tax America. Lord Chatham in a few striking sentences placed the matter in a clear and vivid light. He supposes the House of Commons to be enacting a ‘supply’ bill: ‘We, your majesty’s faithful Commons of Great Britain, give and grant to

your majesty—what? our own property? No; but the property of the Commons of America!’ And yet this nobleman, who placed the intolerable assumption of the parliament in so clear a view, with the same breath maintained, in the strongest terms, ‘that parliament might bind the trade of the colonists, confine their manufactures, and exercise over them every right except that of taking their money without their consent.’ Strange obliquity of vision, that could not see how ‘binding their trade, confining their manufactures,’ was as much taking their money without their consent as any direct means could be! The nervous eloquence of the noble earl, the conciliatory suggestions of Burke, arrayed as they were in gorgeous and sounding periods, made no impression on the infatuated ministry. They were determined to ride rough-shod over the colonies, and they confidently anticipated a certain and easy victory. Nothing in this wretched business appears more ludicrous than the notion which noble lords, generals, and other official personages entertained of the personal cowardice of the British colonists. Doubtless they must have had some theory of the enervating effect of the climate of America upon the Anglo-Saxon race; for if there was one point upon which they were all fully agreed, it was that the descendants of the Puritans, of the Solemn-League-and-Covenant men, would not fight! ‘Cowardly, undisciplined, and incapable of discipline,’ the ‘country gentlemen’ were night after night assured the Americans were. General Burgoyne, who had dramatised Richard Cœur de Lion in a now forgotten operetta, and who afterwards made a splendid American campaign, ending at Saratoga, declared that a regiment of disciplined English soldiers might march without encountering any serious opposition throughout the length and breadth of the land. Another authority pronounced ‘that four or five frigates would effectually settle the business.’ My Lord Sandwich was quite jocular upon the subject. ‘Suppose,’ he said, ‘the colonies abound in men—what then? They are raw, undisciplined, and cowardly. I wish, instead of forty thousand or fifty thousand of these brave fellows with which we are threatened, they would produce two hundred thousand. If they did not run away, which there is little doubt they would, they would assuredly starve themselves into compliance with our measures.’ Compare this vapouring with the long, dull, melancholy silence which pervaded the ranks of the ‘country gentlemen’ at the conclusion of Lord North’s speech in the House of Commons, February 17, 1778, in the third year of the war, and after the surrender of boasting Burgoyne, in which the minister formally renounced the right to tax America, and restored the constitution of Massachusetts, whilst ‘too late—too late,’ surged through the dullest brain in the assembly, and avowed, if you can, a feeling of profound humiliation that such men should have had power to hound against each other two kindred peoples, whose great past, and, we will hope, still greater future, are so essentially and intimately blended and associated with each other. The ‘country party,’ however, though with much pouting, carried the ‘conciliatory’ measures of the minister with the same decisive numbers as they had his coercive bills; and the majority against the thirteen United States remained firm and intact, till the day they were formally recognised as ‘a free, sovereign, and independent state.’

In common justice and candour, we must here record that this persistent

subserviency to ministers on the part of the great country party, to whose sound constitutional maxims we are taught to look in any real national extremity for practical wisdom and guidance, was once during these events in slight and momentary danger of interruption. It arose thus:—His majesty George III., in a speech from the throne, informed the Houses that, ‘in testimony of his affection for his people, who could have no cause in which he was not equally interested, he had sent to Gibraltar and Port Mahon a portion of his Electoral troops.’ This was of course done with the benevolent intention of liberating the British garrisons for war-service in the colonies. Strange to say, this paternal consideration of the king for his subjects, as Lord North termed it, the country gentlemen viewed with highly constitutional indignation. Ministers might send Hessians, Hanoverians, Pandours, Croats, to slay and trample the British people of America; they might even employ Indian savages, as they did, for that purpose. All that was proper and constitutional; but to partially garrison Gibraltar and Port Mahon with foreign troops was a violation of British liberties; and unless some pledge was given that this paternal act would not be drawn into a precedent, they, the country gentlemen, would deem it their unpleasant duty to withdraw a portion at least of their gracious countenance from the administration. An implied pledge *was* given: the Germans went to America, and all was well.

A plea in mitigation of the conduct of the British ministry is frequently set forth, which it may be as well at once to dispose of. It is this—that no human foresight could have predicted the issues of the war; and that, however untowardly events ultimately occurred, there was a fair and reasonable prospect of success at the outset of the contest. This excusatory plea will not bear a moment’s serious examination. In the first place, no person acquainted with the requirements and exigencies of modern warfare could hope to overcome nearly three millions of people, three thousand miles distant, provided they were but moderately true to themselves, by any force which Great Britain or any other power could send against them. But apart from this consideration, let any person glance at the state of Europe at the time, and say whether the colonists had not a perfect right to calculate on the support of the chief powers in the event of a serious conflict with England? The recent ‘glorious’ peace of 1763—thanks to the triumphs of Wolfe in America, Clive in India, and the brilliant successes of the British fleets—had stripped France of Canada, the whole of Louisiana east of the Mississippi, and her possessions in the East Indies, besides various islands of more or less commercial value. Spain had also been humbled, and despoiled of Minorca and various colonial sovereignties. Victories, however splendid, ever create more enemies than they destroy, and who could doubt that these countries, humbled in their self-love, but untouched in substantial power, would seek to avenge their losses and defeats the instant a favourable opportunity presented itself? Then Holland had humiliations inflicted by the giant of the seas to wipe out; and the other secondary naval powers naturally regarded the maritime supremacy of Great Britain with envious dislike. The spurious liberalism of the courts of St Petersburg and Berlin, of Catherine the ‘Great’ and Frederick the ‘Great,’ who partitioned Poland, and patronised Voltaire,

was sure to display itself by a cheap, unhazardous sympathy for a people whose principles would, they knew, never reach the ears of the Prussian and Russian serfs, but whose arms might strike a good blow at an envied rival. The 'great' Frederick especially had a strong, if somewhat confused notion, like a still more modern conqueror, that the prosperity of Great Britain is somehow or other bound up with the power of keeping expensive guard over distant communities of Englishmen quite capable of guarding themselves. All this, which was clearly foreseen by the leaders of the colonists, but entirely unsuspected by the British ministry, speedily, as we are all aware, came to pass. France supplied a fleet and army, besides considerable sums of money. The motives of her statesmen for that act—whatever might have been the individual impulses of enthusiastic, chivalrous men, such as Lafayette—are now well understood, and are as old and corrupt as human nature. Spain, prompted by the same feeling, lent, though hesitatingly, her armed assistance. Holland followed; and Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, with Prussia for a silent confederate, arrayed themselves in what was called 'an armed neutrality'—that is, they diligently prepared themselves to strike in against Great Britain the instant she had become sufficiently weakened by the tremendous struggle to afford them a chance of success. Thus England, strangely enough, found all the despotisms of Europe arrayed against her in pretended defence of the liberties of America, but in very truth from the motives we have just indicated. The ultimate issue of the strife would in all human probability have been the same had no foreign power interfered; for, whatever help the subsidies of their allies afforded the colonists, their fleets and armies, highly disciplined and gallant as they doubtless were, proved but of slight active assistance; indeed the last great incident of the war was the utter destruction of the French grand fleet by Sir George Rodney. Still, so vast an array of power necessitated gigantic and exhausting efforts on the part of this country, and the probability of such a combination ought to have been foreseen. The plea of Lord North, that he did *not* anticipate it, knowing as he did how fresh and recent were the wounds inflicted upon France and Spain by the victorious sword of England, is only another proof of his ignorance of the springs of human action, and his consequent deplorable incapacity as a statesman.

With the passing of the coercive measures for Massachusetts legislative action ceased, and the minister devolved on the armed force in America the duty of enforcing his paper decrees. That force, altogether inadequate to such a task, shut up in Boston, and commanded by General Gage, was surrounded and hemmed in by daily-increasing swarms of armed colonists, chiefly commanded by Colonel Putnam, an English officer settled in America, who had served with great distinction. Gage offered him, it is said, high rank in his old service if he would join the king's forces. This offer Putnam peremptorily declined; and the instant the news arrived that all chance of a peaceful accommodation was over, he joined the resisting colonists. The first encounter of the British soldiers with the armed countryfolk was upon the occasion of a small body of troops being pushed on to Concord to destroy some military stores there. The object was accomplished; but on the return of the detachment, the gathering country-

men pursued them with a fire so fierce and deadly, from tree, hedgerow, hillock, bush, that but for the opportune arrival of Lord Percy with a reinforcement and a few pieces of artillery, it is doubtful if the destroying detachment would have regained Boston. As it was, they re-entered it much harassed and diminished in numbers, and, with their comrades, remained quietly in their quarters till the morning of the 16th of June 1775, when the cannon of the *Lively* sloop of war awoke General Gage to the astounding discovery that a large body of colonists had been busy during the short summer night erecting a redoubt, and throwing up a breast-work on Breed's, or rather, as the mistake has become historical, on Bunker's Hill, at the entrance of the peninsula of Charlestown, and commanding Boston. This audacity was not to be borne, and the instant roll of the British drums mustered the soldiery in hot haste to force with the bayonet intrenchments upon which the fire of several ships of war, active and incessant as it was, made not the faintest impression. The troops, to the number, from first to last—according to the letter of General Gage to the Earl of Dartmouth—of about 2000, landed, under the command of Generals Howe and Pigot, at Moreton's Point. The Americans report their muster—a common practice—at much less; but there seems little reason to doubt that, as regards numerical force, both sides were about equal—the British, however, superior by discipline, and in the constant use of arms; the colonists, by their intrenched position, and in the fatal accuracy of their aim. The attacking force, consisting of ten companies of grenadiers, ten of light infantry, and the 5th, 38th, 43d, and 52d battalions, formed into three lines, advanced slowly, but steadily, as on parade against the silent colonists: they were commanded by Putnam, who was riding hurriedly up and down the intrenchments iterating his command—'Not to fire till the whites of the soldiers' eyes could be seen, and then to aim at their waistbands,' and threatening to cut down any man who disobeyed his orders. The troops, halting occasionally, to afford time for the field-pieces to open on the enemy, gradually approached the intrenchments, which they knew could only be carried by the bayonet. Nearer—still nearer—and it seemed that the front line must have paralysed by their mere appearance—for the fire of the artillery had been entirely thrown away—the rash colonists, trembling, doubtless, behind their hastily-constructed earth-works. Another moment, and these silent men raised, levelled, pointed their fatal rifles; a stream of fire burst forth, followed by a stunning crash; and as the smoke quickly whirled away, it was seen that that gallant front line had been rent into frightful gaps, and that the survivors, stunned, bewildered, scattered, were falling back in disorder upon the 5th and 8th battalions, who, with quickened step, were pressing forwards to retrieve and avenge the repulse and slaughter of their comrades. Again, as the soldiers approached within half pistol-shot of the breast-work, the rifle-volleys were poured forth—quick, deadly, annihilating! The third line had joined; but what men could withstand that fiery tempest? The soldiers who had escaped the carnage staggered back in utter disarray beyond musket-shot, spite of the efforts of their officers, who were frantic with rage and shame at the failure of the attack. What would be said in England?—in Boston, where thousands of eyes were looking on at their discomfiture? At length the men were again marshalled into order, again ascended the hill, and were

again hurled back from before that impassable wall of fire; and there were not soldiers enough left to form another line! In this second attack an incident occurred which vividly illustrates alike the destructive nature of the conflict and its fratricidal character. Major Small remained standing alone amidst the dead and dying, the only one of all that surrounded him who had escaped the fire of the colonists. 'I glanced my eye,' we quote the major's own words—'I glanced my eye towards the enemy, and saw several young men levelling their pieces at me. I knew their excellence as marksmen, and considered myself gone. At this moment my old friend and comrade Putnam rushed forward, and striking up the muzzles of their pieces, exclaimed, "For God's sake, my lads, don't fire at that man: I love him as my brother!" We were so near to each other, that I heard his words distinctly. He was obeyed: I bowed, thanked him, and walked away unmolested.'

The failure of the troops was observed from Boston, and a reinforcement under the personal and volunteered command of General Clinton, who had but recently arrived from England, was immediately despatched. It consisted of four companies of grenadiers and light infantry, the 47th battalion, and a battalion of marines. On its arrival the troops were again formed. The men, by fatal experience, made aware that the nature of the work in hand, if it was to be done at all, admitted of no parade, encumbrance, or display, took off their knapsacks, to be lighter and readier for a rush. After a brief but spirited exhortation from Clinton, those indomitable soldiers once more sprang forward to attack the intrenchments, from which, without the power of resistance, they had been swept down like grass. The advance was this time as rapid as it was firm; and the instant they reached the boundary marked by the red heaps of slain and wounded men, the rifle-volleys again burst forth, swift, destructive, terrible as before, but not with the same result. The fierce shouts of the excited soldiery replied to the deadly volleys of the Americans, and with a wild rush they closed with their antagonists, and the battle of Bunker's Hill was—won! The colonists fled rapidly, but in tolerable order, across Charlestown neck, pursued by the fire of the *Glasgow* frigate, which, however, it would appear, was not very effective; and the victorious but astonished general had time and leisure to estimate the probable cost of conquering a country defended by a nation of such men as those who, in the few brief moments during which the contest really lasted, had wounded and slain 1124 out of, according to General Gage, 2000 gallant soldiers!—a destruction, in proportion to the numbers engaged, and the duration of the conflict, unapproached in any battle of ancient or modern times. There were also about 500 colonists killed and hurt; and there remained in General Clinton's power, if that could yield him satisfaction, a few score prisoners, the accents of many of whom testified at how comparatively recent a period they had left the Cornish and western coasts of England. They, and a few pieces of cannon of small calibre, were the trophies of his triumph.

General Gage sent home a glowing account of his victory by the *Carberrus*, Captain Chadds, the effect of which glorious news, arriving there on the 25th of July, was to cause troops to be assembled and hurried off with all possible speed to the assistance of the victorious general; and to silence for ever the senseless depreciation of the courage of the British colonists,

which had been so long and so freely indulged in by men who ought, one would suppose, to have known better. The news, too, soon afterwards reached England of the capture of the forts of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, which had cost so many lives to wrest from the French during the last war. They had been surprised by a mere handful of the absurdly-despised colonists. Two hundred and seventy Connecticut 'Green Mountain boys' under Colonel Allen, reinforced by a small party under Arnold, reached the lakes, and secured the forts without a blow, as well as the sloop of war *Enterprise*. 'In whose name,' demanded the officer commanding at Ticonderoga, surprised in his bed—'in whose name do you call on me to surrender?' 'In the name of the great Jehovah and of Congress!' was Allen's reply. The climate of America had not, then, it was quite manifest, spite of my Lord Sandwich, enervated the British race dwelling there!

The sword once irrevocably drawn, the colonists threw away the scabbard. The blood wantonly shed created an impassable gulf between them and reconciliation with the English crown, and in due time a 'Declaration of Independence' was promulgated by Congress, preceded by a long indictment against the British monarch, to the fulfilment of which the subscribers, all men of eminence in America, pledged 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour.' Before, however, that celebrated manifesto was fulminated, Colonel Washington, appointed, by a unanimous vote of Congress, commander-in-chief of the American forces, arrived soon after the fight of Bunker's Hill at the camp near Boston. He soon afterwards conceived a plan for an attack on the British troops there, with a view to strike a great and decisive blow before the expected reinforcements could arrive from England; but his calculated and wise daring was overruled by the opinion of three successive councils of war—a result that Washington, both then and in after-times, bitterly regretted, and which determined him seldom again to permit his own decisions to be reviewed by war councils—an assemblage of fighting-men that proverbially never decide on fighting. He also remonstrated with General Gage upon his brutal treatment of the prisoners made in his great 'victory.' Gage, with whom Washington had served twenty years before in Braddock's fatal expedition, replied, 'That rebels taken with arms in their hands ought to be grateful for any treatment short of the gallows!' The first impulse of Washington's indignation on receiving this reply was to send off directions to retaliate on such English officers and soldiers as were within his power. His momentarily-disturbed equanimity happily soon returned, and long before his orders could be carried into execution, they were countermanded. He determined wisely, as justly, not to return evil for evil.

Whilst this Virginian colonel, checked in his military ardour by the more timid councils of his officers, is endeavouring to organise an army capable of measuring itself against the disciplined forces on their way to reinforce the victor of Bunker's Hill, we shall have time to present the reader with a brief sketch of his previous history.

The experience of England, it has been frequently remarked, as well as that of America, is opposed to the generally-received axiom, that a

scientific apprenticeship to the arts of war and diplomacy is an indispensable condition of great success in those national crafts. No bolder or more skilful soldier than he who turned the tide of victory at Marston Moor and Naseby, and few eyes more keen than those which marked the descent of the Scottish forces from the heights of Dunbar, can be pointed out in the long roll of educated military chieftains. Other instances might be easily adduced as conclusive, if not so striking, as that of Cromwell. It was the same with the great men of British America, who, at the sudden call of their startled country, sprang at once to the full altitude of eminent warriors, statesmen, and diplomatists; approving themselves at the very outset of their career a full match for the keenest and most practised of their trained opponents. Franklin displayed talents of the first order as a diplomatist both in London and Paris; Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, it will scarcely be denied, rank with the highest intellects that have devoted themselves to the study and elucidation of the complex questions of governmental and social policy; and finally, we have George Washington, a man eminently gifted for the duties of war and peace—eminent in council as in the field. What were these men, and others that might be named, before the necessities of the time called them to the front rank of their nation? Printers, agriculturists, land-surveyors, lawyers of small practice—militia soldiers of less! Nor do we find that the military chieftain of America manifested in his early days any constitutional predisposition to render the earth a chess-board, on which, with living men for pawns, he might thereafter play a bloody game for fortune and renown. When a boy, he neither delighted in playing at soldiers, like Charles XII., nor at mimic fights with snow-balls, like Napoleon Bonaparte. The eldest son of Augustine Washington, a respectable planter, whose grandfather emigrated from Yorkshire in 1657, and settled in Westmoreland county, Virginia, he appears to have exhibited only the ordinary characteristics of a well-disposed lad—very tractable, very obedient to his excellent mother, early left a widow with five children. He was a tall, well-made, athletic youth, passionately fond of field-sports, and daring in a high degree by temperament, and withal modest, reasonable, very methodical in all things, fond of mathematics, and perfectly contented with his destined profession of land-surveyor—except during one brief period, when he appears to have been dazzled by the British naval uniform, and prevailed upon his Uncle Laurence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in that distinguished service.

His mother disapproved of that step, and Washington at once abandoning his intention, almost immediately set off with his rule and compasses for the Alleghany Mountains. It was during his sojourn there that we first obtain a glimpse of a phase in this distinguished soldier and statesman's character which will come upon many readers with surprise: we mean his extreme susceptibility to the charms of the gentle sex. His first recorded love was, it appears from one of his early papers, a 'Low-land beauty.' What her name was, and indeed any particulars concerning her, except that she was a Scottish lassie, it is difficult to decide or ascertain. Washington thus writes of her from the Alleghanies to 'his dear friend Robin:—'My place of residence is at his lordship's (Lord Fairfax), where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very

pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady in the house—Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister. But that only adds fresh fuel to the fire; as being often and unavoidably in her company, with her revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty, whereas were I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrow, and bury that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion; and I am very well assured this will be the only antidote and remedy.' Other letters are in the same desponding tone; and it moreover appears that he had never been able to muster sufficient courage to tell the lady of the mischief she was playing with his heart. It is fair to suppose that he adopted the remedy his letter to 'dear Robin' indicates, for we find him not very long afterwards in such full vigour of body and clearness of intellect, as to be selected by the governor of Virginia, Dinwiddie, for the delicate mission of ascertaining by personal inspection and inquiry the real position and intentions of the French forces—which, it was rumoured, were building a chain of forts intended to connect Canada with Louisiana, and thus confine the British settlements to the east of the Alleghanies. This commission, a striking proof of the high estimation in which the modest, retiring young man—he was little more than one-and-twenty years of age—was already held by men skilled in the reading of character, Major Washington—the militia rank conferred by the governor—discharged with remarkable discretion, courage, and sagacity. He easily penetrated the views of the French commander through all his artificial wrappings and disguises, and, thanks to his skill in drawing, brought away a complete plan of the fort—afterwards called Fort Duquesne—which the French were erecting on a branch of French Creek, about fifteen miles south of Lake Erie. His conduct gave such entire satisfaction to the provincial authorities, that he was soon afterwards despatched on a similar errand at the head of a small body of the Virginian militia. Whilst engaged on this service, he had a sanguinary skirmish with a detachment of French soldiers, commanded by Lieutenant Jumonville, in which that officer and a considerable number of his men were slain. This affair has been grievously misrepresented by certain French writers as a wanton and unjustifiable treachery. M. Guizot, however, in his essay on the character of Washington, fully exonerates him from all blame in the matter, frankly admitting that his conduct was entirely in accordance with the acknowledged usages of war. During this skirmishing campaign the young major of militia built Fort Necessity, and fought what has been rather ambitiously called 'the battle of the Great Meadows;' and altogether so distinguished himself, as to be promoted, on his return, to the rank of colonel, and not long afterwards he was appointed commander-in-chief of the local Virginian forces. Not a very extensive command certainly, but an unmistakeable testimony of the high estimation in which his character and abilities were already held by his countrymen.

The next year he volunteered his services on the staff of General Braddock, who was about to march at the head of 2000 regular troops, to drive back the French from their new establishments on the western frontier. He had also with him a body of Virginian provincials, as they were sometimes called. Arrived at Wills' Creek, the general found that a very insufficient number of wagons had been provided by

the local authorities to enable him to proceed. We here obtain a glimpse of Benjamin Franklin, postmaster, who, waiting upon the perplexed general on matters relative to Pennsylvania, no sooner ascertained the state of affairs, than he volunteered to procure the necessary number of wagons without delay. His offer was gladly accepted: Franklin fulfilled his engagement, and the troops moved on. When near the scene of action, Washington earnestly intreated the general to take precautions against surprise. This counsel, coming from a young man supposed to be totally ignorant of military science, was contemptuously disregarded; and Braddock, confident in the valour and discipline of his troops to bear down all opposition, moved boldly on; the van led by Major Gage, who, twenty years afterwards, commanded in chief at Boston. Washington is reported to have said that he never witnessed a more splendid sight than the advance of the British troops on that fatal occasion: their fine soldierly appearance, their burnished arms glittering in the morning sun as they marched, with the celerity and precision of a parade day, along the southern bank of the Monongahela, the river running on their right. Arrived at a ford within about ten miles of Fort Duquesne, the troops prepared to cross over to the north bank of the river; and Washington again intreated that the Virginian scouts might be allowed to reconnoitre the wood and ravines in front and flank before the troops crossed. His counsel was spurned. Braddock gave the order to advance; and that which Washington foresaw happened. No sooner were the soldiers fairly across, than a deadly fire from innumerable foes concealed in ravines and thick woods opened on the front and flanks of the sacrificed troops. They were swept down by companies; and instead of allowing the men to close as they best could with their invisible foes, Braddock persisted in manœuvring them as if he had been fighting a scientific battle in an open plain! Braddock fell at last; most of the officers were also slain, picked off by the rifles of the Indian allies of the French. Ultimately a remnant of the troops were extricated from their terrible position, and fled, unpursued by the victors. Washington, who, by the testimony of all, exposed himself in the most reckless manner, exhorting, commanding, rallying the men in every part of the tumultuous and terrific scene, escaped, as if by miracle, unhurt. His clothes were torn in several places by bullets, and he had two horses killed under him. Years afterwards, when his fame had found wider echoes than the backwoods of America afford, an Indian, who had expressed a wish to see the commander-in-chief, recognised him as the officer whom he had covered with his rifle twenty times at Monongahela, but always without effect, and whom he therefore at the time believed to bear a 'charmed life.' This may or may not be true—for such stories, it must be admitted, are easily invented—but certain it is, that if the advice of the young militia officer had been taken, the massacre at Monongahela would not have occurred; and it is equally certain that that officer daringly fronted the peril which his counsel would have averted.

Washington continued to serve in command of the Virginian forces till the peace of 1763, by which the French resigned all their possessions in North America, with the exception of the portion of Louisiana west of the Mississippi, afterwards purchased of France, at the instigation of

Jefferson, for the sum of sixteen million dollars. His name had become famous amongst his countrymen. An enthusiastic preacher, of the name of Samuel Davies, prophesied of him before crowded and approving congregations, as a man miraculously preserved to be a leader and lawgiver of his country. A still unconquerably-modest man withal, and possessed of no gift of ready eloquence whatever. When he took his seat, on being elected to the Virginian House of Burgesses, Mr Robinson the Speaker warmly congratulated him upon his appearance there. Colonel Washington hesitated, stammered, blushed like a school-girl: the words he should have spoken *would not* come. 'Be seated, Colonel Washington,' said the Speaker kindly; 'your deeds speak more eloquently than could any phrase of speech.' His intellectual superiority, however, notwithstanding his deficiency of talking power, never failed to manifest itself strikingly. Patrick Henry, on being asked whom he considered the greatest man in the first Congress, replied, 'If you mean for eloquence, John Rutledge of Carolina; but if you speak of information and sound judgment, unquestionably Colonel Washington.'

In 1759 Washington, then in his twenty-eighth year, married Mrs Martha Custis, a widow with two children, but still young. She was three months his junior, and, moreover, beautiful, and possessed of considerable landed estates, besides forty-five thousand pounds in cash—an enormous fortune at that time, and in that country. He now settled at Mount Vernon, and busily engaged in his favourite pursuit of agriculture. Previous, however, to meeting with the lady destined by the fates for his wife, he had fallen into another love-scraper, which appears to have had no matrimonial result, from the same cause that in all probability deprived the 'Lowland beauty' of the honour of becoming the lady of the first president of the great western republic—namely, his excessive diffidence. The soldier who could face a battery of twelve-pounders without a perceptible variation of pulse, could by no dint of preparation muster sufficient courage to disclose his passion to the fair object of it. This time—it was in 1756—the lady's name was Mary Philipps, sister to his friend Mr Beverly Robinson's wife, and residing with her sister at New York. Washington looked, loved, lingered for many days about the spot, departed for Boston, returned, and was again received as cordially as ever. He departed again; not, however, till he had imparted his hopes and fears to a friend, who promised to keep him constantly informed of what was going on. This promise appears to have been faithfully and amply fulfilled; but in a few months intelligence reached Washington that a rival was in the field, and that some decisive step must be taken at once. Whether the future president of America was doubtful of success if he ventured, or whether the duties of the camp occupied his mind to the exclusion of Mary Philipps, does not appear. He never saw her again till she was the wife of Captain Morris, and himself the husband of Mrs Martha Custis, who possibly—we have no right to venture further, if so far—making considerate allowance, like the Speaker of the House of Burgesses, for Washington's want of oral eloquence, availed herself of a widow's privilege to suggest encouragement to her bashful wooer! One does not well see how else the marriage of the American commander-in-chief—a very happy one, for the wife was worthy of the husband—could have been brought about!

This, then, was the general, and these his antecedents, upon whom the American people had devolved the great and difficult task of successfully encountering the forces which an un-English administration had despatched across the Atlantic to put down English liberties in America.

The battles—skirmishes which ensued between the disciplined forces of Great Britain and the raw levies of the colonists—were almost invariably, as far as regarded the field of action, adverse to the Americans. Still, Washington, surrounded by difficulties and discouragements of every kind, sometimes in consequence of the sluggish co-operation of Congress, and the faulty mode of enlisting the troops; at other times from causes impossible for Congress to adequately remedy—want of money, of clothing, of arms, stores of all sorts—abated not one jot of heart or hope. By masterly retreats he avoided otherwise certain defeats in the field; and when the national pulse flagged, and despair of ultimate success would temporarily cloud the bravest spirits, he would strike a sudden and impetuous blow, which rallied the fainting energies of the people, and flushed with new hope the pale doubters of the justice and providence of God. In 1776 the campaign had been little else than a series of disasters and defeats. The British generals had conquered possession of the Jerseys, of Long, Rhode, and Staten Islands, and the subjugation of Pennsylvania appeared imminent and certain. A proclamation by the brothers Lord and Sir William Howe, promising the king's pardon to all who should make submission within sixty days, had been issued, and by many of the wealthier classes had been complied with. It was a time of gloom and dismay, almost of despair. 'What will you do,' the commander-in-chief was asked, 'if Philadelphia be taken?' 'Retire behind the Susquehanna, and if necessary to the Alleghanies,' was the reply. At this moment, when, in the opinion of the timid and the wavering, all hope seemed lost, and English generals were writing home that the subjugation of the colonists was virtually achieved, he struck a blow which not only restored the national pulse to its old vigour, but taught his vaunting opponents that the conquest of America had yet to be achieved. He had retreated across the Delaware, when he ascertained that three regiments of Hessians, about 1500 men, hired from Germany to assist in putting down the British colonists, were posted, with a troop of British horse, at Trenton. On a bitter Christmas night Washington recrossed the Delaware, and fell with the suddenness of a thunderbolt upon the astonished foreign mercenaries, captured 1000 of them, with 1100 or 1200 stand of arms, and six field-pieces: the British horse escaped, and the Hessians who were not killed or captured dispersed in various directions. Washington was again across the Delaware with his prisoners and booty before the British general thoroughly comprehended what had taken place. The capture of the redoubtable Hessians, of whom immense things had been expected, cost the Americans, who were not at all superior in numbers to their enemies, two men killed, and two frozen to death!

As a proof of the vast moral ascendancy which the achievements and character of Washington had acquired for him, as well as of the consummate foresight and prudence which distinguished him—and not a little revelative, too, of hereditary Yorkshire blood and prejudice—we need only glance at his decision upon the proposed attack upon

Canada by the expected—this was in 1778—French auxiliaries. According to the proposed scheme—the details of which were to be arranged in Paris by Lafayette and Franklin—a French fleet was to ascend the St Lawrence, and a large body of French troops were to attack Quebec. Congress unanimously approved the project, as a powerful diversion in favour of the States: not so Washington. He earnestly remonstrated against the entertainment of such a design. ‘Canada,’ he wrote to Congress, ‘formerly belonged to France, and had been severed from her in a manner which, if not humiliating to her, contributed nothing to her glory. Would she not be eager to recover the lost province? If it should be recovered by her aid, would she not claim it at the peace as rightfully belonging to her, and be able to advance plausible reasons for such a demand?’ He added various military and political arguments in support of his views, and concluded by suggesting, that as he could not write all he wished to say upon the subject, a conference with some of the leading members of Congress might be advantageous. This was readily acceded to, and upon the advice of the members to whom he detailed his reasons for objecting to the plan, it was at once and unanimously abandoned.

The limits of this Paper forbid us, if we had the inclination, to enter into further details of this melancholy war. Suffice it to say, that at no time was there a chance of subduing the British people of America. In 1778 Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates at Saratoga; a treaty of alliance between France and the United States was signed; and Spain and Holland soon added themselves to the list of belligerents against Great Britain. Count D’Estaing arrived on the American coast with the first division of the French grand fleet, and Count Rochambeau followed with an army, amongst whom was the Marquis Lafayette. This division of the French fleet was, not very long afterwards, blockaded in Newport by Admiral Arbuthnot, and Rochambeau’s army was obliged to remain there for its protection. The second division was blockaded in Brest, and never appeared on the American coast at all. Nevertheless, Lafayette skirmished with considerable success with the outlying forces of Cornwallis in Virginia and the Carolinas. Finally, Lord Cornwallis not being succoured, as he expected, by Clinton, whom Washington had thoroughly outgeneralled, surrendered at York-Town to the combined American and French forces commanded by Washington in person. This capitulation was contrary to the advice of many of the British general’s subordinates—of Colonel Tarleton especially, from whom Jefferson had so narrow an escape at Monticello, and one of the most daring and successful officers in the service. He offered, if Cornwallis would allow him only two thousand men, to break through the enemy’s lines, and join Clinton. Tarleton was probably right in a merely military point of view; but fortunately for humanity wiser counsels prevailed, and the surrender was accomplished. With this event the war, which had endured eight years, virtually ended. Sir Guy Carleton soon afterwards arrived from England to arrange the basis of a pacification; and peace, which Rodney’s splendid victory deprived of a portion of its sting, was, after no great delay, concluded; his majesty George III. acknowledging the United States to be a free, sovereign, and independent nation.

Thus was happily, but, on the part of Great Britain, ingloriously, terminated the war of American Independence—a war begun in arrogance and folly, and concluded in bitterness and discomfiture, by a peace only redeemed from intolerable humiliation by the devotion of the gallant service whose traditional valour has ever shone most brilliantly when the clouds of danger have gathered thickest round the national fortunes. Beside the immense sums squandered during those eight years of fratricidal strife, the future industry of the country was mortgaged to the extent of upwards of a hundred millions sterling! And all for what—even supposing the object of the war to have been obtained? Merely to keep our own countrymen in such a state of tutelage and subjection as we would not ourselves submit to at home, and to render a connection, which, were a wise and friendly policy pursued, must necessarily be one of mutual honour and advantage, both worthless and degrading—a source of weakness to the parent country instead of strength, and profitable only to the class which provides us with governors, lieutenant-governors, field-marsals, and their apparently inseparable corollaries—loan-mongers and national debts!

The sword was sheathed; but the truly glorious portion of the task assigned by Providence to the man who had conducted the contest to a successful issue only now began. Peace has its victories far more renowned than war; and the laurels which Washington was destined to reap in that higher and better service will lighten round his brows when the breath of truth has withered the coronals of every conqueror that has plagued mankind from Nimrod to Napoleon. The dazzling prize, 'supreme power,' which men called 'great' have in all ages of the world, by absurd and lying pretexts of various patterns and degrees, induced their tools and dupes to win for them by their own sacrifice and humiliation, was early offered to the victorious leader of the American armies, and by him refused with calm contempt. Many well-meaning and intelligent Americans appear to have doubted at the time of the possibility of erecting a stable republican government. Franklin himself, judging from the remarkable sentence in his will, after the clause bequeathing his 'fine crab-tree walking-stick to his friend, and the friend of mankind, General Washington,' would appear to have been secretly at least of that opinion. 'If,' wrote the philosopher, 'if it were a sceptre, he has merited it, *and would become it.*' It is no marvel, then, that the officers, and the army generally—by all of whom Washington was almost idolised, and who had, or imagined they had, cause of complaint against the Congress—should have taken the same view of affairs, and cast about to raise their leader to a position not only, they might believe, essential to the permanent welfare of the country, but beneficial to themselves and humbling to their fancied enemies. This disposition of the troops and their officers was communicated to Washington in writing by a colonel of one of the regiments. Here is the reply:—'I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest misfortunes that can befall a country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes were more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, to banish such thoughts from your mind.' Thus did this single-minded man disdainfully thrust aside

the proffered toys of a childish and vulgar ambition. His reproachful rejection of their proposition seems to have at once annihilated the schemes and intrigues of the men who, from various motives, were still hankering for a monarchy.

Anxious to put off as speedily as possible the splendid harness he had so long worn, and deeming the blessed time had at length arrived when he might, without injury to the public service, retire into private life, Washington, who declined receiving from Congress any pecuniary recompense whatever for his services, bade adieu to his brother soldiers on the 4th December 1783 in the following simple and touching address:—‘With a heart full of gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and honourable as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.’ Not at all an eloquent man, one perceives, even now. He seems not to have in the least improved in the art of clothing poor thoughts in grandiose expressions: his speech is merely simple, sincere, to the purpose, like the man himself—nothing more. General Knox stood next to him, and with him the retiring commander-in-chief first warmly shook hands, afterwards with the others in succession—for every one of whom he had a kind wish or expression—and then tranquilly withdrew, and was soon on his unescorted road homewards.

Unescorted that is by soldiers, for the nation may be said to have lined the road along which he passed to formally surrender his power to Congress, which body had adjourned from Princetown to Annapolis in Maryland. He was compelled to travel slowly, in consequence of the enthusiastic felicitations, congratulations, addresses, and benedictions which greeted him from every city, village, and hamlet through or near which he passed—all requiring grateful acknowledgment and respectful reply. It was not till the 23d of the month that he arrived at the seat of Congress, and officially rendered back the great trust confided to him. ‘Having,’ said Washington amidst the solemn hush of the assembly—‘having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the scene of action; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here return my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.’ He then advanced and placed his commission in the hands of the president. Not a sound broke the sacred silence which accompanied this act, for a parallel to which, in its simplicity of greatness, the mind vainly stretches back through the wreck-strewn ages of the past; and it was not till several minutes after the unconscious hero had left the hall, that the members found vent for the emotion which oppressed them in ordinary applause and common mutual felicitations.

The next day Washington reached Mount Vernon, from which he had been absent within a few days of eight years and a-half, having during that entire period only visited his home as he hurriedly passed with Rochambeau towards York-Town, and again as briefly as he returned from that expedition. His delight at escaping from the turmoil of public affairs seems to have been intense. To General Knox he writes:—‘I feel now as I conceive a wearied traveller must do, who, after treading many a painful step with a heavy burthen on his shoulders, is eased of the latter—having reached the haven to which all the former were directed, and from his house-top is looking

back, and tracing with an eager eye the meanders by which he escaped the quicksands and mires where none but the all-powerful Guide and Disposer of events could have prevented him from falling.' To Lafayette he thus expresses himself:—'Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this being the order of my march, I will move quietly down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers.'

The state of public affairs did not, however, permit our hero to remain long in his beloved retirement, and he was not a man to consult inclination when duty spoke. He actively assisted at the settlement of the federal constitution of 1789, which he accepted without reserve; not because he thought it by any means perfect, but that, under the circumstances—the conflicting views and interests of several of the states with regard to negro slavery especially—it was the best that could be obtained. That constitution is essentially based upon the principle, that whatever power is not distinctly, and in terms, transferred to the central, or rather federal authority, remains with each state as an independent republic. This federal government is but an enlarged copy of each state government. The president of the United States corresponds to the governor of an individual state. The legislature of each state, like the general Congress, consists of a Senate and House of Representatives, with their respective and independent executives. From the first there were two great parties in America, called Federalists and Democrats—the one anxious to consolidate and enlarge the power of the general government, and the other desirous of maintaining and extending the principle of the distribution of independent political power over the country. Adams, the second president, Alexander Hamilton, and Knox, were the first chiefs of federalism; Jefferson, Peyton Randolph, Gallatin, the able and ultimately triumphant champions of a more ultra democracy. Many of the mistakes which Englishmen fall into with respect to American legislation arise from not keeping in view the narrow limits to which the action of the federal government is confined. It possesses no such general powers as the British parliament. The southern states, for instance, deny the right of Congress to levy a high protective tariff on foreign manufactured goods—a light duty for the purposes of general revenue is of course another matter—the effect of which would be to tax the Virginian planter for the benefit, real or supposed, of the manufacturer of the northern states; and the state legislatures of the south have not, as we know, hesitated to 'nullify' acts of Congress of that nature, and would no doubt do so again should the necessity arise; which, however, is not very probable. They also deny the right of Congress to legislate on the subject of slavery—no such power having, as they contend, been conferred upon it. Unless this distribution and antagonism of independent power is borne in mind by the reader, the complications of American legislation will frequently be incomprehensible.

Under this constitution Washington was elected by acclamation the first president; and he, believing it to be his duty, accepted the great and onerous trust conferred upon him. His progress from Mount Vernon towards the seat of government to assume his high functions was one continued triumph. The people crowded tumultuously on his path, in-

voking with streaming eyes blessings on the head of 'the Father of his Country.' It was a general jubilee of joy, of gratitude, of mutual felicitation: and yet this very people—a noisy portion of them at least—had not very long before been as eager to traduce and vilify this great man as they were now fervent in doing him honour. Washington, who had borne patiently with the people's mistakes, was not intoxicated with their homage. He knew both their weakness and their strength, and could excuse their follies for the sake of their virtues. He had always confidence in them that, however temporarily misled by passion or prejudice, they would come right at last. Some time before his election to the presidency, when calumnies of all sorts were rife against him, and wild counsels, which, if embodied in action, would infallibly have brought ruin to the state, had obtained an ephemeral popularity, he thus expressed himself:—'I cannot think that Providence has done so much for us for nothing. I cannot but hope that the good sense of the people will prevail over its prejudices. The Mighty Sovereign of the Universe has conducted us too long on the path to happiness and fame to abandon us in the midst. By our folly and evil conduct we may for a time wander from the way, but I have confidence there remains sufficient sense and virtue amongst us to regain the right road before we are utterly lost.' We shall presently see this now much-lauded hero again exposed to popular odium and insult, and again behold him triumph over it by his former principles—clear rectitude and inflexible justice!

The first presidency of this illustrious man was unmarked by any incident of a disturbing character. His cabinet, in which were Hamilton and Jefferson, Knox and Randolph, testified how entirely he was uninfluenced by party prejudices, and desirous only of securing the services of able and honest men, to whatever section of politics they belonged. The business of the country was firmly and expeditiously transacted, and order gradually arose out of the chaos in which the war had left every department of public affairs. In 1793, during his second term of office, an event, or rather series of events occurred, which, but for the clear sagacity, the firm decision, the vast moral authority of the president, must have again exposed America to the calamities, physical and moral, of a war of the most tremendous and destructive character. The French Revolution had occurred, and M. Genet, the newly-appointed ambassador of that country—merely, as it seemed, because France, like America, had adopted a republican form of government—took upon himself the right, on landing at Charleston in Virginia, to direct the fitting-out and arming of cruisers to act as privateers against Great Britain, with whom the French republic was at war. This extraordinary gentleman had not as yet been even presented to the government, whose authority and functions he so audaciously usurped. Washington was not, however, a man to be bearded with impunity, and he issued orders to put a stop by force to M. Genet's proceedings. M. Genet, who appears to have laboured under the delusion that the bellicose oratory of the violent democrats, or rather anarchists, by whom he was encouraged and supported, was the expression of the deliberate opinion of the calm and sober majority of the American people, attempted to defy the president, and talked of appealing from the government to the nation. The ferment in the country was, there is no doubt, terrific, and might have frightened a man less resolute

in the right than Washington from his purpose. He, however, was as little disposed to yield to the despotism of a mob as of a monarch; and heedless of the storm of abuse and calumny with which he was assailed, steadfastly pursued the path which duty and the law of nations pointed out. The calmness of his resolution, as well as of his contempt for his vilifiers, he thus expressed in a letter to the governor of Maryland, who had urged him to prosecute the assailants of his fame and character:—‘I have some time since resolved to let my calumniators proceed without any notice being taken of their invectives by myself, or by any other with my participation or knowledge. Their views are, I dare say, readily perceived by all the enlightened part of the community; and by the records of my administration, and not by the voice of faction, I expect to be acquitted or condemned hereafter.’ The recall of M. Genet was peremptorily demanded of the French executive, and the ports of the United States were closed by the authority and power of the federal government against the entrance of English merchant prizes; and when the British government demanded restitution of such captures as had already been made, the demand was promptly complied with and enforced. Washington, and all who abetted him, were of course furiously denounced as traitors and villains, as the friends and mercenaries of England—of that England which had desolated America by a war of which the wounds still bled and festered!

At this time, too, it unfortunately happened that the relations of the United States with this country were of a very unsettled and unsatisfactory character. Some of the frontier posts agreed to be surrendered by Great Britain had not yet been given up; British cruisers did not hesitate to impress seamen on board American vessels, under the plea, real or pretended, that they were Englishmen; and there were other points in the commercial intercourse of the two countries of an unsatisfactory and irritating nature. Washington despatched Mr Jay to England to negotiate a treaty which should place matters upon an amicable footing. In 1794 that gentleman returned with a commercial treaty, in which, though the British ministers had made some concessions, there were other, and, as Washington himself thought, important stipulations which had not been acceded to. The arrival of Mr Jay renewed the outcry in favour of France and against England. The articles of the treaty were carried by a tumultuous mob through the streets of Philadelphia, and burned before the doors of the minister and the British consul. Washington was at Mount Vernon at the time, but intelligence of these proceedings brought him instantly to Philadelphia. His cabinet, which had been previously much weakened by the retirement of Hamilton and Knox, was uncertain and divided; but he, regardless of the difficulties which beset him, acted at once, and with his usual vigour and decision. He sent the treaty to the senate, with a recommendation that they should accept it. That body, sustained by the undismayed attitude of the president, accepted the treaty, although only by the bare legal majority of two-thirds of their number, but stipulated for an important modification previous to its being signed by the president. Washington saw the danger of delay, and signed it at once without waiting for the required modification. Randolph immediately withdrew from the cabinet, and the popular indignation was of course tremendous. An immense number of addresses poured in upon

the president, all more or less menacing in their tone, and requiring him to desist from the course he had entered upon. Washington made the following reply to one of the most influential of the deputations that waited upon him; and his answers to all the others were the same in substance:—'Without any predilection for my own judgment, I have weighed with attention every argument which has at any time been brought into view. But the constitution is the guide which I can never abandon. It has assigned to the president the power of making treaties with the consent and advice of the senate. It was doubtless supposed that those two branches of government would combine without passion, and with the best means of information, those facts and principles upon which our foreign relations depend, and that they ought not to substitute for their own conviction the opinions of others, or to seek truth through any other channel than that of a temperate and well-informed investigation. Under these circumstances, I have resolved on the manner of executing the duty before me. To the high responsibility attached to it I freely submit, and you, gentlemen, are at perfect liberty to state these as the grounds of my procedure. Whilst I feel the most lively gratitude for the many instances of approbation I have received from my country, I can no otherwise deserve it than by obeying the dictates of my own conscience.' Not only was the firmness of the president assailed by public meetings and addresses, but the House of Representatives, by an immense majority, demanded that all papers and correspondence relating to the obnoxious treaty should be laid before them. This Washington civilly but peremptorily declined to comply with, on the plea that to do so would be injurious to the public service; and the fierce uproar redoubled, if that were possible, in rage and violence. The British ministers, however, fortunately yielded the modification required, and in their turn ratified the treaty. Still, the legislative action of Congress was required to give effect to the provisions of the treaty, and the struggle that ensued between the House of Representatives and the president was bitter and intense. At length, after a six weeks' contest, the House, despairing of overcoming the firmness of Washington, yielded the point, and the enactments required to give force to the provisions of the treaty were carried by a majority of *three*.

The resignation of the secretaryship of state by Mr Randolph, though it added greatly to the immediate embarrassments of the chief of the executive, was not quite voluntary on the part of that gentleman. A letter which M. Fauchet, the French envoy who succeeded M. Genet, had despatched to his government, had been intercepted at sea by the English, and was, by order of the British government, placed in the president's hands. A perusal of it rendered it evident that either M. Fauchet was grossly misleading the French Directory, or that Mr Randolph was mixed up with the French party in a manner totally inconsistent with his duty not only to the president, but to his country. Washington entered the cabinet, and placing the letter in the secretary's hands, demanded an explanation. Randolph, exceedingly astonished, complained that the president ought to have spoken privately to him on the subject. Washington thought differently, and the secretary resigned his office, which step was of course attributed by the people solely to his disapproval of Washington signing

the commercial treaty with England before the required modification had been obtained. The vacant post was instantly filled up by Mr Pickering, and Mr Randolph appealed from the judgment of the president to that of the people. Having loudly proclaimed that papers necessary for his defence were withheld from him, more especially one addressed to him by Washington himself, the president sent him the following reply:—‘That you may have no cause to complain of the withholding of any paper, however private and confidential, which you may think necessary in a case of so serious a nature, I have directed that you should have the inspection of my letter, as you request; and you are at full liberty to publish, without reserve, any and every private and confidential letter I ever wrote to you—nay more, every word I ever uttered to you, or in your hearing, from whence you can derive any advantage in your vindication.’ The unfavourable impression conceived by Washington of Mr Randolph’s integrity, spite of that gentleman’s ingenious defence, was soon participated in by the public, and was perhaps rather confirmed than weakened by a written testimonial to his perfect innocence which he obtained from M. Fauchet. His position as a public man was gone for ever.

The popularity of the president did not long suffer eclipse. The sense and virtue of the country rallied in his defence; the clouds of prejudice and passion gradually exhaled in the increasing light of truth; and before his second presidency had expired, Washington was again the idol—the ‘father of his people.’ Such magic is there in RIGHT!

Amity with England, in the vocabulary of the French government of that period, was synonymous with enmity to France, and war was loudly threatened by the chance, ephemeral rulers of that country. Washington was anxious to maintain peace between the two republics, though he would make no unworthy compliances to obtain it. He accredited (1797) three commissioners—Messrs Pinckney, Marshall, and Gerry—to the Directory, with a view to the pacific arrangement of existing difficulties. The Directory, like M. Genet, seem to have been impressed with the notion that the opinions of the American people were opposed to those of the American government, and that they might therefore dictate their own terms. The commissioners were received in the most absurdly-haughty manner; and M. Talleyrand had even the effrontery to inform them, that, as a preliminary to any possible negotiation, ‘*De l’argent, beaucoup de l’argent!*’—(‘Money, plenty of money!’) must be forthcoming. The grave Americans laughed in the fantastical ex-bishop’s face, and then quietly assured him it was not by that mode the United States negotiated peace. They soon afterwards returned to America, and preparations for war commenced in good earnest.

In the meanwhile Washington’s second presidency had expired; and firmly declining to be a third time elected, he withdrew to Mount Vernon, as spotless in integrity, as pure in heart, as unselfish in his patriotism, as on the day that he first pledged for the deliverance of his country ‘his life, his fortune, and his sacred honour.’ The following anecdote related by Bishop White is very instructive and significant:—‘On the day before President Washington retired from office a large company dined with him. Among them were the foreign ministers and their ladies, and other con-

spicuous persons of both sexes. During dinner much hilarity prevailed; but on the removal of the cloth, it was undesignedly put an end to by the president. Having filled his glass, he addressed the company with a smile in nearly the following words:—"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your healths as a public man. I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness." There was an end of all pleasantry. I happened to turn my eyes in the direction of the lady of the British minister, Mrs Liston, and tears I saw were rapidly coursing each other down her cheeks!'

' Behold the man ! ye crowned and ermined train,
And learn from him the royal art to reign;
No guards surround him, or his walks infest,
No cuirass meanly shields his noble breast;
His the defence which despots ne'er can find,
The love, the prayers, the interest of mankind.
Ask ye what spoils his far-famed arms have won,
What cities sacked, what hapless realms undone !
Though Monmouth's field supports no vulgar fame,
Though captured York shall long preserve his name,
I quote not these—a nobler scene behold,
Wide cultured fields fast ripening into gold !
There, as his toil the cheerful peasant plies,
New marts are opening, and new spires arise ;
Here commerce smiles, and there *en groupe* are seen
The useful arts and those of sprightlier mien :
To cheer the whole the Muses tune their lyre,
And Independence leads the white-robed choir.
Trophies like these, to vulgar minds unknown,
Were sought and prized by Washington alone :
From these, with all his country's honours crowned,
As sage in council's as in arms renowned;
All of a piece, and faithful to the last,
Great in this action as in all the past,
He turns, and urges as his last request,
Remote from power his weary head to rest.*'

But no permanent rest could, it seems, be allowed the now aged veteran : he must perforce die with harness on his back. The new president, Adams, preparing hastily for war with France, wrote to Washington, begging him to accept the post of commander-in-chief of the army. 'Your name,' observed Mr Adams, 'will be a host.' Washington could not refuse; but he accompanied his acceptance of the office by the condition that Hamilton should be his second in command: no higher compliment could have been paid that gifted man. The different modes by which the troops of France and Great Britain should be encountered he thus expressed:—"In the last war it was necessary to wear out the English veterans by a desultory, harassing warfare, but we must meet and fight the French soldiers step by step." Fortunately the advent of the First Consul to the direction of affairs removed all apprehension of war. Napoleon Bonaparte was too wise to add America to the list of the foes of France; and an equitable arrangement was soon effected; not, unfortunately, however, till a naval engagement had taken place between the United States frigate *Constella-*

* St John Honeywood, an American poet, and cotemporary of Washington.

tion and the French frigate *L'Insurgente*, in which the latter, after a spirited action, was captured by Commander Truxton.

The news came too late to reach the ear of Washington. The last scene of life's strange and always tragic drama had arrived for him. A brief illness, the immediate cause of which was his being caught in a shower of rain whilst out riding on his estate at Mount Vernon, terminated his eventful career on the 14th of December 1799. He expired surrounded by his weeping family and friends, his servants amongst the most sorrowing of those friends. He suffered considerably, but no murmur of complaint or impatience escaped him. 'I am dying hard,' he observed with a faint, pale smile to the physician in attendance, 'but it will soon be over.' Thus calmly and resignedly passed away that childlike, giant man; and, his earthly mission well accomplished, he slept peacefully with his fathers, having lived sixty-eight years.

'Let me be buried privately, and let no funeral oration be pronounced over my remains,' was one of his last injunctions. Those who have disobeyed that solemn command have done so vainly, for Time alone can write his fitting epitaph—that future and advancing Time, in whose clear day the grim and fantastic shadows mistaken for true heroes in the darkness and twilight of the world are destined to pass away and be forgotten, but which light from heaven will only add new lustre to the *auréole* of moral beauty, dignity, and worth which encircles the brows of the great American.

The will of George Washington contains, as we read it, not only a great lesson for the world, but an especial admonition to his countrymen. The admonition is contained, veiled if you will, in the first paragraph after the general bequest to his wife, in which, with so much solemn earnestness, he decrees the freedom of all his slaves at the death of Mrs Washington, lamenting that he durst not order their immediate liberation because of the misery that would result to themselves in consequence of their intermarriage with the dower slaves, over whom he had no control. He further orders, that when the time for freeing them shall have arrived, those amongst them that may from age or infirmity be incapable of supporting themselves, shall be comfortably fed and clothed by his heirs: the children he directs to be educated and provided for till they are twenty-five years of age. 'These dispositions,' he writes, 'I solemnly and pointedly enjoin on my heirs to see religiously fulfilled.' To us it appears evident that Washington bitterly felt and lamented the foul blot which negro slavery—the sad inheritance, we must not forget, bequeathed by the vicious policy of former governments—stamps upon the glory of the stars and stripes; and that, possessing no power to abate the evil by legislative action, he was desirous of showing by his own example—recorded in the most solemn document man can frame, for it is his last—how necessary he esteemed it, if his countrymen would not continue to give the lie to their professions of natural freedom and equality, to rid themselves, at the earliest moment it could be done, without creating a greater evil than it was intended to abolish, of an institution inconsistent alike with real safety and true greatness. The lesson to the world, and especially to conquerors and their

dupes and tools, is the oft-quoted passage in which he bequeaths his swords to his nephews:—‘These swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence, or in defence of their country and its liberties; and in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed till the object be accomplished, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.’ Words which, whilst they express his and every just person’s abhorrence of aggressive war, must ever stir as with a trumpet the heart of every man compelled to arm in defence of home, freedom, and country.

There is not much requiring remark in the after-career of any of the distinguished associates of this great man; their public acts were for the most part modelled upon his. Adams and Jefferson, the second and third presidents, by a remarkable coincidence, both died on the same day, the fiftieth anniversary of ‘Independence’—one at the age of eighty-four, and the other ninety-one years of age. The last days of Jefferson were unfortunately embittered by pecuniary difficulties. The inscription on his tomb, written by himself, records that he was the author of the ‘Declaration of Independence,’ and the ‘Virginian Statute of Religious Freedom,’ and the ‘Father of the University of Virginia.’ No mention is made of his having been president of the United States. Franklin died some years before Washington. The quaint epitaph composed for himself by the calm-minded philosopher, though familiar to most readers, will always be worth quoting as long as the absurd notion shall linger in the dark holes and corners of the world, that a belief in the immortality of the soul is inconsistent with a knowledge and love of natural science:—‘The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cover of an old book with its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding), lies here food for worms: yet the work itself shall not be lost; for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author.’ Alexander Hamilton was killed in a duel by the notorious Colonel Burr. The mention of this person’s name reminds us of an anecdote connected with Washington, which rests, we believe, upon his (Colonel Burr’s) authority. It was reported in America that George III., on being told by some one that the newly-appointed American commander-in-chief once asserted that ‘he loved the whistling of bullets,’ had remarked that the Virginian officer said that because he had heard so few. Many years afterwards Washington was asked if he could ever have made use of such an expression? ‘I think not,’ replied the veteran; ‘but if I did, it must have been when I was *very* young!’

Here this brief summary of an important chapter of the world’s history naturally concludes; and we may, without rendering ourselves justly obnoxious to the charge of passing rash judgments, draw the following conclusions from the premises:—1st, That admiration of the conduct of the leaders of American resistance is perfectly consistent with the highest respect for monarchical institutions, inasmuch as the liberties which those leaders armed to defend were liberties enjoyed under charters consecrated by successive English monarchs; 2dly, That the resistance of the British colonists was strictly a *defensive* one, and the real

revolutionists therefore the British ministers, who made unlawful war upon
 an understanding, loyal, and peaceable people; *3dly*, and *lastly*, That the
 very worst use to which the valour and resources of the British people can
 be directed, is an endeavour to subject distant communities of English-
 men to a yoke they would not themselves endure at home, or to set
 about converting, by the employment of violence and insult, a kindred
 and friendly people into a jealous and hostile one. The hateful memories
 of former unjust violence towards the American States are now happily
 passing away, and the old influences arising from identity of race, lan-
 guage, and ancestral achievement, are resuming their natural sway. It is
 the inclination—whatever incendiaries may say or sing—as well as the duty
 and interest of this country, to aid that return to old feelings of mutual
 friendship and respect; for assuredly if there is one nation in the world
 on which Englishmen ought to look with pride, it is America; just as it
 is equally natural and true that the 'Old Country' is the only kingdom in
 Europe which our American brethren regard with affection and esteem.

EDMUND ATHERTON:

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

THE quiet village of Enfield in Warwickshire, situated within easy riding distance of the town of Coventry, is nestled in one of the pleasantest spots to be found even in that county of sylvan nooks and corners. Wood and river, hill and dale, combine to gladden and diversify its tranquil loveliness, its peace-breathing solitude. With what a courteous majesty do the grand old woods, in which the hamlet lies, as it were, enframed, wave welcome to the traveller who passes their green portals! They see—wise, ancient trees are they, which have looked upon and beckoned to the foolish world for centuries—that he has just come up from the hot, stifling cities, of whose daily-increasing turmoil and uproar the tainted and unquiet winds unceasingly inform them; and they, with their leafy fans, strive to free him from the heat and dust they know he must have contracted there. The river—a hard-worker in other localities—a carrier of great burthens—takes holiday here: prolongs his stay by many a devious winding through green meads margined by the pensile willow, which stoops down to kiss and glass itself—as mourning beauties love to do—in his clear mirror; and murmurs, as he departs over the pebbly boundary, sad but musical regrets that he must perforce pass on to return and disport himself there no more for ever!

So calmly-beautiful is the village in its ordinary working-day aspect; but on the day to which I would more especially direct the attention of the reader, the holy stillness of the Sabbath rested upon and deepened its quiet peacefulness. The rustic worshippers had issued forth of the village church, where God's words of peace had been expounded to them, into the temple of his works, where every sight and sound, tree, stream, and flower, was cloquent with the same inspired message. Surely, then, amidst an unsophisticated, sequestered community, nurtured by such divine homilies as these, there could be found no hearts tainted, corrupted by the vices, the fierce and evil passions, which scethe and ferment in the crowded cities of the world?

He that thinks so is little read in the human heart. Observe that somewhat straggling group of four persons walking slowly up the declivity yonder in the direction of the rather pretentious cottage, whose new

red-brickedness, but that it is almost wholly concealed by the trees which surround it, would be so vile a blot on the fair landscape. One of them is an old man—at least his hair is gray, and his face deeply furrowed; a fair girl holds him by the arm; and two young men—farmers, or farmers' sons, of rather a high class apparently—walk with an air of unquiet bashfulness by their side. Well, the strongest, fiercest passions that ever stirred and ruled the human heart are raging in the breasts of three at least of that small group. Avarice, stronger than death; love, tumultuous, unreasoning, headlong; black envy, hatred, jealousy, despair, reign there in scarcely-disputed mastery, preparing the as yet unconscious, unapprehensive actors for their parts in one of those terrible dramas which passion, uncontrolled by conscience, sometimes exhibits for the warning and instruction of a startled community; and the memory of which will long linger amid the quiet haunts of Enfield and the surrounding neighbourhood: for the story, reader, which I am about to relate is in its essentials strictly *true*; as far, at least, as absolute truth may be predicated of any record in which imperfect or scanty information on minor points, however industriously sought and carefully collated, may have led to error with respect to incidents of slight prominence or of secondary interest.

I.

The gray-haired man I have pointed out was Amos Leveridge: his age might have been about fifty-five or fifty-six; but worldly care, a ceaseless, eager pursuit of gain, had bowed his form and blanched his locks with premature old age. He had been many years in business in Coventry in the lace and ribbon trade, and had amassed a very considerable fortune, when, to use a much-hackneyed expression, the sudden transition of the nation from a state of war to a state of peace, so for a time depressed the commerce and paralysed the industry of the country, that Amos Leveridge was glad to catch at what, under the circumstances, he deemed an advantageous offer for the stock and goodwill of his business, and retire with his accumulated savings into the ease and security of a non-trading life. He chose Enfield as a retreat for no other reason than because Warwick Villa—the red-brick excrescence I have indicated, of which he had obtained cheap possession, in consequence of the bankruptcy of its builder and proprietor—did not let, and it was therefore a considerable saving to dwell in it himself. To mere beauty, whether mundane or celestial, he was profoundly insensible. The stars of heaven, the flowers of earth, glittered and exhaled utterly unheeded by Amos Leveridge, whose daily meditations and nightly dreams were of his beloved money-heaps. On the morning of every quarter-day, punctually as it arose out of eternity, the old man set off for Coventry, where he had large house-property, to draw his rents, returning home on the following evening. These journeys, which he performed on horseback, marked the chief epochs of his life; and ponderings over the nett produce of the last, and preparations for the next gathering, its chief business and delight. Amos had been once wedded; obtaining, it was said, by his marriage not only a gentle and industrious wife, but, in his then circumstances, an important sum of

money. She died several years before his retirement from trade. The only issue of the union was Fanny Leveridge, the fair girl walking by her father's side towards home. Beautiful exceedingly, very graceful, and tolerably educated was she, and withal fully conscious of her attractions, both as a handsome woman and a rich heiress. I cannot say that her father loved her with the deep affection which parents usually feel for an only and dutiful child: he was too much absorbed in Mammon-worship for that. But he was at least proud of his daughter; and occasionally thought, not without exultant self-gratulation, upon the time—a distant one of course it must be, for how could his selfishness endure to forego the attentive ministrations of so affectionate a child?—when he might see her the rich and honoured wife of some rich, great man; too rich and great, too much in love—so ran his dreams—to need or heed a dowry. Feelings of arrogant selfishness like these caused him, it will be readily supposed, to look with extreme dislike and uneasiness upon present suitors, especially if of the class to which both he and his daughter belonged; and unfortunately pretenders of that stamp were, to his great annoyance and dismay, somewhat numerous. Two especially, who now accompanied them from church, had manifested a resolution, a pertinacity, which no adverse hints, no studied coldness, no contemptuous rudeness on his part, could abate or overcome. Perhaps the daughter's smiles more than compensated for the father's frowns; but even if so, they would seem to have been very impartially distributed between the rivals, if one might judge by the beaming light which flashed upon both her worshippers as she curtsied farewell to them from within the gate her father had just rudely slammed in their faces. The young men turned silently away, and in silence pursued their path homewards, which lay for a considerable part of the road in the same direction. Whatever feeling was throbbing in their veins or gnawing at their hearts found no outward manifestation—in words at least. They walked moodily along, chewing the cud of sweet or bitter fancy, without uttering a syllable; till, arrived where their paths diverged, a coldly-civil 'Good-day!' was interchanged, and each passed on with a freer air and heartier stride to his own dwelling.

William Collins, the eldest by a few months of these lovers and rivals, was about six-and-twenty years of age, well-looking, and of fair character. Young as he was, he was a comparatively wealthy tenant of the nobleman whose estates comprise so large a portion of the division of the county in which Enfield is situated. His father and father's father had cultivated Holm Farm, and he, an only son, had succeeded to the tenancy about three years before, and had so industriously and prudently conducted himself, as to win golden opinions from the whole countryside as a careful, quick-witted, rising man. William Collins was somewhat better liked by Amos Leveridge—if, indeed, the faint preference displayed by the stern old miser could be properly called liking—than his rival Edmund Atherton; but—and the knowledge or suspicion haunted him like a demon—Atherton stood highest, he hated to believe, in the good graces of the daughter. There is no doubt either that sincerely, passionately as William Collins now loved the fair Fanny, her charms as an heiress had at first, at all events, entered largely into his estimate of the advantages of such a match. Now his youthful ardour, stimulated by the intoxicating society

of the lady, and the sharp spur of rivalry, had o'erleaped all considerations of self and profit; but originally, there is little question, he was quite as much dazzled by the pecuniary as the personal charms of his mistress. He was far too thrifty a young man to have been lured into Hymen's net save by the glittering of gold beneath the meshes; but once caught therein, egress was difficult, if not impossible; and he yielded, as men in such circumstances usually do, passively and resignedly to his fate.

Edmund Atherton was a man of another stamp; differently moulded by both nature and education. He was not, perhaps, a whit better-looking than William Collins, but more lithe, agile, vigorous; less thrifty too, it was said; but also the less needing thrift, as the two hundred and odd freehold acres which he farmed were his own—bequeathed by his father about a twelvemonth previously. He had been at one time intended for one of the liberal professions, and partially educated with that view; but his unconquerable predilection for a country life—his vehement love of field-sports, in which he greatly excelled—induced his parents to forego their purpose, and permit him to follow the bent of an inclination which prompted him to tread the safe and beaten paths leading to competence and ease, rather than attempt to scale the dizzy heights, o'erstrewn with pitfalls, where fame and fortune seem waiting to crown the rash enthusiast. His mother still survived—a strong-hearted, strong-minded woman, whom I many times have had the pleasure of conversing with: she was, I think, a native of Cumberland—at all events of the north of England, or of one of the southern Scottish counties; and had been, I understood, brought up in the Presbyterian faith and discipline. Her lot, however, having been cast in a land of 'prelacy,' she, with her husband, attended divine service in the parish church of Enfield—two of the most earnest and devout of the congregation which knelt and worshipped there. Habitually reserved, and somewhat formal, Mrs Atherton was regarded by persons who did not look beneath the surface as a frigid, cold-hearted woman. They knew her not: within that grave and somewhat stern exterior there dwelt a perennial, ever-swelling fount of sympathy and tenderness, which, whenever the voice of affection, of suffering, or of want smote upon the apparent rock, gushed forth in plenteous loving-kindness, mercy, and compassion. This noble mother Edmund Atherton loved and honoured as such a mother should be loved and honoured; whilst his affection for Fanny—the beautiful Fanny—was as enthusiastic and unselfish as his own ardent and unselfish nature. He loved her for herself alone, and would gladly have relinquished all present and prospective claim to the father's money-bags for a favourable acceptance of his suit for the daughter's hand.

I have said that, judging from the demeanour of Fanny Leveridge to the young men when they took leave of her and her father after escorting them home from church, she appeared to feel no marked preference for either of them.³ But this leave-taking occurred, it must be remembered, in the broad, open day, beneath a garish sunlight, utterly inappropriate to, and uncongenial with, the coy and timid glances with which reserved and modest maidens recognise and reward accepted affection. On the evening of that same Sunday—just as the faint beams of the setting autumnal sun were feebly lingering on bright flowers and glancing streams, clinging with a last

embrace to the beautiful; and the silver stars, one by one, shone forth upon a world once more in need of, and grateful for, their tremulous and tender light—Edmund Atherton leapt the low garden-wall of Warwick Villa, and after waiting with exemplary patience till it suited the convenience or caprice of the lady to join him, was permitted to pour forth the vows of love and eternal constancy which flow so glibly from the lips of youth, not only unchecked by voice or gesture, but to read in her delighted eyes an answer to which no cloquence of words could have added force or meaning.

Not unmarked was this stolen meeting. William Collins had observed the entrance of his hated rival into the garden, had followed him unperceived, and himself, concealed by the thickly-growing trees and shrubs, overheard each syllable of a conversation which confirmed his worst fears, and filled him with fury and despair. Excited—almost maddened—he hurried to the house; and demanding speech of Amos Leveridge, briefly informed him that Edmund Atherton and his daughter were in the garden planning and arranging the means of effecting a private marriage. A detestable falsehood, by the way, and invented by Collins as a means of kindling the old man's passions, and rousing him to take summary and decisive measures for breaking off a connection which boded ruin to his own hopes. Leveridge started as though a serpent stung him; and jumping up, hastened into the garden with frantic rage. Collins, satisfied with the success of his device, quietly retired.

The lovers were just about to part.

'But suppose, dearest,' Edmund Atherton was saying—'suppose this unreasonable obstinacy of your father should continue unchanged? You are of age: my mother, who, you know, would consent to nothing wrong, approves her son's choice, and'——

'I will never leave my father, nor marry without his consent,' interrupted Fanny Leveridge somewhat reproachfully.

'There is no necessity for leaving him; there is ample room at Elm Lodge for'——

The speaker was checked by a fierce execration from Amos Leveridge, whose approach over a soft green sward had been unnoticed, followed by a furious blow, which made him reel several paces backwards. The hot blood suffused the face and temples of the indignant young man; and in the first impulse of his passion he raised his arm to return the blow with interest. With difficulty he mastered himself, and in a voice trembling with ill-suppressed rage, exclaimed, 'Thank your gray hairs, sir, or rather thank your daughter, that I do not resent as it deserves your brutal assault upon me; but that'——

His words were drowned in the torrent of invective and abuse which the furious old man showered upon him. Every epithet which a coarse and excited imagination could devise was hurled at him, in tones so loud and fierce, that passers-by gathered to the spot and listened to the altercation. Miss Leveridge, trembling, fainting with terror, clung nervously to her father, imploring Edmund to leave the place. He at length complied, exclaiming as he sprang over the dwarf enclosure, and alighted amidst the gaping bystanders, 'You will repent this abominable outrage, Mr Leveridge, depend upon it, and that, too, before many hours have passed over your

head.' A natural expression, that might fairly be interpreted to allude to the regret likely to be felt by any man of the slightest generosity of mind when, upon calm reflection, he finds he has been betrayed into momentary injustice; but which, illustrated by after events, acquired unfortunately a terrible and fatal significance.

One of the lookers-on was William Collins, of whose agency in bringing about the humiliating scene from which he had just escaped Edmund Atherton was of course wholly ignorant. Collins, the more effectually to conceal his malicious meanness, as well as to enjoy the writhings of his favoured rival, as he probed and irritated the festering wound, affected great indignation at the conduct of Amos Leveridge. Atherton, too much excited and indignant to heed such thinly-masked irony, walked fiercely but silently on in the direction of his home, accompanied by Collins and a Farmer Elliot, who had witnessed the assault and subsequent abuse of his young friend by Amos Leveridge with unaffected pain and disgust.

'Don't take it to heart, Edmund,' said the blunt, well-meaning man, just before he and Collins, whose roads lay in the same direction, took leave of their impatient companion: 'Your father's son may look higher than to the dainty piece of goods you doited old curmudgeon seems by his talk to think good enough for a lord. I don't see anything very extraordinary in her myself, and considering the sort of father she has, I trow you are well rid of her, Edmund: that's my opinion.'

This very consolatory effusion appeared, much to Farmer Elliot's surprise, to increase instead of allaying the irritation of the person to whom it was addressed, who abruptly changed the conversation, by asking Collins 'if partridges were as plentiful in the Holm Covers this year as formerly?'

'Quite so, at least so I hear; for I seldom go out myself. Why don't you step over, as you used to do, and beat them up? My leave, you know, is sufficient.'

'Thank you: I will; perhaps to-morrow.'

'To-morrow is Michaelmas-day, and I shall not be at home. I have been at last obliged to discharge that incorrigible rascal and poacher Tom Carter.'

'A good riddance,' interjected Farmer Elliot.

'Yes, but he's a handy fellow notwithstanding, and can do a capital day's work when he pleases. I must be off to the fair to hire some one else in his stead; and by coach, too, I'm thinking—for Leveridge, as usual, borrows my mare for his Coventry journey; he prefers her, he says, to any horse he can hire.'

'No doubt—no doubt,' chuckled Elliot, 'one can easily believe that.'

'But if you will say Tuesday,' continued Collins with much friendly semblance, 'I shall be glad, very glad to see you at Holm Farm after your day's sport, and have a humming glass together, as we used to do "lang syne."'

'Amos Leveridge returns from Coventry on Tuesday evening by your house, does he not?'

'Yes.'

'Does he stop?'

'For a minute or so only, just to leave the mare.'

'Well, then, I'll run over the Holm Covers on Tuesday, and call in on my return.'

A few moments afterwards Edmund Atherton had shaken hands with his two companions, and was hastening at a rapid pace towards Elm Lodge.

II.

The next morning, exact as the clock, Amos Leveridge mounted the borrowed horse, duly brought to his door by Tom Carter; and once more enjoining his daughter—whose countenance still bore traces of the previous evening's emotion—to keep strictly within doors during his absence, took the heavy riding-whip proffered by Carter, and turning the horse's head to the Coventry road, essayed to move on.

'If you please, sir,' said Tom Carter, holding the horse's head firmly by the bit, and pulling a shaggy forelock—'if you please, sir, I shall not be at the farm when you return: I be discharged.'

This information was volunteered by Carter for the equitable purpose of obtaining present payment of the half-crown fee which Amos Leveridge was in the habit of paying him when he left the mare at Holm Farm on his return home.

This quarterly payment constituted an annuity which Amos had often, with much bitterness, reflected amounted to a year's legal interest of ten pounds. He had been unfortunately driven, the first time he had borrowed Collins's mare, to create so extravagant a precedent, by his stupid neglect to provide himself with small silver change; and he had since been unable, from very shame, to diminish the amount of the gratuity. Here was an opportunity of ridding himself of the onerous payment altogether, and he eagerly embraced it.

'I am sorry to hear it, Carter, and I wish you a better place than the one you have lost.' He then struck the horse sharply with his spurs, and attempted to ride on; but Carter held resolutely by the bridle, spite of the efforts of the mare to free herself.

'But, sir,' remonstrated the man, observing Leveridge shift ends with the loaded riding-whip he had given him—'but, sir'—

He had time to say no more: the heavy butt end of the whip descended with great force upon the hand which grasped the bit: the sudden pain forced him to loose his hold, and the mare darted off at speed.

'Curse thee for a cowardly skin-flint!' shouted Carter, shaking his fist with impotent rage at the exulting horseman, who was speedily out of sight and hearing. An instant afterwards, a dark and meaning smile passed over the fellow's sinister features, and he muttered, 'Thou shalt pay for that blow in pocket and person too, if the devil will only grant me the chance I have long dreamt of!'

A slight noise broke in upon his soliloquy, and he looked hurriedly round, fearful of having been observed or overheard. His fears were groundless. Miss Leveridge had re-entered the house several minutes before; no other person was within sight or hearing; and satisfied that his dark thoughts were known only to himself, he turned his sullen steps

towards Holm Farm, so long his home, but which at twelve o'clock on that day he was to quit for ever. Mischief is indeed swift to enter into the thoughts of desperate men.

On the following day Edmund Atherton, as he had promised Collins, took his gun and dogs and walked over to the Holm Covers, as they were called. The game was abundant, and the sun was rapidly declining before the eager sportsman could tear himself from his beloved pastime. At length hunger and fatigue compelled his still reluctant steps towards Holm Farm, where he determined to rest himself thoroughly before proceeding home. He had approached within about a quarter of a mile of Collins's residence, when a splendid covey of partridges started up, whirred past, and settled down again at an inconsiderable distance. His gun was unloaded; indeed his wads were all used up, but the temptation was irresistible. He hastily reloaded, and for wadding tore off part of a letter he found in one of his pockets. He moved swiftly and stealthily along; but before he could approach within shooting distance, the birds were up again, and off out of sight and ken. The disappointed sportsman resumed his path towards Holm Farm, muttering, 'I shall perhaps get a shot, if it's not too dark, on my way home.'

William Collins was not at home; but a woman-servant, who opened the door, informed Atherton that her master was expected every minute. He had told her Mr Atherton would call, and desired her to say that he should be glad if he would make himself at home, and await his arrival: refreshments, the woman added, were placed ready in the parlour. Atherton, tired and heated, gladly accepted the invitation; pulled off his velvet shooting-jacket, and placed it with his hat on a chair in the outer room beside his still loaded gun; he then entered the parlour, and fell to with a hearty relish upon the substantial fare set before him. The servant came in after the lapse of a few minutes to ask if there was anything else he required, as she had to go to Enfield on some errand, and would take advantage of his being there to set out before it grew dark. He replied that he wished for nothing more than she had provided, and a few minutes afterwards the woman left the house. Atherton made a hearty dinner, and drank somewhat freely of his host's ale, and then, feeling drowsy, stretched himself upon the sofa, before which lay his dogs, also spent with toil, and was soon fast asleep.

Carter, who had been prowling about Holm Farm the whole day, marked the departure of the servant, whom he believed to be the sole occupant of the house; for he had not observed Atherton's entrance, and as soon as she was out of sight, rapidly approached the door. His intention, it was afterwards ascertained, was to procure his late master's gun, which he knew was always kept loaded over the parlour mantelpiece. He could execute the devilish project he had conceived, he calculated, and return the gun to its place before it was missed. As he entered the door, his eye fell upon the shooting-jacket with large pearl buttons, the straw-hat made of alternate strips of white and black plait, and the silver-mounted gun of Edmund Atherton: he recognised them in an instant. Cautiously venturing on, he peeped through the glazed parlour door, and saw the owner of the articles sound asleep. Swiftly he returned to the hall, and examined

the gun: it was doubtless loaded, for the cap was on the nipple. To make sure, he drew the ramrod, and ascertained beyond a doubt that it was so. 'Well,' thought the villain, and a Satanic grin exaggerated the natural ferocity of his countenance, 'the devil does sometimes help his own at a pinch, that's certain.' In a twinkling his smock-frock and hairy cap were thrown off; and, arrayed in Edmund Atherton's jacket and hat, and armed with his gun, the assassin stole swiftly forth, and hurried to the spot where he had determined to await his victim. It was close upon the hour of Amos Leveridge's return, and he dreaded lest, by delay, his prey should escape him. He was soon posted in his lurking-place, and his patience and resolution were not exposed to a very lengthened trial. Ten minutes had scarcely passed, though in the eager and morbidly-active imagination of the murderer an hour seemed to have limped slowly by, when the well-known trot of the mare was heard; and presently, turning a sharp angle of the road, appeared the doomed man, riding in contented sleepiness, slowly and unconsciously, along towards an instant eternity. He had approached within about a dozen paces of the fatal spot, when the muzzle of the assassin's gun was slowly raised, the fiery discharge belched forth, and tossing his arms wildly in the air, the murdered man fell heavily to the ground, and the terrified mare sprang off at a gallop towards Holm Farm. Carter was hastening forward to secure the booty for which he had perilled soul and body, when his steps were arrested by shouts of 'Villain! assassin! scoundrel!' proceeding from a field which overhung, so to speak, the deeply-cut road, or rather lane where Leveridge had fallen. Carter looked up, and beheld Mr James Simpson, the stalwart schoolmaster of Enfield, running eagerly along the thick hedge which kept him from the road, in search of an opening by which he might descend, flourishing his stout black-thorn stick, and shouting as he ran with furious energy. Cowardly as ferocious, the murderer, abandoning at once all hope of the expected booty, turned and fled for life. Simpson roared after him—'I know you, Edmund Atherton! villain! murderer! madman! Stop him! seize him!' he continued, observing the figure of a man emerge at some distance from the wood almost directly in the path of the flying miscreant. 'Arrest him, Mr Collins,' he shouted with stentorian power, as he recognised the new-comer; 'he has murdered Amos Leveridge!'

His injunction would be, it at first seemed, fulfilled. Collins, astonished and bewildered by what he saw—Edmund Atherton fleeing towards Holm Farm, pursued by cries of 'villain' and 'murderer'—nevertheless rapidly neared the fugitive. He had approached within about twenty paces of him, when the man turned, lifted his broad-brimmed hat, and disclosed the features of his discharged servant. 'Carter!' exclaimed the pursuer, stopping short. A significant smile passed over the villain's features as he rejoined, in a meaning tone, 'Yes, master, I.' Collins seemed rooted to the spot; and the assassin continued his flight—*unfollowed!*

'Why did you not arrest him?' demanded Simpson, who had descended into the road, and was busy, when Collins approached, examining the state of the wounded man.

'He was too quick for me,' Collins replied in a husky voice.

'No matter—no matter; we shall find him fast enough: he cannot.

escape. See, here is part of a letter used 'as wadding which I have found still smouldering close to the body. To think that Edmund Atherton should have committed such a crime as this for the mere love of a black-eyed wench; or worse, to avenge a foolish insult offered by an old man !'

William Collins replied not, and, to conceal his tell-tale countenance, bent down over the body in apparently anxious scrutiny.

'He still breathes !'

'Yes; but in my belief he is, notwithstanding, hurt past all surgery. However, as whilst there is life they say there is also hope, let us make as easy a litter as we can, and carry him on to Enfield. It is useless waiting for help in this solitary place; and we shall be more likely to meet with assistance on the direct road, than if we were to turn off towards your house.'

This was instantly set about; and the dying man, with the help readily procured as they drew near the village, was rapidly conveyed home.

In the meanwhile Carter had safely reached Holm Farm. Edmund Atherton still slept, and with frenzied haste the wretched murderer divested himself of his borrowed apparel, resumed his frock and cap, and hurried off for life—life—life, by the most secret by-ways known to him, out of the neighbourhood; and then more leisurely, though scantily furnished for such a journey, towards London, the universal receptacle for all celebrities and all infamies who happen to imagine or find the provinces too narrow or too hot for them. Carter counted a good deal, for at least present impunity, upon the avenger of blood being put on the wrong scent. His late master could, it was true, denounce him, and save Edmund Atherton; but would he? A ferocious laugh burst from the lips of the cunning villain as, after weighing the probabilities of the case by the aid of his knowledge of the character of Collins, he arrived at a not unsatisfactory conclusion. 'If it depend on him, Atherton will be hanged; and then, my fine master, Holm Farm is as much mine as thine.' In the meantime it was necessary to do something for present support; and so readily does the freemasonry of crime introduce to congenial companionship, that Carter, before many days had elapsed, was a recognised associate of some of the most daring felons that infested the metropolis.

It was quite dark when Edmund Atherton awoke from the profound slumber into which he had fallen. His host, he found, was not yet arrived, neither had the servant returned. 'These autumn evenings are somewhat chilly,' mourned the scarcely-awaked young man; 'I had better, at all events, put on my coat.' He did so, resumed his seat, and waited for some time longer with tolerable patience. At length, wearied with delay, he determined to take his departure; but first lighting a candle by the kitchen embers, he wrote a brief, apologetic note, which he left on the table, addressed to Collins. He then quitted the house, quite satisfied that in that neighbourhood no risk to its owner's property was thereby incurred. 'I will go round by Warwick Villa,' thought he. 'It is a good way about, but the walk will warm me, and perhaps Fanny will be at one of the windows.' Upon such slight chances of obtaining but a shadowy glimpse of the beloved one will young men, inspired by genuine passion, waste time and exertion! The circuitous route he had chosen led him to within

about two hundred yards of the dwelling of Amos Leveridge. There was, he could perceive, a hurrying to and fro of lights in the lower apartments of the house; and shadows of men and women flitted in and out of the rooms. 'They have company, I suppose, to welcome the old man's return; an unusual occurrence, to say the least of it. No matter, I at anyrate should be no welcome guest just now.' He sighed, as men in love will sometimes sigh, and hastened on. He was within about a quarter of a mile of Elm Lodge, when he became conscious that his footsteps were dogged by several persons, who, however, manifested no disposition to overtake him, slowly as he now walked. Presently two men, whom he knew well—they were the chief constables of the hundred—rapidly approached, coming from the direction of Elm Lodge. The men behind shouted loudly the instant the new-comers appeared in sight, and those immediately replied by a hail of intelligence. Edmund Atherton felt that these signals, for some unaccountable reason, referred to himself; and he noticed that the men who had loitered behind now came swiftly up, so that both parties were in a few minutes close upon him.

'Edmund Atherton,' said Mr Harris, the head constable, with an expression more of sorrow than of anger, 'it is my painful duty to arrest you on a charge of wilful murder.'

'How!' exclaimed the astonished young man, starting back, and at the same time instinctively raising his fowlingpiece, whilst his dogs sprang forward with loud yells.

'Violence, unhappy man, is useless here,' replied Mr Harris quickly; and springing forward, he seized the barrel of the gun. The rest of the *posse committatus*, following his example, closed in upon their quarry, and Atherton and his dogs were in an instant overpowered.

'What is the meaning of this outrage?' demanded the prisoner, as, panting and bleeding, he vainly strove to resist being handcuffed.

'You know as well as I do, Mr Atherton,' replied the constable. 'Amos Leveridge, whom you doubtless thought to have killed outright, has survived sufficiently long to make a declaration, which, combined with other evidence, will hang you if you had a thousand necks. Come along!'

Consternation and surprise rendered the unfortunate young man speechless, and not another word was exchanged between him and his rough captors till, after thrusting him into the untenanted cell of the village jail or cage, Harris, having carefully searched his person, bade him a stern 'Good-night.'

Amos Leveridge had been brought to his home, and laid upon a couch amidst the frantic outcries and lamentations of his daughter, who, strange as it may to some appear, felt for the old miser the tenderest affection. Medical aid was immediately sent for; and powerful restoratives having been administered, the dying man, when the surgeon, a Mr Mostyn, arrived, was perfectly sensible, though sinking fast. Mr Mostyn examined the wound, and then looked with unmistakeable meaning in the sufferer's face.

'There is no hope then?' murmured Amos Leveridge in a low husky voice. 'I thought so; but it is a bitter thing to die, and leave—leave—Oh God, have I heaped up wealth but to perish by a dog's death like this?' He gnashed his teeth with demoniac rage, the gloom of a fright-

ful despair settled gradually upon his pallid features, and large drops of agony ran down his forehead. His daughter pressed a cordial to his lips, and, momentarily strengthened, he partly raised himself on one arm, and with a ghastly look, in which terror and hate struggled for predominance, glared wildly upon the spectators as he exclaimed, 'Bear witness all of you to the words of a dying man: I have been basely murdered by Edmund Atherton!'

'Did you see his face?' asked Mr Simpson in a gentle voice, after a few moments' pause. 'I did not; neither, it seems, did Mr Collins.'

'No, perhaps not his face,' muttered Leveridge; 'but what of that? It was growing dark; but I saw his dress—his coat, his hat: it was he I tell you. And now,' added the miserable man in a feeble, scarcely audible voice, 'let every one except—except Fanny and William Collins leave the room.'

His orders were obeyed. Fanny, weeping hysterically, knelt at her father's side, and Collins, pale as marble, and shaking like an aspen, slowly approached from the further corner of the room, where till now he had been standing.

'Fanny,' said Amos Leveridge, 'you love that accursed villain?'

'I did, I did, father; but oh do not suppose that I—that I'—

'That you would wed your father's murderer? No, girl—no; but—William Collins, come nearer. Fanny, you are my heir. I would not that my hard-earned savings should be squandered in idle follies when I am gone. William Collins is close—thrifty, and will add to the store instead of diminishing it; besides, it would punish, more than the gallows will, the wretch who has destroyed me. Promise, Fanny, to marry Collins. Promise me, I say.'

'But, father'—

'And let him know, Fanny, that his hanging will be your wedding-day. Ha—ha—ha! that will be gall—wormwood—hell-fire! Promise—promise me, I say!'

'I do, father, if—if'—

'If me no ifs!' hoarsely murmured the expiring man. 'He will be hanged; and then—then'—

The vindictive expression of the old man's features faded into the cold, passionless rigidity of death; the tenantless body fell heavily back upon the couch; and Amos Leveridge was no more!

Collins reached his home about an hour after the close of the scene I have just narrated in a state of mind impossible accurately to portray. Excitation, dashed with fear and doubt; love—passion rather—whispering triumph, victory; avarice, with that dead old man's sinister smile pointing to dazzling heaps of gold; remorse, whose serpent fangs he felt already fastening on his heart—ruled him by turns. He was tossed to and fro in a chaos of conflicting emotions. A first step in the fatal path of crime, of *murder*—the word *would* surge out of his palpitating brain—had been taken; and how, even if he were willing to do so, could he retrace that step without instant destruction to his character, to his hopes—without forfeiting the golden fortune almost within his grasp?

'Would to Heaven!' he mentally exclaimed with intense bitterness of

spirit, 'would to Heaven I had not seen that villain's face, nor heard him speak; I had then obtained the prize without incurring this torturing burthen of remorse and doubt. Suppose I make revelation of the truth, proclaim to the world that I indeed contemplated a profitable crime, but wanted courage to act out my purpose—what shall I by that means accomplish? Not only brand my own name with infamy, but bestow on Atherton, whom I loathe—abhor—a splendid fortune, and the only woman I ever did or ever shall love! He shall hang first! I am not capable of such heroic sacrifices. I suppose they *will* hang him; murder is seldom in this country visited with a less penalty: and my evidence withheld, the circumstances press strongly against him. Horrible! But *I* did not plan or bring about those circumstances; and if I offer no testimony against him, as I will not, how can it be said that I consign him to the scaffold? Carter alone knows that I recognised him, and he, for his neck's safety, will be silent. I run no risk; none—not the slightest. Then what an utter idiot I must be, when love and fortune cast their treasures at my feet not only at the bidding of coward conscience to spurn them from me, but bless, enrich another with their precious gifts! Riches, beauty, no fear, no risk! None but a madman would refuse to take this fortune at its flood! Edmund Atherton, you may count upon—my silence!'

With opiates such as these did William Collins strive to still the gnawings of the worm which, once awakened, dieth not; and for a time he partially succeeded.

III.

The excitement in and about Enfield, the thousand-and-one rumours and exaggerations which flew from mouth to mouth, may be imagined better than described. An express had been sent off the same evening for the county coroner, and at about noon on the following day that bustling and important functionary arrived; and an inquest on the body of the murdered man was immediately held.

As soon as the preliminary form of viewing the corpse had been gone through, and the jurors had returned to the vestry-room of the parish church, where, by the vicar's permission, the inquiry was held, Edmund Atherton, strongly guarded, was brought before them. He seemed to have quite recovered his usual serenity of temper and cheerfulness of spirit, as he looked boldly round the court with the air of an injured man, whose innocence of the crime imputed to him would soon be made manifest to those who, doubtless misled by lying rumours, for the present thought so hardly of him. After bowing respectfully to the coroner, whom he slightly knew, he looked anxiously around for his mother, and was evidently hurt and disappointed that she was not present to witness his unquestionable triumph—she who must have felt so acutely the shame and agony of so foul an accusation! Mrs Atherton was, however, in the vestry-room, though her son did not see her. She was seated, by her own desire, at the end of the apartment, concealed behind the bulky person of Farmer Brooks, who had escorted her to the court, and to whom she had expressed her resolution to hear the evidence against her son before she trusted herself to see or speak to him.

The first witness examined was Farmer Elliot. He related the particulars of the previous Sunday evening's quarrel between the deceased and the prisoner, and the menacing words used by the latter on leaving the garden.

'You say,' said the coroner, 'the prisoner intimated that the deceased would repent what he had done before many hours had passed?'

'Yes: his words at least were to that effect.'

'Certainly,' exclaimed Atherton, 'I did make use of some such expression, but with no meaning of the kind you seem anxious to attach to it. I merely intended to express my conviction that Mr Leveridge would, upon reflection, regret the unprovoked assault he had committed upon me.'

'You had better, I think, Mr Atherton,' observed the coroner, 'reserve explanations of this nature for another tribunal. You have no legal adviser present, I believe; and it is therefore better for your own sake that you should not prejudice any defence you may hereafter be advised to offer by ill-judged comments upon the evidence now to be adduced in support of this most serious charge.'

'Tut—tut!' exclaimed the prisoner impatiently; 'there is no serious charge in the case. It is a pure absurdity.'

'This affected levity and carelessness ill becomes the position in which you are placed,' retorted the coroner angrily; 'and I must insist upon your keeping silence.'

'Be it so,' said Atherton. 'Proceed; I will utter no word more.'

Farmer Elliot next related the conversation which took place between the prisoner and Mr Collins relative to shooting over the Holm Covers.

'Did not the prisoner specially inquire,' was the next question, 'whether the deceased would return that way from Coventry before he accepted Mr Collins's invitation?'

'Well—I think so. Yes he did.'

'And acceded to the proposal the instant he was told the unfortunate gentleman would be sure to return home by that road?'

'Yes.'

'This is another strained construction of words which had quite another meaning,' cried the prisoner with irrepressible indignation. 'But,' he added more calmly, 'it can be of no ultimate consequence: the truth must at last appear. Go on.'

Mr James Simpson was next called. As his evidence proceeded, the confidence of the prisoner visibly diminished; and though he scarcely opened his lips during the remainder of the inquiry, it was evident that each succeeding deposition deepened the anxiety and alarm which the testimony of the schoolmaster had first awakened.

Mr Simpson stated that on the previous evening, after dismissing his school, he had taken a longer stroll than usual in the direction of Holm coppice. He was considerably beyond Holm farmhouse when he saw the prisoner, as he believed, dressed in his ordinary shooting-jacket and peculiar straw-hat, pass by at a distance of about fifty paces. He was walking very rapidly, almost running, with his head turned in an opposite direction, so that witness could not see his face.

'What time was this, Mr Simpson?' demanded the prisoner.

'About half-past six, I should think—perhaps a little later. I did not

look at my watch, and therefore cannot speak with certainty on that point. I do not think the prisoner noticed me. A few minutes afterwards, I got over the gate of Farmer Elliot's ten-acre field, which, as we all know, runs along by Rockstone Lane or road. I passed along by the hedge, and, from the comparatively considerable height at which I was walking, saw the prisoner enter a thicket just below where the direct road from Coventry turns into Rockstone Lane. Wondering what kind of game he could be seeking there, I watched his proceedings with some curiosity. No great time elapsed when the heavy trot of a horse broke upon the solitary silence of the place. The prisoner then bent eagerly forward, and in a minute or so Amos Leveridge was seen slowly approaching on Mr Collins's bay mare. The unfortunate man had closely neared the spot where the prisoner stood in ambush, when the gun was suddenly raised, discharged, and the deceased fell from his horse mortally wounded.' The witness next described how he had shouted after the prisoner, and called to Mr Collins to arrest him, with other details already related. Mr Simpson continued: 'From the closeness of the discharge, the shot had no time to separate, and entered the breast of the deceased almost like a bullet. Near the body I perceived the wadding of the gun blackened, and still smouldering. I picked it up, and found it to be part of a letter: I now produce it.'

'Although you did not see the face of the person who fired at the deceased, have you any doubt that it was the prisoner?'

'Not the shadow of a doubt.'

'Now, Mr Harris,' said the coroner, 'please to inform us what you found in the prisoner's pockets upon searching him?'

'Amongst other things immaterial to the present inquiry, I found this portion of a letter.'

The witness handed the torn paper to the coroner, who, after comparing it with the scorched and blackened fragment produced by Simpson, exclaimed with grave emphasis, 'This is indeed the finger of Providence!' He then handed the pieces to the jury, who, after looking at them, stated through their foreman that their minds were made up, and that it would be quite useless to prolong the inquiry.'

'I think, gentlemen,' said the coroner blandly, 'we had better go regularly through the evidence. In the meantime, as there can be no doubt of what your decision will be, the clerk will draw up a formal verdict for you to sign. The case indeed appears quite plain—shockingly so; but God forbid we should hastily prejudge the prisoner! Call the next witness.'

The surgeon stated the cause of death, and repeated the declaration of the dying man.

'Was he *in articulo mortis*?' asked the coroner with magisterial emphasis; 'and was he aware that he was so?'

'Both,' replied the surgeon drily. 'He was dying, and he knew it.'

'He did not see the prisoner's face?'

'He seemed to admit that he did not. He, however, as I have stated, solemnly declared that he had been murdered by Edmund Atherton.'

William Collins was the next witness examined. He was deadly pale, but he gave his evidence with considerable firmness. He corroborated, as far as he was concerned, the schoolmaster's testimony; and added 'that the fugitive had been too quick for him.'

'Have you any doubt in your mind that the prisoner was the man you vainly endeavoured to arrest?' asked the coroner.

'I believe, sir,' replied Collins, 'I am here to state facts, not to offer opinions. I was near enough to plainly recognise Mr Atherton's silver-mounted gun, as well as his coat and hat; but I did not see his face, and I am not disposed to say, for the present at least, any more upon the subject.'

Other and minor evidence was received; and at its conclusion the coroner, abruptly addressing the prisoner, said, 'You have nothing to say, I suppose, Mr Atherton?'

'Nothing that would be believed here.'

'Quite proper. Gentlemen of the jury, you will please return your verdict.' This was instantly done; and the jurors having duly signed it, the coroner issued his warrant for the committal of the prisoner to Warwick Jail for trial at the next assize. He then declared the proceedings closed; and in a very few minutes only two or three persons besides the prisoner and constables remained in the vestry-room.

The aged vicar, who had been present during the whole of the investigation, whispered earnestly to the coroner for a brief space; after which that officer informed the prisoner that his mother had solicited to be allowed a private interview with him in that room, and although it was not altogether regular, yet, in deference to the wishes of the venerable vicar, who had assured him that Mrs Atherton was a highly-respectable lady, he would grant her request; but at the same time he begged emphatically to warn the prisoner 'that any attempt at escape would be quite futile, as not only the doors, but the outside of the building, would be strictly watched and guarded.'

A slight expression of sarcastic contempt curled the prisoner's lip as he bowed his thanks for the favour conferred on him. The vicar, accompanied by the coroner, who motioned the constables to follow him, then left the vestry, and Edmund Atherton was alone with his mother.

Mrs Atherton was still seated in the place she had occupied since the opening of the court. Her hands were tightly clasped, as if in earnest prayer, and her head, bowed in humiliation to the earth, was not raised as her son, hastily approaching her, exclaimed, 'Mother—dear mother! were you here and I knew it not?'

Her hands unlocked, and were spread out, as if to forbid his near approach. 'Yes,' she replied in a constrainedly-calm voice, as the afflicted young man recoiled before her expressive gesture. 'Yes, Edmund; I have heard all that has been said here to-day. More perhaps than that. I watched your sleep on Sunday evening—the love of a mother, Edmund, is very watchful!—and saw that your recent quarrel with that unhappy man pursued you in your dreams. You muttered—I now too well remember—strange threats of vengeance for the insult you had received. And now, before I dare trust myself to clasp you by the hand, or look upon your face, tell me—I conjure you by the memory of your departed father, by your trust in the Redeemer in whose faith you have been nurtured—has the Evil One had power, through your passions of love and hate, to push you to the commission of the fearful crime with which you are charged?'

A painful silence of some moments followed. The widow's hands tightened in their clasp, and were pressed firmly, as if to keep down some almost uncontrollable emotion across her breast, and her bowed head drooped still lower to the earth. 'Mother,' at length exclaimed her son in a calm, sad, slightly-reproachful voice, 'with all my faults—and they are many—did you ever know me to be guilty of a falsehood?'

'Never—never! You were always truth itself.'

'Then hear me declare to you—by the memory of my sainted father, by the deep love and reverence I have ever borne to you, by all my hopes of happiness beyond the grave, that of the foul deed of which they accuse me I am as innocent as a new-born, sinless child.'

The tones of truth seldom miss their way to the heart. As he spoke, the widow's hands relaxed their convulsive clasp, the drooping body grew erect; and as he concluded his emphatic declaration of innocence, she started up, a spasmodic cry of joy too mighty for articulate utterance struggling in her throat, clasped him with passionate emotion round the neck, and exclaimed, as soon as the convulsive joy which choked her speech permitted, 'My son—my son! blessings—blessings on you for these words! And oh, praised and blessed be His name who has not ceased to have you—the child of many prayers—in His holy keeping! My brave, good boy,' she continued, holding his head back with one hand, whilst with the other she strove to brush away the blinding tears which impeded her from gazing in his face, 'how dared I doubt the truth and honesty engraven in every line of that beloved countenance? Oh, my son, forgive your mother!' And again she strained him in a passionate embrace.

'Ay, but, mother,' said Edmund after the partial subsidence of Mrs Atherton's emotion, 'your conviction of my innocence will not avail to rebut the strange combination of circumstances arrayed against me.'

'True—true, my son. We will presently take counsel together upon the human means to be employed to repel this terrible accusation. But the sting is gone. The perfect conviction of your innocence which I now feel is a joy unutterable, which no earthly peril, even to you, can for the moment damp or lessen. You will hear the ordeal through which you will have to pass, I feel assured, as becomes your father's son. Be certain, Edmund, that it is a visitation in mercy; a warning not to build up your hopes, not to wrap up your soul in the weak vanities, the glittering delusions, of a false and transitory world. Your love for that girl, Edmund, was, I often feared, too much like idolatry to be pleasing in His sight, and required doubtless to be chastened, purified by trial and affliction. Many and various are the ways by which the Creator withdraws men from the world. Some through the cold and bitter passages of poverty and physical suffering; others through crushed affections, withered earthly twigs, on which perhaps they had too fondly leaned; some by the fiery trials of persecution, as your great grandsire—one of the stout old hill-side worshippers, who, as I have often related to you, fell valiantly fighting in defence of the right of man to worship God by the light of his own conscience. A great example! the influence of which will not depart the earth, for the memory of the just dieth not. There is, my son, a soul of goodness in all things, but especially in trial and adversity, if rightly used. You will bear this visitation as becomes a Christian man—in faith and

patience; nothing doubting that the time will come when you will be enabled to say, with thousands of others, "It was good for me to be afflicted."

In this manner did the strong-hearted mother, in accordance with the tenets of her earnest faith, seek to fortify the spirit of her son. She did not labour in vain. His eye gradually brightened with renewed confidence in his ultimate deliverance from the perils which environed him; and when his mother, warned by the vicar, who partially opened the door to announce that the interview could not be prolonged more than a few minutes, desired him to relate all the circumstances in anyway bearing on the case with which he was acquainted, he complied with something of his wonted alacrity and cheerfulness.

'There is a strange mystery in all this,' said Mrs Atherton after a thoughtful pause. 'Some one during your slumber must have assumed your clothes, and used your gun. Strange! Collins?—No, it could not be Collins; no—good, but rash James Simpson's evidence precludes that suspicion. Has any one, I wonder, been missed from the neighbourhood? Robbery doubtless was the object.'

A peremptory knock at the vestry door interrupted and warned her that the moment of parting was arrived. She rose with a cheerful aspect, partly real, partly assumed perhaps, for the encouragement of her son. 'Fear not, Edmund, that we shall be enabled to unravel this tangled web of circumstance. I will immediately consult and retain Baines the attorney of Warwick: he is a sharp, able man, and knew your father. And tomorrow, Edmund, I will see Fanny Leveridge, and say to her—I know she will believe me—"My son is innocent of the foul crime with which rash and credulous men have charged him."'

A bright smile danced in the young man's eyes as he joyously replied, 'Thanks—thanks, dear mother! That will indeed take away the sting and grief of the wound.'

'Ay, dear boy, I saw where your thoughts were wandering. Well, she is, I think, a good girl, though not quite so sedate as I doubt not she will be after a few years of wedded life. They are impatient. Come.'

The coroner had remained with the constables in order to see the prisoner safely off; and as Edmund Atherton stepped into the vehicle provided to convey him to Warwick Jail, he said, addressing the widow with a lofty, condescending civility, 'Really, Mrs Atherton, I sincerely pity you, as well as your son. Ours is an unpleasant duty, but'—

'Neither I nor my son need your pity, sir,' interrupted Mrs Atherton in a proud, repellent tone. 'He, especially, is an object of envy rather, as all men are who patiently and bravely suffer unmerited reproach and calumny.'

The mortified functionary drew back with an air of extreme surprise and disgust, and immediately gave the signal to proceed. Mrs Atherton waved a last adieu to her son, and then with a proud and stately step turned towards Elm Lodge.

This stoicism of manner endured only as long as the eyes of strangers were upon her. Her step soon lost its firmness, her eye the expression of repellent pride which had coldly illumined it. Convinced as she was of her

son's innocence, her confidence in the result yielded gradually to doubt, and doubt, before she had reached her dwelling, had wellnigh darkened to despair. The evidence she had heard delivered in the vestry room, with its terrible coherency of circumstance, settled heavily and darkly upon her throbbing brain, shutting out all hope of her son's deliverance from the fearful peril which encompassed him. A servant-woman, who appeared to sympathise deeply with the anguish written on the pallid countenance of her mistress, opened the door before Mrs Atherton had time to knock, and seemed about to speak, but was waved impatiently aside; and the grief-stricken mother passed on to the silence and privacy of her bedchamber. It was more than an hour afterwards when the woman, privileged servant as she was, ventured to disturb her mistress. She tapped gently at the door; it was presently opened, and she rejoiced to see that Mrs Atherton's countenance no longer wore the despairing expression it did when she entered the house. A subdued hope, a resigned confidence in the providence of Him in whose love and fear she had walked humbly, since she could lisp His name, shone in her mild sad eyes.

'You are better now, dear madam?' said the woman.

'Yes, Margaret. I trust in God, and in that trust feel privileged to have no other fear. But why did you knock?'

Farmer Elliot has been here, and bade me tell you he has been informed that about half an hour after the mur—, after the death of Amos Leveridge, Tom Carter was seen hurrying along like mad across the fields towards Thornby'—

'Carter! What Carter?'

'He who used to work for Mr Collins. The poacher—don't you remember?'

'Ah yes! Well, where is he?'—

A knock at the door interrupted her. It was Farmer Elliot himself. Mrs Atherton hastened down stairs, and after a brief conference with her visitor, it was arranged between them to give no hint of the suspicions which Carter's disappearance, and the strange manner of it, had excited in their minds, till Mr Baines had been consulted, to whom Mrs Atherton immediately despatched a note by a special messenger.

Mr Baines the attorney, a sharp, active practitioner, arrived at Enfield in obedience to Mrs Atherton's pressing summons on the next day. He had a long consultation with that lady, to which farmers Brook and Elliot were ultimately summoned. At its conclusion Mr Baines announced that he should at once walk over to Holm Farm and see Mr Collins.

William Collins had so easily got through the examination before the coroner; the case, without his *active* aid, appeared so conclusive against the prisoner, and he himself seemed so secured, so hedged in from the most remote suspicion of being in anyway implicated in the affair, that his agitated spirits and wavering resolution had already calmed and settled down into a firm determination to clutch the golden opportunity which chance had flung in his way. When Mr Baines called he was seated alone in his parlour, silently revelling in the glittering prospect which—no hateful barrier between—lay stretched invitingly before him.

'Baines—Baines,' he audibly soliloquised, after directing the servant

to admit his visitor. 'I don't know the name: who can he be, I wonder?'

'One of that exemplary, but, alas! much slandered class of individuals known as attorneys,' said that gentleman, entering the apartment.

'An attorney!' exclaimed Collins in some confusion. He had not thought the intruder so near. 'What can an attorney want with me?'

'Not to serve you with a *capias*, Mr Collins, I assure you,' replied Mr Baines blandly; 'but if you will allow me to be seated, for my walk has been rather a long one, I will in a very few words explain the object of my visit.'

Collins motioned to a chair, and the attorney presently proceeded.

'I have been retained, Mr Collins, by Mrs Atherton to conduct her son's defence.'

The sudden start which his auditor could not suppress, and the stammering exclamation which followed it, did not escape the keen glance of the man of law.

'Yes; and it is with reference to that sad business that I am here.'

'That you are here! Why, what have I to do with it?'

'Not much *as yet*,' replied Mr Baines, with a sort of suppressed emphasis on the last two words.

'What do you mean, Mr Attorney?' demanded Collins, recovering from his surprise. 'Explain your business, if you please, and be as brief as you can. I have no leisure for mere gossip.'

'Neither have I. To come, then, to the point at once: you discharged from your employ on Monday last a labourer of the name of Carter—— What is there in the mention of that man's name to disturb you?'

'Nothing, nothing—go—go on. I was a good deal shocked by the late terrible occurrence, and am still somewhat nervous. But go on. What of Carter?'

'He was, as *you* know, a fellow of dissolute habits. It has been ascertained by Farmer Elliot that about seven o'clock on the evening of the murder he was seen hastening from this house. He has not been heard of since. It is possible, therefore—nay, it is highly probable—that he dressed himself in Mr Atherton's clothes whilst he was sleeping—in this very room, by the by—and shot Amos Leveridge with a view, of course, to robbery; but which purpose, by the unexpected appearance of Simpson, and, I suppose, of yourself, was frustrated. My errand here is to ascertain if you can tell us what has become of him, or where it is *likely* we may meet with him?'

'How should I know? You do not, I hope, believe me capable of—of'——

'Concealing a knowledge of the real assassin? I would not willingly suspect any man of being an accessory after the fact to murder, as in the eye of the law he would in such a case be, and liable, upon conviction, to transportation for life'——

'What is the meaning of these innuendoes?' exclaimed Collins, starting up, and speaking with heat and passion. 'How dare you address such words to me?'

'Mr Collins'——

'Leave the house, sir! I know no more of Carter than I do of you, and care as little for him.'

As the attorney, thus rudely dismissed, left the house, he muttered, 'If Carter is the murderer, that fellow is his accomplice either before or after the fact, I scarcely know which.' Upon further reflection, Mr Baines resolved to keep his suspicions to himself, but at the same time to use every effort to discover Carter. With this view, as soon as he reached home, he sent advertisements to all the county, and several of the London journals, and had a large number of placards printed and distributed, offering fifty pounds reward for information as to the whereabouts of the missing man, whose person he minutely and accurately described.

The visit of Mr Baines greatly disturbed Collins, boldly as he at last carried the matter off. The law *had*, he trembled to find, contemplated the crime of which he had rendered himself guilty, and visited it with the highest secondary penalty known to English justice. He was by no means so safe, then, from retribution as he had imagined himself to be. But detection, he still hugged himself to think, was impossible. The guilty secret rested with himself and the actual assassin. What human skill or cunning could wrest it from those dark hidingplaces? He was but a fool to startle at such shadows. It was all too late to retrace the path on which he had entered, and he would walk boldly and undauntedly on, till the rich and beauteous prize for which he had rashly—oh, how rashly!—bartered the jewel of his peace was his beyond the reach of chance or fate.

He arose next morning feverish and unrefreshed. It was the day appointed for the funeral of Amos Leveridge; and soon after rising from his untasted breakfast, he dressed himself with great care, and took his way towards Warwick Villa. On the return of the funeral procession from the grave, he requested Miss Leveridge—whose pale loveliness, contrasted by her mourning-dress, looked, he thought, more enchantingly lustrous than ever—to favour him with a private interview. She complied; and he, in deferential, insinuating phrase, reminded her of the promise she had made her father on the evening of his decease, and begged to know if he was to regard himself in the light of her accepted suitor. The lady's manner was cold and somewhat disdainful as she replied, 'That she did not forget, and did not intend to break her promise, though she thought it a rather unseemly time to remind her of it. It was, however, she begged especially to remind him, a *conditional* promise. She had seen Mrs Atherton, and believed with her that, spite of appearances, Edmund Atherton was guiltless of the dreadful crime imputed to him, and that his innocence would yet be made manifest. Should it, however, unhappily prove otherwise,' added Miss Leveridge, tears trembling in her eyes, 'I will, at whatever sacrifice, should you be so cruel as to require it, fulfil the promise I so rashly gave.' With this answer Collins was obliged to affect contentment, and he soon after left the house in a transport of suppressed but fiery rage.

'What devil's wages are these for which I have been working?' he exclaimed with fierce bitterness as soon as he knew himself to be out of sight and hearing. 'My peace of mind utterly wrecked—lost, gone, past

hope, beyond recall!—the clear conscience which but a few days since might have defied a world to startle it, now trembling at the merest shadow!—the fell serpents of remorse clinging round brain and heart, and goading me hourly with their hellish fangs wellnigh to madness! And all for what? To be scorned and mocked at by yon proud, beautiful minx—to be cheated, it should seem, of the prize for which I have so madly played! He will be acquitted, will he? The evidence, perchance, is not considered strong enough to insure a conviction! Well, it must be strengthened then! *I* will strengthen it; for, come what come may, I'll not be fooled, baffled, laughed at!

As soon as he reached home, and had thrown himself into a chair, the servant handed him the county paper, which had just been brought in. He glanced vacantly over it till his eye rested upon the advertisement offering a reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of Carter. Why, how was this?—what dreadful fatality was pursuing him? But a few hours since so securely havened, safe out of tempest's reach, and now helplessly drifting out to sea, with breakers, it should seem, on every side, and the fierce waves dashing at his feet and hissing in his ears! He threw the paper from him; and, as if seized with sudden sickness, asked the servant if there was any brandy in the house.

'Plenty: shall I bring it you?'

'Yes; and be quick.'

The potent spirit quickly rallied his fainting energies. He continued to drink till a late hour; and for the first time in his life William Collins retired to bed in a state of inebriation. The evil habit grew rapidly upon him. Alcohol—familiar fiend!—was ever ready at his summons to drown and blunt the suggestions of conscience—the fiery arrows of remorse. But the spirit-demon demands high payment for such services; and the price he exacted was soon indelibly recorded on the shattered mental and bodily health of his votary and victim.

IV.

It was not till the following March assize that Edmund Atherton was 'put upon his country.' During the long interval that had elapsed since his committal, no material fact in connection with the death of Amos Leveridge had come to light, neither had any tidings been obtained of Carter, although the reward had been, by Mrs Atherton's directions, doubled. As the day of trial drew near, the hopes of Mr Baines of obtaining a favourable result, as well as the strong reliance of the prisoner's mother on the ultimate triumph of justice, even in earthly courts, visibly paled and drooped. What, indeed, but failure *could* be expected of a defence which had no other basis than a vague suspicion that another absent, unproducible person, was the real culprit?

A few minutes after the court doors were opened on the morning the trial was expected to come on, the whole of the space appropriated to the public was densely packed with curious and anxious spectators. Mr Justice Taunton was on the bench: I forget the name of the gentleman—one of the members of the outer bar—who appeared for the prosecution: the

defence was intrusted to the late Sir William Follett, then but at the commencement of his brief but distinguished career, who had been specially retained, and brought down for this case. Sir William, then Mr Follett, was perhaps the most effective cross-examiner that the English bar, unrivalled as it may be said to be in that science—it is nothing less—has ever produced. His management of the defence was admirable, and fully vindicated the judgment of Mr Baines, who had selected him in preference to men of higher standing and larger experience. Beneath a quietude of manner which excited no suspicion, roused no watchfulness, there lurked a lynx-eyed vigilance, a quick sagacity, which detected and availed itself of the slightest point that could benefit his client. The case against the prisoner was, the reader need not be told, overwhelming; and yet so able were the cross-examinations of the witnesses—so suggestive, so to speak, of doubt and uncertainty—that the issue, till the judge's charge was delivered, seemed altogether problematical and unassured. I need not recapitulate the evidence: it was essentially the same as that given before the inquest, with the exception of the testimony of William Collins, whose appearance in the witness-box bore sad testimony to the swift moral and physical ruin which an evil conscience and reckless indulgence in alcoholic stimulants can bring about. He was sprucely, showily dressed; but his once healthy, florid complexion had become pale and bloated; his eyes had that glazy, half-imbecile look which marks the habitual drinker; and his hand, as he received the Testament to swear 'to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' shook so violently, either from the operation of terror or of brandy, perhaps of both, that he could scarcely place it to his lips. Devil's wages indeed had he been earning, and very prompt and full had been the payment! He now swore positively that he had no doubt whatever—never had doubted, in fact, though he had previously hesitated to express his conviction—that the prisoner was the man he saw running in the direction of Holm Farm after the commission of the murder. The cross-examination of Collins fell, by some unfortunate chance, to the junior counsel for the defence, and was consequently nothing like so effective as if Mr Follett had sifted him; still the result could scarcely have been different.

The prisoner's defence, which had been prepared for him by Mr Baines—I feel confident counsel had not been consulted upon it—fell cold and dead upon the audience. It was acute and ingenious enough—too much so—and far too lawyer-like. Wire-drawn special pleading may be listened to with respect from a barrister's lips; but when uttered by a prisoner, sounds too much like guilt fencing with justice to be effective. From innocence in danger of a scaffold one expects to hear the accents of indignant denial—the free speech that bursts without a pause—the plain, round, unvarnished tale—rather than logical subtleties and legal dissertations upon the comparative value of direct and circumstantial evidence. The reading of the defence occupied about half an hour; and when it was concluded, everybody felt that the prisoner's case had been damaged rather than helped by it. Witnesses to character were next called; and then Mr Justice Taunton commenced his summing up. At every sentence he uttered in those low, husky, yet distinct tones, it seemed as if the prisoner's remaining sands of life passed visibly away before his breath.

The terrible graphic skill with which he grouped, as it were, the evidence that had been given, and showed how one isolated fact threw light upon, and gave significance to another fact, exhibited judicial acumen of the highest order. 'The very able cross-examinations of the counsel for the defence, and the paper read by the prisoner, have suggested, with more or less acuteness and eloquence,' remarked his lordship in conclusion, 'that circumstantial evidence ought not to be relied upon. With that opinion I can by no means agree. A circumstance, gentlemen, cannot *lie*—cannot give corrupt and perjured testimony. The finding of the paper-wadding of the gun, for instance, in this case, close to the body of the murdered man, and the corresponding portion in the prisoner's pocket, is a circumstance which no ingenuity could forge—no false-swearer invent and palm upon us. I will only further remark, that if the story told by the prisoner, with a view to persuade you that some other person might have obtained, or in point of fact did obtain, temporary possession of his clothes and gun, with no other object, it should seem, than to get him involved in a capital charge; I say if that story is to be held of sufficient weight to beat down the testimony we have heard to-day, crime may stalk not only unpunished, but unquestioned, through the land; no man's life would be safe; and our courts of justice, for any check they would be to evil-doers, might as well be closed at once. Gentlemen, you will now consider your verdict. The opinion I entertain I have freely expressed; but that opinion is not binding upon you. The law constitutes you sole judges of the facts placed before you. If you feel any reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner, you will acquit him. The verdict, gentlemen, will be yours, not mine.'

You might have heard a pin drop as the jury, after a few moments' consultation with each other, turned, without leaving the court, to say they were agreed.

'How say you?' said the clerk of the arraigns; 'is the prisoner at the bar, whom you have had in charge, guilty of the offence for which he has been arraigned, or not guilty?'

'Guilty!'

'And so say you all; and that is your verdict?'

The profound stillness which followed the delivery of the verdict was broken by a noise and bustle towards the upper end of the court. The strong resolution which had sustained Mrs Atherton up to this moment had given way at last: she had fainted, and was borne out of court in a state of insensibility.

Mr Justice Taunton assumed the black cap, and in a very feeling, impressive address—he was affected even to tears—passed sentence of death upon the prisoner. He implored him to dismiss from his mind all vain hopes of mercy in this world; and to humble himself in prayer and penitence before the just and merciful God he had so grievously offended, by impiously breaking into the sanctuary of human life: and then the time which the law permitted a murderer to exist after his conviction, brief as it was, might prove amply sufficient, if diligently used, to obtain that mercy which the Eternal never denied to the humble and repentant suppliant. He then passed formal sentence in the usual manner.

The prisoner had stood erect, with folded arms, gazing with a fierce and

angry expression in the judge's face during this address ; and at its conclusion he exclaimed in stern, indignant tones—' I reject your sympathy, my lord : I fling back your pretended commiseration. If you, and those men who have so rashly judged and condemned me, could see yourselves as He whose name you so glibly invoke sees you, you would know that it is *you* who have need to humble yourselves in prayer and penitence for impiously presuming to violate the sanctuary of human life ! I go to death : you return to your homes, to linger out a few more winters of precarious life ; but the God of heaven and earth alone knows who is the greatest object of pity—I, who am about to perish by an unmerited sentence, or you, who have unjustly doomed me !'— He would have said more ; but the jailor, at a gesture from the judge, forcibly removed him from the dock ; and the court adjourned.

As Mr Baines passed out of court, a well-known Bow-Street officer, or runner, as those celebrated persons were formerly designated, accosted him—' You are, I believe, the attorney of the prisoner who has just been tried and convicted ?'

' Yes I am ; and what of that ?'

' Only that Carter, the man so often alluded to to-day, and for whose apprehension, I perceive by a printed placard, you have offered a hundred pounds reward, is the very fellow I am down here after for a burglary and homicide committed in London. We have traced him to this county ; but unfortunately have somehow missed the trail. If you can afford me any hint of where he would be likely to run to cover, I may perhaps be able to serve you as well as myself.'

' Come in—come in,' cried Baines in great agitation. ' This is my office. Come in : we may save him yet !'

V.

It was late when William Collins arrived that evening at Holm Farm. The distance from Warwick was considerable, and he had remained drinking at the inn at which he put up for several hours after the court had closed. Fortunately for him, the mare he rode knew the road perfectly, and bore him swiftly and safely to his home. As was now his nightly wont, he ordered, the instant he was seated, brandy to be placed before him : fresh fuel was heaped upon the fire, and extra candles were placed upon the table, as if he hoped to dissipate, by physical light, the thick darkness which dwelt within him. He, as usual, drank deeply ; but the spirit seemed to have lost its power to chase away the terrific images which flitted across his throbbing brain. ' They will be sure to hang him,' he murmured. ' That solemn judge, who deems himself so wise, said there was no hope of mercy for him—no *mercy* ! It seemed the arch-fiend's mock : no mercy for an innocent, just man ; and impunity, riches, honour, to the perjurer and ~~assassin~~ ! Excellent judge ! And yet to string even a guilty man up like a dog is very horrible, much more— Well, all men must die once ; and then comes the long silence, never to be broken, as I have lately read, and must strive to believe ; for if, perchance— At all events I shall have abundance of time for repentance. The old man's

wealth will enable me to be charitable—munificent! Fanny, I doubt not, will marry me for her word's sake. Why, then, am I so utterly cast down—wretched—forlorn—miserable—bravely as I carry it before the world? Shall I ever again know tranquillity of mind?—again feel as I did previous to the day that thrice accursed villain!—

These broodings of remorseful terror were interrupted by the loud and sharp accents of his woman-servant, evidently in remonstrance against the entrance of a person whose voice, feeble and broken as it was, Collins almost instantly recognised. 'God of heaven!' he exclaimed, starting up, whilst his knees knocked against each other, and the blood rushed in tumultuous eddies through his veins—'God of heaven! it is his mother! Martha—Martha!' he shouted with desperate eagerness, 'do not admit that—that person! I cannot—*will* not see her.'

His orders were disregarded, or the servant found it impossible to comply with them; for the words had hardly passed his lips, when Mrs Atherton, pale as marble, and although—as was evident from the agonised expression of her eyes—suffering frightfully from compressed internal emotion, cold, calm, rigid as a statue of iron externally, stood before him. Collins fell back into his chair, nerveless, ghastly with overpowering terror—horror rather. He seemed confronted, as at doomsday, with the actual presence of his crime, incarnated there in that accusing glance—that stony rigidity of aspect! The speechless confession of his attitude and demeanour was not lost upon his visitor, and an expression of pity gleamed over and softened the stern expression of her face.

'Unhappy, wretched young man!' said Mrs Atherton—'infinitely more wretched and unhappy than he whom your devices have consigned to the scaffold! He is but in danger of those who can kill the body; but you of the eternal, and, it may be, the swift judgment!—'

'To whom—to whom—dare—dare you speak thus?' gasped Collins, with white lips.

'To you, the wicked plotter against my son's life and honour!—to you, upon whose soul will rest the guilt of his innocent blood!—'

'Woman, you rave!'

'I watched you, William Collins, as you gave that fearful testimony to-day, and knew—felt that you were perjuring yourself—that for some miserable, earthly deceit of wealth, or headstrong passion, you were madly bartering your immortal soul! Even now I can read upon those changed and haggard features, as in a book, the revelations of a despairing, tortured conscience!—'

'I will not endure this!' exclaimed Collins, rising from his chair. 'Martha!'

'I will not leave this house,' said Mrs Atherton with rising vehemence, and speaking hurriedly: 'I will not leave this house till you have heard what I came to say—till you have accepted or rejected a proposal in which, be assured, oh sinful and miserable man! your own safety, both here and hereafter, is involved.'

'What would you say? Be quick, and leave me.'

'You know then—have known from the beginning—that Amos Leve-ridge was slain by your servant Carter.'

'How!'

'You believe that if my son should perish by the doom to which he has been sentenced, you will marry the old man's daughter, and possess his wealth. You deceive yourself. Not half an hour ago I parted from Fanny Leveridge, and she bade me tell you that she would rather die a thousand deaths than unite herself to the assassin of Edmund Atherton.'

'Damnation!' shouted Collins, goaded beyond endurance. He seized Mrs Atherton by the arms, and forced her violently towards the door—'Leave this place, or I shall do you a mischief.'

'One word—one word,' shrieked the unfortunate lady, vainly struggling in his grasp: 'you had a mother once—one word only'—she slipped down, and clasped the knees of the excited, vengeful man. 'This—this is what I would say. This murderer—this Carter—will be taken: of that there is no doubt. There is a hot pursuit after him, and he cannot escape. He will confess all: time enough, indeed, for your destruction, which, oh believe me, I desire not, but that you should repent and live; but not time enough, I fear me, to save my son. Be you merciful to me—to yourself. Wealth you shall have. Fanny and I will joyfully provide for that, if you will but reveal the hidingplace of the murderer. You may yourself escape, and happily yet atone for the evil you have contemplated, and, alas, well-nigh accomplished!'

Collins, confused with drink and the excitement of the interview, was for a moment staggered by a proposition which, however feasible it might appear to Mrs Atherton, was, as regarded himself, both impracticable and absurd. A few moments' reflection sufficed to show him this, and he again fiercely desired Mrs Atherton to leave the house. The unhappy mother clung in her despair to his knees in frantic supplication, imploring him with passionate intreaty to have compassion on her agony—her despair. In vain: he was inexorable; and, irritated by resistance, was about to use still more brutal violence than before to force Mrs Atherton from his presence, when the parlour door flew open, and Mr Baines, flushed, and panting with hurry and excitement, rushed into the room.

'Mrs Atherton!' he exclaimed, 'I have been seeking you everywhere. Thank God I have found you at last. Come with me. There is yet, my dear madam, be assured, hope for the innocent, and,' he glared sternly at Collins as he spoke, 'retribution for the guilty. Come!'

They immediately departed, leaving Collins sobered somewhat by the scene through which he had passed, but racked with keener apprehension, enveloped in still gloomier doubts and fears than before Mrs Atherton's arrival. He was a blind man groping his way along the brinks of strange precipices, down which the next instant might see him hurled. He strove to collect, to marshal his thoughts; but his brain was in a whirl, his mind a chaos of conflicting passions, doubts, and fears. 'What could the attorney mean by his hints of retributive justice?—An idle or a serious menace?' Carter had not been taken, that was quite clear from that woman's proposal. What, then, had he to— Fanny, too, it should seem, would not fulfil her promise. Curses on her!—on them all!—on himself, for the veriest dolt and idiot that ever trod the earth!—And that thrice-double villain Carter!

A slight noise at the casement attracted his attention. He glanced

sharply round; and, as if answering to his old master's summons, the face of Carter, unshaven, haggard, stamped with the ineffaceable impress of habitual guilt and fear, glared in ghastly pallor at him from the narrow opened window.

'Hell-dog!' vociferated Collins, starting up with ungovernable fury, and looking eagerly about, as if for a weapon with which to inflict summary vengeance on the wretched being whom he, with self-excusing sophistry, regarded as his destroyer—'hell-dog! what do you seek here?'

'Help, food, concealment, money!' replied Carter with a derisive chuckle. 'Not for my sake only, master, but your own. I am pursued. Help me in, or it will be worse for you as well as me.'

'Curse you!' shouted Collins, as the frightful peril to himself this sudden reappearance of the assassin involved flashed upon him; 'you were born for my destruction.'

'Not if you are wise, and, above all, *quick*,' replied the hardened ruffian. 'If you are not, master, blame yourself, for I will not go *alone* to jail!'

A shout as of renewed and eager pursuit was heard at some distance from the house. 'Quick, quick—lend me a hand; they are close upon me!'

Stunned, overwhelmed as he was by the sudden apparition of the only person whose presence he dreaded, Collins soon instinctively felt that it was essential to present safety to shield the ruffian from capture; and he mechanically, as it were, laid hold of him, and with some difficulty pulled him in at the window, which, being about the height of a tall man's shoulders from the ground, could with difficulty be scaled even by a vigorous person from the outside; and Carter, when hauled in, was feeble and nerveless from exhaustion and fatigue.

'Close the window-shutter: quick—quick!' he exclaimed. 'And now, master,' added Carter, after tossing off a couple of glasses of brandy, to which he unceremoniously helped himself, 'I will crawl into the cellar. They will call and ask if I am here I daresay. You will know what answer to make. Once before, you know,' added the assassin with a diabolical leer, 'you forgot that you had seen me!'

For upwards of a quarter of an hour Collins sat in silent stupefaction, undisturbed by the dreaded visitors. At length his straining ear caught the sound of knocking at the outer door, and a minute afterwards the woman-servant announced that a man, calling himself a London police-officer, demanded admittance.

Her master made a gesture of assent: he could not for the moment speak, and he shook with terror in every limb.

The officer, a thick-set, short, resolute-looking man, an associate of him who had accosted Baines in Warwick, but whom he had not seen since the previous day, entered the room, and briefly stated his business. He had tracked a burglar and assassin, for whose apprehension a large reward was offered, to within about half a mile of that house, where he had suddenly lost all trace of him. Had he, Mr Collins, seen or heard of him? 'The man's name is Carter,' added the Bow-Street official, 'and he was, I understand, at one time in your employ.'

Collins with difficulty found words to reply that he had seen no one;

and the officer, though with an unsatisfied air and manner, after asking a few other unimportant questions, left the house, muttering as he went out that he would have the scoundrel yet, alive or dead.

The officer had no sooner slowly retired than a wild and desperate thought glanced through Collins's bewildered, chaotic brain. 'Why not save himself by at once sacrificing Carter? What hindered him from now delivering the insolent miscreant up to justice, and thus secure himself against the swift ruin he felt was enclosing him on all sides? How was it he had not thought of that before?' And in the insane impulse of the moment he jumped up and rushed out of the house, calling vehemently upon the officer to return. The Bow-Street official had got to some distance from the place, but on hearing himself called, turned swiftly back, and in two or three moments was again by the side of the master of the house. That interval of time, short as it was, had sufficed to bring back the shattered intellect of Collins to a sense of his real position, by recalling that day's perjury and the wall it had built up behind him, forbidding the possibility of a return to peace, to safety. 'Too late,' he groaned in utter agony of spirit—'too late!'

'Too late?' exclaimed the officer, misinterpreting his words. 'Have you seen him then?'

'I thought I did,' rejoined Collins, recovering himself, 'yonder round by the bridge; but he must now be safe in the forest!'

'I'll try for him at all events,' rejoined the officer, as he went rapidly off in the indicated direction. Collins slowly and moodily returned to his sitting-room.

The house was soon afterwards closed for the night; the servant retired to bed; and Collins, thoroughly sobered by excessive fright, betook himself to the cellar, to confer with his repulsive and sinister guest. The interview was a long and angry one; but finally, yielding to the terrible necessities of the position in which he was placed, Collins agreed to furnish the ruffian with clothes, and a sufficient sum of money to defray his passage to America, whither the hunted felon promised to proceed immediately. It was arranged that he should leave his concealment the following night, and he expressed himself confident that, in 'the disguise of a gentleman,' as he termed it, he could venture on the journey without a chance of being recognised. He was then plentifully supplied with food and drink, and left to himself.

Collins did not stir out of his house during the whole of the next day, which, joyfully and unexpectedly to him, passed over without any further search or inquiry being made. Eleven o'clock, the hour agreed upon for Carter's departure, at length arrived; and the fellow, attired in a handsome suit of clothes and top-coat, of which the upturned collar, aided by an ample shawl neckerchief, effectually concealed the lower part of his face, and with thirty sovereigns in his pocket, prepared to issue forth. The servant had been sent about half an hour before to Enfield on some pretendedly-urgent errand, and was not expected home for a considerable time. It was a bright moonlight night; but that, in the opinion of the two accomplices, did not greatly signify, as neither of them had the

slightest suspicion that the house was watched, and Carter's disguise was, they both agreed, complete.

As Carter swiftly and cautiously emerged upon the road leading by Enfield, any one who had been on the other side of the thick belt of trees and shrubs to the left of Holm Farm, looking towards the village, might have observed a man, who had been watching the front of Collins's house for several hours, walk swiftly off at an angle that would enable him to cross the fugitive's path at the distance of something more perhaps than half a mile, without the necessity or risk of showing himself till within a few yards of his prey. If sufficiently near, he might also have seen the officer take a pistol from his pocket, and have heard him say, under his breath, 'We have him now, a living man or a corpse at anyrate, swift as he is said to be of foot.'

Collins watched from the casement looking upon the road with intense anxiety. A quarter of an hour had passed away, when a loud shout struck upon his ear. He listened with breathless eagerness, but the sound was not repeated. He began to hope again, when a pistol-shot—another—a third—broke in quick succession on the silence of the night. Collins, readily divining the cause of the shots—for Carter had insisted on having his pistols—reeled, as if struck by a mortal blow, into the inner room, and sank, prostrated, helpless, upon the couch.

The unhappy man was roused from his trance of terror about an hour afterwards by the servant, who rushed into the apartment in a state of frantic excitement.

'Master! master!' she shouted, shaking at the same time the bewildered man rudely by the collar, 'rouse yourself, for the love of Heaven, or you will be taken! Carter has been captured, and has confessed everything. The officers are up at Squire Dixon's to get a warrant for you. Farmer Elliot told me of it—for your father's sake, he said—and bade me warn you that not a moment must be lost.'

The extremity of his danger seemed to reanimate the fainting energies of the unhappy man. He sprang up, muttered a hoarse curse, hastily unlocked a bureau that stood in the room, took out a considerable sum of money, and then seizing his hat, turned as if about to go forth by the front door. 'Master! master!' screamed the woman, 'not that way! Look, the officers are coming down the road! Here, by the back window; quick—quick! Now, round by the back of the trees, Farmer Elliot said, across the bridge, and strangers will never catch ye!'

Collins comprehended that the expedient suggested was the only one that promised a chance of success, and he went off rapidly in the direction pointed out. It was some minutes before his departure from the house was noticed, sharp as were the numerous eyes which watched it. At length a shout, which seemed to be taken up and echoed on all sides of him, announced that his flight was discovered, and speed, he was instantly aware, afforded the only hope of escape left to him. He had been an expert runner before the demon of intemperance had enfeebled his frame; and even now, nerved by terror, the pace at which he ran soon distanced his pursuers. The bridge was in sight, and eagerly did he strain to reach and

pass it ere his strength should fail him. Once within the tangled brakes of yonder forest, he might, for at least a few hours, defy pursuit and capture. The bridge was gained, the crisis of his danger seemed past, and his exulting spirit vented itself in a broken shout of derisive triumph, when three men, one of whom he instantly recognised as the officer who had visited his house on the previous evening, emerged suddenly from the opposite wood, and occupied the further end of the bridge. That avenue of escape had not, then, escaped the vigilance of his enemies! The shout of defiance died on his lips; and he stood rooted by despair upon the bridge he had with such fierce effort gained. At bay at last: hemmed in on all sides—no chance—no hope of escape! Philosophers tell us that in an instant of what men call time there may gleam forth in vivid distinctness, from the scribbled palimpsest of the brain, all the thoughts, the acts, the images that life in its longest course may have traced upon it. If this, as I believe, be true, fancy what years of memory must have flashed upon the wretched being, gazing there in the brilliant moonlight upon the glorious creation stretched out before him—the green, flower-starred earth—the waving trees—the shining river—amidst which he had been born and nurtured, where he had carolled forth in boyhood, had exulted in youth, had loved in lusty manhood; and all now in vain beautiful for him! What was left to him from the huge wreck of his life? A blasted name—a futuro of exile and slavery—whilst his rival exulted triumphant in fortune and in love! . . . A wild yell of mingled rage, hatred, and despair burst from him; and springing from the bridge into the deep and rapid river, the unhappy suicide rushed in his madness from the presence of man into that of God.

The body was next day sought for, found, and, by the tacit permission of the charitable vicar, quietly and privately buried in consecrated ground. A plain head-stone marks the spot, on which is engraved—

WILLIAM COLLINS, AGED 26 YEARS: DROWNED APRIL 7, 18—

VI.

Need I prolong this history? A few sentences will at all events suffice for what remains to be told. The deposition of Carter, who expired a few hours after it was made, sufficed to convince Mr Justice Taunton that for once at least in his life his analytical acumen had misled him. 'It will be an ever-present lesson to me,' said the well-intentioned judge, 'as long as I exist.' That these were not mere words of course, those who remember the issue of a locally-celebrated trial in the north, afterwards presided over by Mr Justice Taunton, in which scrupulosity with respect to circumstantial evidence was pushed by the conscientious judge to so great an extreme as, in the opinion of many persons, to permit the escape from justice of a daring criminal, will readily agree: so prone is the most evenly-balanced mind to run into extremes! Edmund Atherton, before many days had passed, was restored to his home; and, folded in the arms of his excellent, gentle-hearted mother, felt a joy which only those who have been exposed to mortal peril can ever know. He was, if not a sadder,

a wiser man ; and, like all men of constant minds, could in very truth exclaim, ' Sweet are the uses of adversity !'

It was something more than a year after these events when Edmund Atherton and Fanny Leveridge were united in the bands of wedlock in Enfield parish church. The landscape, as the wedding-party issued from the sacred edifice, where the nuptial blessing, constituting the happy lovers man and wife, had been pronounced, laughed and sparkled in the smiles and sunshine of a golden morn of May. The incense of the flowers—the forest's quiet hymn—the glad voices of the rejoicing river—ascended in one harmonious canticle of praise to the Giver of all good. Nature kept holiday, and shed 'selectest influence' upon the loving hearts which beat in grateful unison with her universal psalm of joy. Few persons perhaps of the gay train cared at that moment to believe that sin and sorrow could exist in so fair, so beautiful a world ; and only one—the writer of these pages—heard, as the bridal procession swept in its pride past an obscure, unhonoured grave, the low-toned ejaculation of the exultant bridegroom's mother, ' Poor Collins !' followed by the murmured prayer, ' Lord, lead us not into temptation !'

MEMORABILIA OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IN BRITAIN.

THERE is no period in the history of this country so full of extraordinary occurrences as the seventeenth century. The death of Elizabeth in 1603 put an end to the comparative calm which had for some time existed; and from that period until the accession of William and Mary in 1689, the whole kingdom was convulsed with intestine commotions. The rebellion in Ireland, the civil wars of Scotland, the execution of Charles I., the usurpation of Cromwell, the destruction of the monarchy, the establishment of a commonwealth, the abdication of James II., and again the rebellion in Ireland, form a series of events only to be rivalled perhaps by the history of Europe during the singular year 1848.

Besides events reaching to historical dignity, there was what appears at first sight an extraordinary succession of inferior occurrences—as plagues; tempests, conflagrations, marvellous appearances in the sky, all of which the people believed to be essentially connected with the march of historical events, in as far as every one of them was regarded as a mark of the way in which Providence regarded the doings of statesmen. Many of the narrations of these occurrences are exceedingly curious, both for the nature of the occurrences themselves, and the terms in which they are set forth for popular admiration, as well as the comments made upon them, in which we are presented with a lively illustration of the temper of the popular mind during that age. It is to the more remarkable of these memorabilia that we would now direct attention.

In 1603, the plague, which had suspended its devastations for a considerable period, reappeared in London, and added to the grief of the inhabitants for the death of Queen Elizabeth. In this and the following year no less than 68,596 persons died from that visitation.

In 1607, a terrible flood devastated the south-western counties of England and Wales, whereby twenty-six parishes in Monmouthshire were entirely swept away, and the counties of Somerset, Gloucester, Glamorgan, Cardigan, and Caermarthen, were fearfully overflowed by the sea. During this inundation, 500 persons perished, and many thousands were utterly ruined. The catastrophe was described as follows by a contemporary:—

'Upon Tuesday the 20th of January, 1607, about nine of the clock in the morning, the sun being most fairly and brightly spied, many of the inhabitants prepared themselves to their affairs. There might they see afar off, as it were in the element, huge and mighty hills of water, tumbling one over another, in such sort as if the greatest mountain in the world had overwhelmed the low valleys or marshy grounds. Sometimes it so dazzled the eyes of many of the spectators, that they imagined it had been some fog or mist coming with great swiftness towards them, and with such smoke as if the mountains had been all on fire; and to the view of some it seemed as if millions of thousands of arrows had been shot forth all at one time, which came in such swiftness, as it was verily thought that the fowls of the air could scarcely fly so fast: such was the threatening fury thereof. But as soon as the people perceived that it was the violence of the waters of the raging seas, and that they began to exceed the compass of their accustomed bounds, and making so furiously towards them, happy were they that could make the best and most speed away. But so violent and swift were the outrageous waves, that pursued one another with such vehemency, that in less than five hours' space most part of those countries were all overflowed, and many hundreds of people, both men, women, and children, were then quite drowned by those outrageous waters.'

Not only were dwelling-houses destroyed, but several churches were completely swept away by this flood; and of the bridges between Gloucester and Bristol scarcely one was left standing. The city of Bristol suffered very considerably. The flood happened at the time of the great St Paul's fair held there, when the warehouses were filled with all kinds of stores, and these were more or less damaged by the waters. From the many narrations of hairbreadth escapes we select the following for their quaintness and singularity:—

'The miraculous delivery of a gentleman from death when it had round beset him in the midst of the waters.—A gentleman dwelling within four miles of the sea, betwixt Barnstable and Bristow, walking forth to view his grounds, cast up his eyes to the sea-coast, and on a sudden the hills and valleys, woods and meadows, seemed all to be either removed, or to be buried in the sea, for the waters afar off stood many yards above the earth. Home comes he with all speed, relates to his wife what he has seen, and the assured peril that was preparing to set upon them, and withal counsels her and his whole family to bestir themselves, and to get higher up into the country to some one of his friends. All hands presently laid about them, as if that enemies had been marching to besiege the town, to truss by what they could and be gone. But behold how swift is mischief when God drives it before him to the punishment of the world! The fardels which they had bound up to save from drowning, some of them were glad to leap upon to escape drowning themselves.

'The gentleman, with his wife and children, got up to the highest building of the house. There sat he and they upon two rafters, comforting one another in this misery, when their hearts within them were even dead to themselves from all comfort. They now cared not for their wealth, so they might but go away with their lives; and yet even that very desire of life put him in mind to preserve something by which afterwards they might live—and that was a box of writings wherein were certain bonds and

all the evidences of his lands. This box he tied with cords fast to a rafter, hoping, what wreck soever should overthrow the rest of his substance, his main estate should be found safe, and come to shore in that haven.

'But alas! in the midst of this sorrowful gladness the sea fell with such violence upon the house that it bore away the whole building, rent it in the middle from top to bottom. They that could not get up to the highest rooms were put to a double death—drowning and braining. In this storm the husband and wife lost one another—the children and parents were parted. The gentleman being forced from his hold, got to a beam, sat upon that, and, against his will, rode post some three or four miles, till at length encountering the side of a hill, he crept up. There sat he environed with death, miserably pouring out tears to increase the waters which were already too abundant; and to make him desperate in his sorrows, the tyrannous stream presented unto him the tragedy of his dear wife and dearest children—she, they, and his servants, were worried to their deaths by the torrent before his face, drowned doubly in his tears and in the waves. Yet because he should not be altogether the slave of misfortune in this sea-fight, a little to fetch him to life, which was upon departing, he spied his box of writings, bound up as they were to the rafter, come floating towards him: that he ventured once again to save, and did so, and in the end most miraculously came off likewise with his own life.'

'Of another gentleman that, having a voyage to make on horseback, ended it riding after a strange manner.—There was another gentleman in the same country likewise, who, being newly married, determined on this morning to take his gelding, and to ride forth to a town not many miles distant from his own dwelling, there to be merry. His horse for that purpose stood ready saddled and bridled, and he himself had drawn on one of his boots; but before he could fix his leg to the other, the point of his compass was changed; his voyage by land was to be made by water, or else not at all; for the sea had so begirt the house, broken in, lifted off the doors from their hinges, ran up into all the chambers, and with so dreadful a noise took possession of every room, that he that was all this while but half a horseman, trusted more to his own legs than to the swiftness of his gelding. Up, therefore, he mounts to the very top of all the house. The waters pursued him thither, which he perceiving, got astride over the ridge, and there resolved to save his life. But Neptune, belike, purposing to try him well how he could ride, cut off the main building by the middle, leaving the upper part swimming like a Flemish hoy in foul weather. The gentleman being driven to go what pace that would carry him which he sat upon, held fast by the tiles, and such things as he could best lay hold on, and in this foul weather came he at length, neither on horseback, nor on foot, nor in a vessel fit for the water, to the very town where in the morning he meant to take up his inn.'

'In a place in Monmouthshire there was a maid went to milk her kine in the morning, but before she had fully ended her business, the vehemency of the waters increased, and so suddenly environed her about, that she could not escape hence, but was enforced to make shift up to the top of a high bank to save herself, which she did with much ado, where she was constrained to abide all that day and night in great distress, what with the coldness of the air and waters, and what with other accidents that there

happened unto her. At last some of her friends tied two broad troughs, the one to the other, and put therein two lusty strong men, who, with long poles stirring these troughs as if they had been boats, made great shift to come unto her, and so by this means, by God's help, she was then saved. But now, gentle reader, mark what befell at this time, of the strangeness of other creatures whom the waters had violently oppressed. The hill or bank where the maid abode all that space was all so covered over with wild beasts and vermin, that came thither to seek for succour, that she had much ado to save herself from taking of hurt by them, and much ado she had to keep them from creeping upon and about her. She was not so much in danger of the water on the one side, as she was troubled with those vermin on the other side. The beasts and vermin that were there were these—namely, dogs, cats, moles, foxes, hares, rabbits, yea, and not so much as rats and mice but were there in abundance; and that which is the more strange, the one of them never once offered to annoy the other, although they were deadly enemies by nature the one to another. Yet in this danger of life they not once offered to express their natural enmity, but in a gentle sort they freely enjoyed the liberty of life, which, in mine opinion, was a most wonderful work in nature.'

'A maid child, not passing the age of four years, the mother whereof perceiving the waters to break so fast into her house, and not being able to escape with it, and having no clothes on it, set it upon a beam in the house to save it from being drowned; and the waters rushing in apace, a little chicken, as it seemeth, flew up to it—it being found in the bosom thereof, when as help came to take it down, and by the heat thereof, as it is thought, preserved the child's life in the midst of so cold a tempest. Another little child was cast upon land in a cradle, in which was nothing but a cat, the which was discerned, as it came floating to the shore, to leap still from one side of the cradle unto the other, even as if she had been appointed steersman to preserve the small bark from the waves' fury.'

The record from which we have made these extracts thus lamentingly concludes:—'This merciless water, breaking into the bosom of the firm land, hath proved a fearful punishment, as well to all other living creatures as also to all mankind, which, if it had not been for the merciful promise of God at the last dissolution of the world, by the sign of the rainbow, which is still showed us, we might have verily believed this time had been the very hour of Christ his coming; from which element of water ascended towards us in this fearful manner, good Lord deliver us all, amen!'

The counties of Norfolk, Bedford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Huntingdon, and Kent, were also visited in the most sudden manner about the same time with a similarly-fatal calamity. At Wisbeach, the sea broke in and inundated the town, overthrowing an ancient inn called the Cross Keys, in which numerous guests were assembled. At Yarmouth, the bridge was carried away, and off this coast numberless vessels were wrecked, and their crews lost. At Hobhouse, the wind suddenly blew so violently as to break in the windows of a house, and threw the clothes off the bed in which the man and his wife were sleeping. The man leaped out of bed, and found himself up to the middle in water—so sudden was the inundation. But taking his wife on his shoulders, he succeeded in carrying her away in

safety. At Numby Chappel the whole town was lost except three houses ; and so deep was the water here, that a ship was driven in from sea upon a house—the sailors thinking it had been a rock. The crew were saved by clinging to the ruins of the house ; the church was entirely destroyed, with the exception of the steeple. At Grimsby, the salt-works were dilapidated, and rendered useless ; and the bridge at Wentworth, which appears to have been a model piece of architecture in those times, was swept away. The greatest destruction, however, in this county appears to have been amongst the sheep—several thousands being totally lost. Romney Marsh in Kent was deluged so suddenly, that all the sheep feeding there, ‘one thousand one hundred threescore and two,’ were drowned. The reporter of the period thus points the moral of his record:—‘Reader, thus dost thou behold the wounds of thy bleeding country. The sins of thy own soul have struck it to the heart. There can be no better physician than thy own amendment. Prepare thy receipts, therefore, lest this mother of thine fall sick to the death !’

On the 8th of November 1608 the people ‘of Aberdeen, about 9 p. m., were dreadfully alarmed by an earthquake, on account of which a day of fasting and humiliation was appointed by the magistrates and clergy. The particular sin on account of which this scourge was thought to have been sent was salmon-fishing on Sunday ; and accordingly the proprietors of salmon-fishings were called before the Session, and rebuked in due form. “Some,” says the Session record, “promist absolutely to forbear, both by himself and their servands in time coming ; others promised to forbear, upon the condition subscryvant ; and some plainly refusit any way to forbear,” &c.’

In 1609, a frost which commenced in October lasted for four months, the Thames being so frozen over, that heavy carriages were driven on it. During this time the distress was extreme, but the health of the people was better than for some years.

On the 4th of June 1610, a terrible fire broke out at Bury St Edmunds, in Suffolk, which destroyed 160 houses, and reduced several people to great extremities. About this time also a malignant and putrid fever raged throughout the country, which carried off vast numbers of the people.

On the 26th June 1613 the town of Christ-Church in Hampshire appears to have been the scene of an extraordinary occurrence. During the night, a fearful tempest arose, by which, amongst other damage, a man named John Déane, with his child, was struck by lightning. The great marvel in this matter was, that the poor man’s body, being removed from the bed, and laid in the open street, is reported to have continued burning for the space of three days after ; ‘not that there was any fire to be seen upon him, but a smoke ascended from the carcase until it was consumed to ashes, except only some small show of part of his bones, which were cast into a pit made by the place. Oh fearful judgment !’—concludes the narrator—‘Hearken to this, oh ye that forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you !’

Dorsetshire has been associated in our own time with poverty. It

appears to have occupied a very different position at this period, judging by the following graphic account of a terrible fire which happened at Dorchester on the 6th of August 1613, and destroyed the whole town:— 'Dorchester (as it is well known) is one of the principal places of traffic for western merchants, by which means it grew rich and populous, beautified with many stately buildings and fair streets, flourishing full of all sorts of tradesmen and artificers. Plenty with abundance revelled in her bosom, maintained with a wise and civil government, to the well-deserving commendation of the inhabitants: but now mark how their golden fortunes faded, and their cheerful sun of prosperity eclipsed with the black veil of mournful adversity! For upon the 6th of August last, being Friday, this then flourishing town of Dorchester, about the mid-day, flourished in her greatest state, but before three of the clock in the afternoon she was covered with a garment of red flaming fire, and all their jollity turned into lamentation. This instrument of God's wrath began to take hold first in a tradesman's house; for a tallow-chandler there dwelling making too great a fire under his kettle of lead, took hold upon the melted and boiling tallow in such violent manner, that, without resistance, it fired the whole workhouse. Then began the cry of fire to be spread through the whole town. Man, woman, and child, ran amazedly up and down the streets calling for water, water, so fearfully as if Death's trumpet had sounded a command of present destruction. In like manner the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and villages, at the fearful sight of the red blazing element, ran in multitudes to assist them; but all too late they came, for every street was filled with flame, every house burning beyond help and recovery.

'Dorchester was a famous town, now a heap of ashes for travellers that pass by to sigh at. Oh, Dorchester! well mayest thou mourn for those thy great losses, for never had English town the like unto thee. The value, by the judgment of the inhabitants, without partiality, is reckoned to come to £200,000, besides well near 300 houses, all ruined and burnt to the ground. Only a few dwelling-houses that stand about the church was saved, and withal the church by God's providence preserved for people therein to magnify his name. All the rest of the town was consumed, and converted into a heap of ashes: a loss so unrecoverable, that unless the whole land in pity set to their devotions, it is like never to reobtain the former estate, but continue like ruined Troy or decayed Carthage. God in his mercy raise the inhabitants up again, and grant that, by the mischance of this town, both us, they, and all others may repent us of our sins. Amen.'

In this year also fearful tempests of wind and rain occasioned the most frightful shipwrecks around the coast of England, and the river Thames, as the tide came in, daily exhibited innumerable mangled bodies floating on its surface. At London Bridge several wrecks also occurred. At Great Charte in Kent, on the Sunday after Christmas-day, in this year, 'there fell such a sudden storm of wind, hail, and rain, and there arose and came into the church thereof, even in service-time, such a filthy and contagious stench, that ten men were presently stricken dead for the time, and many were blasted, whereof one died outright with the same. Besides, there fell such a fearful lightning, and such a terrible tempest of thunder and wind, that it put the parishioners and other people that were

present into such distraction of mind and condition (hearing the bells in the steeple to jangle and strike together, and the church steeple itself to be rent and torn in pieces in divers places), that they thought that to be the longest and latest time appointed from Heaven to give end to all their

In October 1621, a most remarkable battle of starlings was fought over the city of Cork, frightening the citizens out of their wits, and inspiring the whole country with terror and wonder as to what it might portend. Our author sets out in his preface by stating to the 'gentle reader,' that 'to report strange or admirable accidents is subject both to danger and disgrace—to danger, in that they may be held as prodigious or ominous; to disgrace, in that they may be reputed fabulous. I need not fear disgrace in reporting so strange an accident to be reputed fabulous, being able to free myself from any suspicion of such an imputation by certificate of letters from right honourable persons in Ireland, where the accident fell out, to right honourable persons at court, and divers in London at this present; as also by the testimony of right honourable and worshipful persons and others of good reputation now in London, who were eye-witnesses, beholding the same during the time it continued.

'To come to the fight of these birds. They mustered together at this above-named city of Cork some four or five days before they fought, every day more and more increasing their armies with greater supplies. Some came from the east, others from the west, and so accordingly they placed themselves—as it were, encamped themselves—eastward and westward about the city. The citizens more curiously observing, noted that from those on the east and from those on the west some twenty or thirty in a company would pass from the one side to the other, as it should seem employed in embassages, for they would fly and hover in the air over the adverse party with strange tunes and noise, and return back again to that side from which, as it seemed, they were sent.

'And further it was observed that during the time they assembled the stares of the east sought their meat eastward, as the stares of the west did the like westward, no one flying in the circuits of the other. These courses and customs continued with them until the 12th of October, which day being Saturday, about nine of the clock in the morning, being a very fair and sunshine day, upon a strange sound and noise made as well on one side as on the other, they forthwith at one instant took wing, and so mounting up into the skies, encountered one another with such a terrible shock as the sound amazed the whole city and all the beholders. Upon this sudden and fierce encounter there fell down into the city and into the river multitudes of stares, some with wings broken, some with legs and necks broken, some with eyes picked out, some their bills thrust into the breasts and sides of their adversaries in so strange a manner, that it were incredible, except it were confirmed by letters of credit and by eye-witnesses with that assurance which is without all exception. Upon the first encounter, they withdrew themselves backward east and west, and with like eagerness and fury encountered several times, upon all which these stares fell down in like strange and admirable manner as upon the first encounter. They continued this most admirable and violent battle till a little before night,

at which time they seemed to vanish, so that all Sunday the 13th of October none appeared about the city.

'Upon Monday the 14th of October they made their return again, and at the same time, the day being as fair a sunshine day as it was the Saturday before; they mounted into the air, and encountered each other with like violent assaults as formerly they had done, and fell into the city upon the houses, and into the river, wounded and slaughtered in like manner as is before reported; but at this last battle there was a kite, a raven, and a crow, all three found dead in the streets, rent, torn, and mangled.'

In 1622, on the 14th of February, a terrible accident occurred at Blackfriars in London, which obtained the name of 'The Fatal Vespers.' The Roman Catholics had met in considerable numbers to celebrate the mass, when the floor giving way, the whole congregation were suddenly engulfed, and upwards of a hundred persons lost their lives. Tregnic, a market-town in Cornwall, was on the 22d of December in the same year the scene of a remarkable appearance in the heavens.

'About eleven of the clock before noon, the sun being under a cloud, it was observed that from the body of the sun there proceeded a more scattered and dispersed light than was wont, as if the body of the planet had been greater than it had formerly been. But this being attributed to the brightness of some cloud between him and us, little notice was taken thereof, till about a quarter of an hour after this diffused light seemed to concentrate, as it were, and gather to three heads, which in short space appeared to the beholders to be three suns of equal lustre and brightness, and placed as near as could be in a triangle, all shining clear, and scattering their beams with so great light as that the eye of man could not far see upon any one of them more than another. And yet, which is more remarkable, the light of the day was not increased otherwise than in a clear sunshine day at such time of the year it is accustomed to be; so that they who were in their homes could not, by reason of any such symptom, take notice thereof. This strange and extraordinary sight made the people, who were assembled in great numbers that day (as being market-day), to forsake the streets and other places, where anything might interpose between it and them, and so betake themselves into open places whence they might the better discern it; when they with great fear and amazement did a great while gaze upon it, not being able to discern which was the natural sun, and which is adventitious and mimic reflections. They that were of better judgment guessed them to be distant one from the other about two degrees, or two and one-third. At the same time, and so long as these three suns appeared, there were seen in the air, just opposite unto them, and almost due north, three rainbows, two of which were the one within the other; but the third, against the course of nature, had his centre in the zenith of that place, and was almost contiguous unto the other two, having his back almost joined to theirs. That rainbows should appear, we know to be no wonder; and that so many rainbows as suns, we believe it possible; but that any rainbow should be greater than a semicircle, or have his centre above our horizon, is a thing which elder times have not been so well acquainted withal. These suns and these rainbows continued in the manner above-said from a quarter of an hour after eleven until half

an hour after twelve; at what time the light of the suns beginning by little and little to grow weak, the thick cloud got the victory over them, and took them away from the eyes of the beholders; and at the same time also the rainbows, their attendants, vanished, and left the day a little troubled (but much more the minds of the people); and yet, about one of the clock, the sun broke out again in his wonted and accustomed manner, and the rest of the day was clear, and free from clouds.' It will at once occur to the scientific reader that the triple sun and rainbows here described were nothing more than the *parhelia*, or mock-suns, and the *haloes* of the meteorologist. Those haloes are coloured rainbow-like rings, which surround the sun at considerable distances from his body. Two of them may be seen at once, the one about double the distance of the other; and sometimes a third, at twice the distance of the second, and about 90 degrees, or a quarter of a circle, from the sun. The smaller circles are generally coloured, the red being innermost. They are supposed to arise from the action of the icy particles in the upper air upon the rays of light. Those particles naturally aggregate into needles, or prisms of three or six sides; and the refraction of the light through them would account for the colours of the rings, and for the distance at which they stand from the sun. *Parhelia*, or mock-suns, and *paraselenæ*, or mock-moons, are supposed to be owing to refraction from the same icy particles.

'Since this strange apparition,' continues our quaint and marvel-loving authority, 'there happened in Devonshire, not far from Tregmie, another wonder, which did as much affright the ears of men as this did their eyes; for in the afternoon of that day, being Thursday after Twelfth-Day, there were heard in the air unusual cracks or claps of thunder, resembling the sound of many drums together—sometimes beating charges, sometimes retreats, sometimes marches, and all other points of war, which, after it had continued a good time, it seemed that the same thunder did most lively express many volleys of small shot, and afterward the like volleys of ordnance with so great and yet so distinct noise, that many of them who dwelt near the sea went toward the shore to see what it might mean, as verily supposing it had been some great sea-fight near upon that coast. These several fearful noises were again and again renewed in the same order, till at length, with a horrible and extraordinary crack of thunder, there fell in a ground of one Robert Pierce, where there were divers workmen planting apple-trees, a thunderbolt, if I may so call it, being a stone of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in breadth, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet in thickness, the substance whereof was in hardness and in colour not much unlike a flint. After the fall of this stone, which, with the weight thereof, was clean buried in the ground above a yard deep, the thunder ceased, and people began as much to wonder at that which they now saw as they had lately done at that which, with so much fear and amazement, they had heard.' The so-called thunderbolt was of course an aerolite—a phenomenon with which scientific observers are now more familiar. Many of these stones have been procured, and chemically examined, and found to be quite unlike any mineral of terrestrial origin, containing, as all of them do, malleable metallic iron, nickel, and chrome. Hence the most likely theory of their derivation is, that they are fragments flying through space, under the influence of the same forces which sustain the planetary motions; and that

they sometimes come within the sphere of the earth's attraction, so as to be drawn down to its surface. There is every reason to believe that the planets, satellites, and comets, are not the only bodies which move round the sun, and lie within the solar system: they are merely the large conspicuous masses; while millions of others may exist, too small to be descried on ordinary occasions, and making themselves known only by falling upon the earth. The illuminated appearance of aerolites is supposed to be owing to the extraordinary friction that they cause in passing through the air with such a velocity as they must possess.

On the 27th of March 1625 Charles I. ascended the throne, and in June of the same year London was again visited with the plague, which swept away 35,417 persons. On the 30th of June 1626 there were earthquakes in various parts of the kingdom; but the damage was trifling, and principally confined to alarming the people. In 1628, a miraculous apparition was seen in the air at Balkin Green, near Hatford, in Berkshire. 'So benumbed we are in our senses,' says the narrator of the occurrence, 'that albeit God himself holla in our ears, we by our wills are loath to hear him. His dreadful pursuivants of thunder and lightning terrify us so long as they have us in their fingers, but being off, we dance and sing in the midst of our follies. . . . Dangers have not the skill to fright us; death only is the man that can do good upon us; and yet, though death knocks at our very doors, nay, albeit we see him sit at our bedside, yet the hope of life plays her idle, vain, and wanton music under our windows. . . . Look up and see a new wonder: the name of the town is Hatford (in Berkshire), some eight miles from Oxford. Over this town, upon Wednesday, being the 9th of this instant month of April 1628, about five of the clock in the afternoon, this miraculous, prodigious, and fearful handiwork of God was presented to the astonishable amazement of all the beholders. In an instant was heard first a hideous rumbling in the air, and presently followed a strange and fearful peal of thunder, running up and down these parts of the country, but it struck with the loudest violence, and more furious tearing of the air, about a place called the White Horse Hill. The whole order of this thunder carried a kind of majestical state with it, for it maintained (to the affrighted beholders' seeming) the fashion of a fought or pitched battle.

'It began thus: first, for an onset, went on one great cannon, as it were, of thunder, alone, like a warning-piece to the rest that were to follow. Then, a little while after, was heard a second; and so by degrees a third; until the number of twenty were discharged or thereabouts, in very good order, though in very great terror. In some little distance of time after this was audibly heard the sound of a drum beating a retreat. Amongst all these angry peals shot off from heaven, this begat a wonderful admiration, that at the end of the report of every crack or cannon-thundering a hissing noise made way through the air, not unlike the flying of bullets from the mouths of great ordnance. And by the judgment of all the terror-stricken witnesses they were thunderbolts. For one of them was seen by many people to fall at a place called Balkin-Green, being $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Hatford, which thunderbolt was by one Mrs Green caused to be digged out of the ground, she being an eye-witness, amongst

many other, of the manner of the falling. The form of this stone is three-square, and picked at the end; in colour outwardly blackish, somewhat like iron, crusted over with that blackness about the thickness of a shilling. Within it is soft, of a gray colour, mixed with some kind of mineral, shining like small pieces of glass. This stone broke in the fall: the whole piece is in weight $19\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.: the greater piece that fell off weigheth 5 lbs., which, with other small pieces being put together, make 24 lbs. and better. At the hearing of this horrid thunder all men (especially about Sheffington) were so terrified, that they fell on their knees, and not only thought, but said, that verily the day of judgment was come. Neither did these fears take hold only of the people, but even beasts had the selfsame feeling and apprehension of danger, running up and down, and bellowing, as if they had been mad. Many other thunder-stones, though not so big, have also been digged up. Howsoever, it is not fit that any man should take upon him to write too broad and busy comments on any such texts as these. Let us not be so daring as to pry into the closet of God's determinations. His works are full of wonders, and not to be examined. Let us not be so foolish as turn almanack-makers, and to prognosticate, prophesy, foredoom, or foretell, what shall happen, fair or foul, to our own kingdom or any other—scarcity or plenty, war or peace—for such giddy-brained meddlers shoot their arrows beyond the moon.'

During this storm, 'a pond of water at Petworth, about half a mile off, was turned into blood. Some of the blood was brought to London, and shown to many, who did dip their handkerchiefs in it, which did stain them in colour like blood. This blood had a very loathsome and stinking flavour.' Such blood prodigies are now readily accounted for by the presence and rapid increase of certain microscopic fungi and animalcules. In some instances, as proved by Ehrenberg, the redness arises from such animalcules as the *Monas prodigiosa*; and in others from minute fungi, as the *Protococcus monas* and *Oideum aurantiacum*, which greatly resemble the infusoria, and, like them, increase, under favourable circumstances, with astonishing rapidity.

On the 29th of May 1630, the day on which Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II.) was born, a bright star appeared, and shone the whole day. In 1636, the plague, as the forerunner of the troubles which were to follow, appeared in London, and raged with great severity. 'Upon Sunday the 21st October 1638, in the parish church of Wydecombe, near the Dartmoors in Devonshire, there fell suddenly, in time of divine service, a strange darkness, so that the people there assembled could not see; and as suddenly, in a fearful and lamentable manner, a mighty thundering was heard, the rattling whereof did much answer the sound of many great cannons, and terrible strange lightnings, therewith greatly amazing those that heard and saw it; the darkness increasing more and more, till no man could see his neighbour, so black as midnight was the darkness. Then the extraordinary lightning came into the church, so flaming, that the whole church was presently filled with fire and smoke, the smell whereof was very loathsome, much like unto the scent of brinstone, which so affrighted the whole congregation, that the most part of them fell down into their seats, and some upon their knees, some on their faces, and some upon one

another, with a great cry of burning and scalding, they all giving themselves up for dead, supposing the last judgment-day was come, and that they had been in the very flames of hell.

'The minister of the parish, Master George Lyde, being in the pulpit, or seat where prayers are read, however he might be much astonished herent, yet through God's mercy had no other harm at all in his body: but to his much grief and amazement beheld afterwards the lamentable accidents wherunto he giveth this testimony. And although himself was not touched, yet the lightning seized upon his poor wife; fired her ruff and linen next her body, and her clothes, to the burning of many parts of her body in a very pitiful manner. And one Mistress Ditford, sitting in the pew with Master Lyde's wife, was also much scalded; but the maid and child, sitting at the pew-door, had no harm. Another woman adventuring to run out of the church had her clothes set on fire, and was not only strangely burned and scorched, but had her flesh torn about her back almost to the very bones. Another woman had her flesh so torn, and her body so grievously burned, that she died. One Master Hill, a gentleman of good account in the parish, sitting in his seat by the chancel, had his head suddenly smitten against the wall, through the violence whereof he died, no other hurt being found about his body; but his son, sitting in the same seat, had no harm, nor saw his father when he was hurt, this by reason of the darkness. There was also a man who was warrener unto Sir Richard Reynolds; his head was cloven, his skull rent into three pieces, and his brains thrown upon the ground scooped out whole; and the hair of his head, through the violence of the blow at first given him, did stick fast unto the pillar or wall of the church, and in the place a deep bruise into the wall, as if it were shot against with a cannon or bullet. Many other persons were then blasted and burnt, and so grievously scalded and wounded, that since that time they have died thereof.

'And as all this hurt was done upon the bodies of men and women, so the hurt also that was then done unto the church was remarkable. There were some seats in the body of the church turned upside down, and yet they which sate upon them had little or no hurt. Also a boy sitting on a seat had his hat on, and near the one half thereof was cut off, and he had no hurt. And one man going out at the chancel-door, a dog running out before him, was whirled about towards the door, and fell down stark dead. Also the church itself was much torn and defaced; and a beam also was burst in the midst, and fell down between the minister and clerk, and hurt neither; and a weighty great stone near the foundation of the church was torn out and removed, and the steeple itself was much rent. And where the church was much rent there was least hurt done unto the people; and not any one was hurt by the falling of wood or stone but a maid of Manaton, which came thither to see some friends; whom Master Frynd, the coroner, by circumstances, supposed she was killed with a stone. There were also stones thrown from the tower, and carried about a great distance from the church, as thick as if a hundred men had been there throwing; and a number of them of such weight and bigness, that the strongest man cannot lift them. Also one pinnacle of the tower was torn down, and broke through into the church. The terrible lightning having passed, all the people being in a wonderful maze, so that they spake not one word, by and by one Master

Ralph Rouse stood up, and saying these words, "Neighbours and friends, in the name of God shall we venture out of the church?" To which Master Lyde answering, said, "It is best to make an end of prayers—for it were better to die here than in another place;" but they looking about them, and seeing the church so terribly rent and torn, durst not proceed in their public devotions, but went forth of the church. And as all this was done within the church, and unto the church, so without the church there fell such store of hail and such hailstones, that for quantity they were judged to be as big as turkeys' eggs; some of them were of five, some of six, and some of seven ounces weight.'

'Upon Thursday the 7th February 1633 there began a great storm of snow, with horrible high winds, which was noted to be universal throughout Scotland. This hideous wind overturned countrymen's houses, and some persons smothered therein without relief. This outrageous storm stopped the ordinary course of ebbing and flowing on sundry waters, by the space of twenty-four hours, such as the waters of Leith, Dundee, Montrose, and other parts, which signified great troubles to be in Scotland, as after over-truly came to pass.'

'Upon the 30th day of December, anno 1641, there did appear in the sight of the inhabitants of the city of Dublin a prodigious apparition in the firmament, the similitude whereof I shall truly demonstrate in this present declaration. There appeared a great host of armed men in the likeness of horse and foot, and according to human supposition, they seemed to be innumerable, when especially were notified to the eye of the aforesaid beholders of the city of Dublin a train of artillery with great ordnance and field-pieces, as necessary for a battle, where also was presented, to the amazement of the beholders, gunners giving fire in direful and hideous manner, that the very likeness of the flames thereof struck the beholders with great terror and admiration.' In all likelihood one of those optical phenomena which depend on atmospheric refraction—arising in this instance from the forces engaged in the then Rebellion.

'At Dublin, on Christmas eve, in the same year, was a strange wonder seen about four o'clock in the afternoon. It growing dark, such an incalculable number of sea-gulls, ravens, and crows assembled together, croaking and picking over our heads in so strange a hideous manner, that they astonished all the inhabitants, and thus continued till six at night, being an hour, especially at this time of the year, that fowl are seldom seen or heard abroad. Nay, the shooting of many muskets, and of divers pieces from the castle, could not affright or scare them away; nay, we in my conscience were more afraid of them than they of us. What it should mean I cannot divine, but the oldest man in Dublin never saw the like. But by this we have good cause to conjecture that God, by those apparitions, foretells his judgments in signs and wonders, which, without speedy repentance, we have cause to fear will suddenly come upon us.'

In 1642 the Irish Rebellion, which had broken out in the latter part of the preceding year, was at its height, and by the 1st of March 154,000 Protestants were massacred. Before the suppression in September of the following year, no less than 300,000 were destroyed or driven forth from

their habitations. This terrible slaughter being charged in some measure to the king, embittered the disputes between Charles and his parliament, and helped much to bring on the wars which afterwards embroiled the whole kingdom.

In the same year 'strange news' was received from Suffolk. The evidence appears to have been sufficiently conclusive. Doubtless the minds of men were impressed not only with the civil commotions around them, but with fearful anticipations of impending bloodshed. By the following it will appear that the corroboration of this 'news' was not from the lips of the ignorant:—'I instance in a strange but very true relation of what happened betwixt the two towns of Woodbridge and Aldborough in Suffolk, as it hath been made manifest to some of the members of the honourable House of Commons, and is attested also by divers people of good worth, who were ear-witnesses and eye-witnesses of the same, and will be further attested by the whole corporation of Aldborough; and thus it was:—Upon Thursday, the 4th day of August 1642, about the hour of four or five o'clock in the afternoon, there was a wonderful noise heard in the air, as of a drum beating most fiercely, which after a while was seconded with a long peal of small shot, and after that a discharging, as it were, of great ordnance in a pitched field. This continued, with some vicissitudes of small shot and great ordnance, for the space of one hour and a-half, and then making a mighty and violent report altogether. At the ceasing thereof there was observed to fall down out of the sky a stone of about 4 lbs. weight, which was taken up by them who saw it fall, and shown to a worthy member of the House of Commons, upon whose ground it was taken up.' Another aerolite of course, the fall and discovery of which is told in the following clear and circumstantial manner:—

'Now the manner of finding this stone was on this wise: one Captain Pherson, and one Marker Thompson, men well known in that part of Suffolk, were that day at Woodbridge about the launching of a ship that was newly builded there, who, hearing this marvellous noise towards Aldborough, verily supposed that some enemy was landed, and some sudden onset made upon the town. This occasioned them to take horse, and hasten homewards, the rather because they heard the noise of the battle grow louder. And being at that instant when that greatest crack and report was made in conclusion on their way upon a heath betwixt the two towns, they observed the fall of this stone, which, grazing in the fall of it along upon the heath some six or seven yards, had outrun their observation where it rested, had not a dog, which was in their company, followed in by the scent as was hot, and brought them where it lay, covered over with grass and earth that the violence of its course had contracted about it. This is the true relation of the finding of this stone, which is 8 inches long, and 5 inches broad, and 2 thick. And now being on their way, nearer Aldborough, they met the greatest part of their townsfolk, who were generally all run out of their houses round about, amazed with this noise of war, and descrying no enemy near, when suddenly there was heard a joyful noise, as of music and sundry instruments in a melodious manner for a good space together, which ended as with a harmonious ringing of bells. This is the true relation of this most strange sign from Heaven. The Lord

God of heaven and earth, who steers the course of all human affairs, have mercy upon this sinful land and nation !'

In 1642, on the 23d of October, the great battle between the Royalists and the Parliamentary forces was fought at Edgehill, near Northampton, in which upwards of 5000 men were slain. In the same year 'a great wonder in the heavens' was seen at the same place.

'On the Saturday before Christmas-day, 1642, between twelve and one o'clock, was heard the sound of drums afar off, and the noise of soldiers, as it were giving out their last groans. Then suddenly appeared in the air the same incorporeal soldiers that made those clamours; and immediately with ensigns displayed, drums beating, muskets going off, cannons discharged, horses neighing, the alarm or entrance to this game of death was struck up, one army which gave the first charge having the king's colours, and the other the parliament's, in their head or front of their battles, and so pell-mell to it they went; the battle that appeared to belong to the king's forces seeming at first to have the best, but afterwards to be put into apparent rout; but till two or three in the morning, in equal scale, continued this dreadful fight—the clattering of arms, crying of soldiers, and the noise of cannons so terrifying the poor beholders, that they could not believe they were mortal, or give credit to their ears and eyes. After some three hours' fight, that army which carried the king's colours withdrew, or rather appeared to fly; the other, remaining as it were masters of the field, stayed a good space, triumphing and expressing all the signs of joy and conquest, and then, with all their drums, trumpets, ordnance, and soldiers, vanished. The poor beholders, glad that they were gone who had stayed so long against their wills, made with all haste to Keinton, knocking up Mr Wood, a justice of the peace, who called up his neighbour, Mr Marshall, the minister, to whom they gave an account of the whole passage, and averred it upon their oaths to be true. At which, being much amazed, they would have conjectured the men to be mad or drunk, had they not known some of them to have been of approved integrity; and so suspending their judgments till the next night about the same hour, they, with the same men, and all the substantial inhabitants, drew thither, when about half an hour after their arrival, on Sunday, being Christmas night, appeared in the same tumultuous warlike manner the same two adverse armies, fighting with as much spite and spleen as formerly, and so departed. The gentlemen and all the spectators, much terrified with these visions of horror, withdrew themselves to their houses, beseeching God to defend them from those prodigious enemies. The next night they appeared not, nor all that week; but on the ensuing Saturday night they were again seen, with far greater tumult—fighting in the manner aforementioned for four hours, or very near, and then vanished, appearing again on Sunday night, and performing again the same actions of hostility and bloodshed, insomuch that both Mr Wood and others forsook their habitations thereabout, and retired themselves to other more secure dwellings; but Mr Marshall stayed, and some other, and so successively the next Saturday and Sunday the same tumults and prodigious sights and actions were put in the state and condition they were formerly. The rumour whereof coming to his majesty at Oxford, he immediately despatched thither Colonel Lewis Kirke, Captain

Dudley, Captain Wainman, and three other gentlemen of credit, to take the full view and notice of the said business, who, first hearing the true attestation of Mr Marshall and others, stayed there till Saturday night following, wherein they heard and saw the forementioned prodigies, and so on Sunday, distinctly knowing divers of the apparitions or incorporeal substances by their faces, as that of Sir Edmund Varney, and others that were slain in this delusive fight, of which, upon oath, they made testimony to his majesty. What this does portend God only knoweth, and time perhaps will discover; but doubtlessly it is a sign of his wrath against this land for these civil wars, which he in his good time finish, and send a sudden peace between his majesty and parliament!' We now proceed to memorabilia which are chiefly of a different character from the preceding.

On the 27th December 1648 a solemn fast was held at Westminster to seek the Lord, and beg his direction in the proceedings against the king. On this occasion an inspired (?) virgin was brought out of Hertfordshire, who declared she had a revelation from God requiring her to encourage the parliament to proceed with their design against the king.

The 30th of January in this year will be for ever memorable for the martyrdom of King Charles I. 'As the news of his death was made known through the country,' says Echard, 'many persons of both sexes fell into palpitations, swoonings, and melancholy, and some with sudden consternation expired.' This was the crowning event of the first half of this remarkable century, and the signal for the most bitter civil commotions in the history of our country.

Echard, reviewing this time, says—'Thus was the fatal year 1648 completed, at which period of time it may be proper to rest and take a short view of the actions and behaviour of the princes of Christendom at this calamitous turn of affairs. Instead of threatening, and combining to take vengeance against the destroyers of a sovereign brother, they hastened to become sharers in the spoils of a murdered monarch. Cardinal Mazarin, afterwards governor of France, and an admirer of Cromwell, sent to be admitted as a merchant to traffic in the purchase of the best goods and jewels of the rifled crown; of which he bought the rich beds, hangings, and carpets which furnished his palace at Paris. The king of Spain's ambassador, as soon as the dismal murder was over, purchased as many pictures and other precious goods belonging to the crown as were carried upon eighteen mules from the Groyne to Madrid. Christina, queen of Sweden, bought the choice of all the medals and jewels, and some pictures of great price, and received the parliament's agents with great joy and pomp, and made an alliance with them. The Archduke Leopold, governor of Flanders, disbursed great sums for many of the best paintings which adorned the several palaces of the king, which were all brought to him to Brussels, and from thence carried by him into Germany. Thus did the neighbouring princes join to assist Cromwell with treasure, which enabled him to prosecute and finish his impious designs, while they enriched and adorned themselves with the ruins of the surviving heir, without applying any part to his relief in the greatest necessities that ever king sustained. And what was still more wondered at, not one of all these princes ever repaid any of their unlawful purchases after the Restoration.'

In 1649, a famine, which destroyed numbers of people, and produced very great distress, occurred in Lancashire, and was followed immediately afterwards by the plague. In 1650, the plague ravaged Ireland throughout the year, and on the 2d of July broke out in Shrewsbury.

On the 3d of September 1651 the famous battle of Worcester was fought, in which Charles II.'s forces were routed, 3000 killed, and 6000 or 7000 taken prisoners. The following extraordinary event is recorded by Echard upon the authority of Colonel Lindsay:—"On this memorable morning the general (Cromwell) took Colonel Lindsay (who was his intimate friend, and the senior captain of Cromwell's own regiment) to a woodside not far from the army, and bade him alight and follow him into that wood, and to take particular notice of what he saw and heard. After having alighted and secured their horses, and walked some little way into the wood, Lindsay began to turn pale, and to be seized with horror from some unknown cause, upon which Cromwell asked him how he felt himself. He answered that he was in such a trembling and consternation, that he had never felt the like in all the conflicts and battles he had ever engaged in, but whether it proceeded from the gloominess of the place or the temperature of his body he knew not. "How now?" said Cromwell. "What, troubled with the vapours? Come forward, man!" They had not gone above twenty yards further before Lindsay on a sudden stood still, and cried out, "By all that is good, I am seized with such unaccountable terror and astonishment that it is impossible for me to stir a step further!" Upon which Cromwell called him faint-hearted fool, and bade him "stand there and observe or be witness." And then the general, advancing alone to some distance from him, met a grave, elderly man, with a roll of parchment in his hand, who delivered it to Cromwell, and he eagerly perused it. Lindsay, a little recovered from his fear, heard several loud words pass between them; particularly Cromwell said, "This is but for seven years; I was to have had it for one-and-twenty; and it must and shall be so." The other told him positively that it could not be for more than seven. Upon which Cromwell cried with great fierceness, "It shall, however, be for fourteen years." But the other peremptorily declared, "It could not possibly be for any longer time; and if he would not take it so, there were others that would." Upon which Cromwell at last took the parchment; and returning to Lindsay with great joy in his countenance, he cried, "Now, Lindsay, the battle is our own! I long to be engaged." Returning out of the wood, they rode to the army—Cromwell with a resolution to engage as soon as possible, and the other with the design to leave the army as soon. After the first charge, Lindsay deserted his post, and rode away with all possible speed, day and night, till he came into the county of Norfolk, to the house of an intimate friend, one Mr Thorowgood, minister of the parish of Grimstone. Cromwell, as soon as he missed him, sent all ways after him, with a promise of a great reward to any that should bring him alive or dead. When Mr Thorowgood saw his friend Lindsay come into his yard, his horse and himself much tired, in a sort of maze he said, "How now, colonel? We hear there is likely to be a battle shortly. What! fled from your colours?" "A battle," said Lindsay; "yes, there has been a battle, and I am sure the king is beaten. But if ever I strike

a stroke for Cromwell again, may I perish eternally! For I am sure he has made a league with the devil, and the devil will have him in due time." Then desiring his protection from Cromwell's inquisitors, he went in, and related to him the story in all its circumstances, concluding with these remarkable words, that "Cromwell would certainly die that day seven years that the battle was fought." It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that Cromwell died that day seven years—namely, September 3, 1658. Still less necessary can it be to express our belief that, but for that fact, we should never have heard of the above story.

On the 5th March 1651 'the sea broke into the marshes at Saal, near Yarmouth, with such violence, that it drowned the greater part of the country, and all the cattle. The ships that lay at anchor in the river of Saal were greatly endangered, some breaking their cables; others, not having time to weigh anchor, cut their cables, putting out to sea; yet notwithstanding many were driven ashore and wrecked.'

In the year 1652 a singular circumstance occurred in Wergins Meadow, in Herefordshire. From this meadow, which stood between Hereford and Sutton, two bond-stones were removed by some unknown agency to about two hundred and forty paces distant, and it required nine yoke of oxen to draw each of them to its former position.

Andrew Nicoll, an honest citizen of Edinburgh, who was at the trouble to keep a diary of the occurrences of his time, was much affected by the calamities which befell his country at the end of the civil war, when it fell under the iron rule of Cromwell. He says, 'In all ages and generations, it has been observed that before the extirpation of kings and kingdoms, and desolation of states and monarchies, there has been seen prodigious and ominous signs to betoken and forerun the same.' After enumerating those which Josephus describes as heralding the fall of Jerusalem, he goes on—'So likewise in our time, before the troubles of this nation and kingdom of Scotland began, these prodigies fell out among others—namely, the shower of blood in the south; the three stars that fell down above the three honours of the kingdom [the crown, sceptre, and sword], as they were in the way transporting frae Dalkeith to Edinburgh, prognosticating the falling of the monarchical government from the royal family for a time; the great flash of light that fell from the heavens upon the 18th of December 1639, betwixt seven and aught at night, at the Earl of Traquair's incoming to Dalkeith frae London with the king's commission; the drying up of the hail wells in Edinburgh in 1643 before the pest began; and sundry visions of armies marching in the air; all of them being prodigious. So it fell out upon the person of King Charles I., wha was beheaded, and upon his son Charles II., wha was forced to take banishment upon him, and fly to other countries for his life. It fell out also in this kind upon the kingdom of Scotland, whilk was totally subdued by the sword, and brought to great misery; their towns and cities taken, and garrisons put thereintill, their hid treasures and secret riches given up into the hands of their adversaries, and many thousand put to the edge of the sword both in the Highlands and Lowlands.'

The historian is too apt to neglect these things. Viewing the terms in which they are spoken of by the simple private annalists of the time, we

cannot doubt that they had a great effect upon the public mind, and in no small degree determined the course of political events.

'In February 1652 there was a great eclipse of the sun about nine hours of the forenoon, on a Monday. The earth was much darkened; the like, as thought by astrologers, was not since the darkness at our Lord's passion. The country-people, tilling, loosed their ploughs, and thought it had been the latter day; some of the stars were seen; and the birds clapped to the ground.' Such was the observation made on this eclipse in Scotland, where it was probably more complete than in England, and where afterwards it was remembered as the *Mirk Monunday*.

On the 3d September 1654, the anniversary of the battle of Worcester and the battle of Dunbar, Cromwell's second parliament was summoned to meet; and although it fell on a Sunday, Cromwell, regarding the day auspicious to him, insisted on the prescribed form being observed. 'Between nine and ten of the clock of the same night there was seen at Hull, in Yorkshire, this strange, terrible, and unwonted apparition:—On a sudden the sky seemed to be of a fiery colour, and there immediately appeared in the air, in the east, a huge body of pikemen, several parties marching before as a forlorn-hope. Suddenly was beheld in the west another army, the which seemed to march towards the eastern army with all possible speed. And then first there was the representation of some skirmishes between parties of each army, as the forlorn-hope. Afterwards both parties did engage, and furiously charged each other with their pikes, breaking through one the other backwards and forwards in such dreadful sort as the beholders were stricken with terror thereat. Besides, such was the order of their battle, as the wings of each army came in to relieve their bodies, and each had their reserves, who accordingly came in, so that for half a quarter of an hour there was a most terrible fight, in which the eastern army appeared to have the worst. Both these armies appeared of a red colour. Within a little while there appeared from the north-west another army greater than the former, which marched directly to the place where the former battle was fought. This army was black, and here was perceived horse as well as foot. And now began another battle far exceeding the former for fierceness and cruelty. From the black army there went off muskets and cannons, insomuch that they clearly discerned the fire and smoke thereof. This battle was between the black and the eastern red army. These two armies thus engaged broke through one another, forward and backward, but the black seemed still to have the best. But before both bodies met there were several skirmishes of parties both black and red, as in the former battle; and when both armies did encounter, there were fire and smoke, as if a dozen cannons had been discharged together. A little beneath these armies, not far from the earth, appeared horsemen; but amongst them could only be perceived the rising of fire and smoke, and a multitude of spears, as it were, standing upright. This latter battle continued a little longer than the former, the black driving the red before them till all the red vanished out of their sight, and the black remained, who in a little time after departed, and were not any more seen. Reader, what interpretation thou wilt make of this apparition I know not, neither shall I add anything of mine own to the relation; only take

notice (and believe it) it is no fiction nor scarecrow, but a thing real, and far beyond what is here reported, for the spectators (such was their astonishment) could not recollect so much as they saw afterwards to make a true report of. D'Alva, being asked whether he had seen the blazing star which appeared at that time, made answer that he had so many earthly employments lying on his hands, as he had neither time nor leisure to look up to see what God was doing in the heavens. I wish it be not so with too many at this time.' In this instance of undoubted atmospheric refraction the narrator seems to have mistaken the date—the phenomenon clearly arising from some of the encounters which took place in previous years between the Royalist and Parliamentary forces. [For examples and explanations of atmospheric refraction, see Kaemtz, Brocklesby, or any other popular writer on meteorology.]

'On Wednesday, July 8, 1657, about three of the clock in the afternoon, there happened a very rare and admirable thing at Bulkley, some nine miles off from Chester—a parcel of land belonging to the Lord Cholmondeley did sink into the earth. It was a little rise of land higher than the rest; there were goodly oaks on it, which were ten yards high in the body (so the letters do expressly mention), before you come to the branch: these, with some other trees, did sink down with the earth into a water suddenly prepared to receive them underneath. The fall they made was hideous, representing thunder or a well-laden cannon. It is certified that although those trees were of a great height, yet the waters they fell into are so extremely deep, that there is not so much as a branch or a top sprig of any of them to be seen. In the meantime this earth that sunk down into the deep did by its ponderous fall gain such an advantage of the earth round about it, that it is all cracked and full of flaws; and when any piece of it doth follow the temptation of the other that is already sunk, and is tumbling down after it, there is heard a noise like to the report of a cannon at some great solemnity. Some of the people were persuaded to go to the mouth of the hollow, and one or two were let down with ropes to see what they could discover, but they unfortunately called to be plucked up again. They discovered, as they said, a great flood of water, and heard a noise agreeable thereunto, but not anything of the trees—neither root, branch, nor top is to be seen. This argues the waters to be of extreme depth, and so the hollow descent unto them it is conceived to be; which, by the reverberation of the air, is the occasion of the hideous noise that is made when any ponderous substance is falling into it. In this judgment the mercy of God is remarkable, for He might as well have made us as the banks of trees the examples of his indignation and displeasure.'

On September 3, 1658, Cromwell died on the anniversary of his two most famous battles. Of his death Echard, from whom we have already quoted, says—'Thus died the mighty Cromwell, aged fifty-nine years and a little above four months—a person who, after he had run through so many difficulties and dangers, escaped so many plots and conspiracies, and committed so many infernal and flagrant crimes, yielded up his last breath in bed. But as if all the elements as well as mankind had waited for this important opportunity, it was ushered in with the most prodigious storm of wind that ever had been known, which overthrew great numbers of trees and houses, made dreadful wrecks at sea, and the tempest was so uni-

versal, that the effects of it were very terrible in France, the Netherlands, and foreign countries, where all people trembled at it, for besides the wrecks all along the seacoast, many boats were cast away in the very rivers. Besides, there seemed something preternatural as to the very body of this brave, wicked man; for notwithstanding it was artificially embowelled and embalmed with aromatic odours, wrapt also in a sixfold cerecloth, and put in a sheet of lead, with a strong wooden coffin over it, yet in a short time it fermented after such an unheard-of manner, that it burst all in pieces, and became so insufferably noisome, that they were immediately necessitated to commit it to the earth, and afterwards to celebrate his famous funeral with an empty coffin.'

We now come to 'The true relation of a strange and very wonderful thing that was heard in the air October 12, 1658, by many hundreds of people:—'As the Lord sees what a deep sleep is seized upon us as no low voice will awaken us, so he is pleased to roar aloud from heaven, intending thereby (in all likelihood) either to rouse us up out of our present security, or to leave us the more without excuse in the day of his fierce wrath. Now I come to relate the matter, the which was thus:—Upon the 12th day of October, in the afternoon, there was heard by some hundreds of people in Holderness Holden, and about Hull, and several other places in Yorkshire, first, three great pieces of ordnance or cannons discharged in the air one after another, very terrible to hear, and afterwards immediately followed a peal of muskets. This shooting off of muskets continued about an half quarter of an hour, drums beating all the while in the manner just as if two armies had been engaged. Such as heard the aforesaid cannons, muskets, and drums, do report that the sound was from the north-east quarter, and, to their thinking, not far from the place where they stood. Two men being together about six miles from Hull in Holderness, near Humbers-side, supposed it was directly over Hull; whereupon one said to the other, "It being the sheriff's riding-day at Hull, this peal of muskets must be there; and see (quoth he) how the smoke riseth!" Now the reason why he mentioned the smoke was, because no sooner was this noise finished over Hull, but (as it happeneth after the discharge of guns) there arose a very great smoke or thick mist round about the town, although immediately before (the day being a very clear day, and the sun shining all the while very bright) he saw the town very perfectly. One thing more was observed by him who saw the smoke over Hull: that all the while this prodigious noise continued (which was, as he supposed, about the eighth part of an hour), the face of the sky (as in the eclipses of the sun) waxed very dim; yea, such a strange nature accompanied it, that the very earth seemed to tremble and quake under him. A certain gentleman, who had been sometimes a major in the war, as he was riding with a friend between the towns of Patterington and Ottringham, was so persuaded that some encounter by soldiers was on the other side of a small hill where they were riding, as that they could not but mount the hill to try the truth, so plainly did the drums beat and the muskets go off, and, to their thinking, so near them, as either it must be a sign from Heaven or a real battle hard by. The country people were struck with such strange wonder and deep terror, that they gave over their labour, and ran home with fear;

yea, some poor people gathering coals by the seaside were so frightened that they ran away, leaving their sacks behind them. In conclusion : for the space of forty miles this fearful noise of cannons, muskets, and drums was heard all the country over.'

In an age when science was little cultivated, and men were not accustomed to refer to natural causes for an explanation of the simplest phenomena, one so remarkable as the fall of a red fluid resembling blood from the heavens could not but be regarded with great fear and apprehension. 'In the month of February 1648, at a village called Barnwood in Gloucestershire, it rained blood upon certain clothes washed and hung upon a hedge there to dry. Many eyes beheld it; but what the consequence may be, is a secret hidden in the bosom of the great and omniscient God, whose judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out.' In reality, as is now well known, the reddening material in these rains is the product of vegetation: in general the *Protococcus monas* of Agardh.

On the 8th May 1660 King Charles II. was proclaimed, and on the 29th of the same month made his grand entry into London. On the 2d of June, in the same year, a great whirlwind arose at Worthington, in Leicestershire, which unroofed the houses, and did considerable damage. Passing on to Worthington Hall, which felt its effects, it alighted with fury upon the village of Tongue. But though immense damage was done to the buildings and to the cattle, there was no loss of human life. On the 12th of May 1660, at Gravesend, the day on which Charles II. was proclaimed there, there happened a strange mortality amongst the dogs. Of little dogs and mastiffs twenty-three were counted as dead by that night, and ten more died in the night, all which were the next morning carried forth as carrion into the fields. The dogs, it appears, were suddenly attacked, fell over, and died. On the 4th of August a tremendous tempest broke over Dover, in which, and for a considerable distance around, great damage was done by the lightning, and by the hail which fell, measuring four inches in circumference. The crops were much injured, and all the fruit destroyed.

The portents of the time were less dismal in Scotland. Wodrow, the Scottish historian, giving an account of the period, says, 'When the English subdued Scotland, the swans which were in the loch on the north side of Linlithgow left it, and, as it was then termed, took banishment on them [it must be observed, they belonged to a royal palace situated on the lake]. Last year, or the beginning of this, they came back on the king's return. And upon the citadel of Perth, where the arms of the Commonwealth had been put up, in May last year a thistle grew out of the wall near the place, and quite overspread them. Both these may be, without anything extraordinary, accounted for; but they were matter of remark and talk, it may be more than they deserve.'

On Tuesday the 1st of October 1661 a terrible tempest and earthquake took place at Hereford, to the great damage and infinite consternation of the people. A printed paper giving an account of the event presents some particulars sufficiently marvellous. After the storm, thunder, and earthquake, 'there appeared a bright cloud, as it had been at noonday, but suddenly overcasten with a black cloud, out of which appeared two perfect

arms and hands—in the right hand a great broadsword, and in the left a cup and ball, as was conceived, full of blood. The people, having gluttied their eyes with amazement, and filled their hearts with great fear, with beholding these prodigious apparitions, there appeared yet a piece of corn ground ready to mow, and a scythe lying by, from whence was heard a loud voice saying, “Wo, wo to thee, and to the inhabitants thereof, for he comes that is to come, and they shall all see him!” At the ending of these words the people gave a grievous cry, and many women that were with child, through extreme fear, fell in travail.’ Mrs Pulmore, the clerk’s wife of the town, who was in weak health at the time, ‘brought forth three male children, who had all teeth, and spake as soon as they were born. The first said, “The day is appointed which no man can shun.” The second demanded, “Who should be sufficient to bury the dead?” The third said, “Where would there be corn enough found to satisfy the hungry and needy?” After these words they all three gave up the ghost, to the great amazement of all the beholders.’ That such a narrative should have been published, argues that it was expected to find extensive credence. That it should have expected general credence, what does that argue as to the state of popular intelligence at the time? The recent German notion of mental and moral epidemics may, after all, turn out to be something more than a mere psychological fancy.

On the 26th of April 1666 a plot was discovered for taking the Tower and firing the city, which was to have been put in execution on the 3d of September, a day regarded as peculiarly lucky to the anti-royalist faction. It is worthy of remark that the ‘Great Fire of London’ broke out on the 2d of September in that year, the very day before that appointed by the conspirators. On the 3d of September, therefore, and three succeeding days, the fire was raging. Eighty-nine churches, a large number of colleges, hospitals, and schools, 13,200 houses, and 400 streets, were consumed. The ruins of this calamitous fire extended over 436 acres.

On the 27th November in this year the Presbyterians in Scotland rose in rebellion, but were defeated at Pentland Hill. ‘I have,’ says Wodrow, the Presbyterian historian, ‘met with several prodigies seen in the air about this time; and persons who lived then, of good information, have left behind them a very strange passage, that several people about Pittenweem made public faith upon, that the night after the battle, and after some of these [subsequent] executions, they heard the voice of a multitude about Gilston Mount praising and singing psalms with the sweetest melody imaginable.’

‘In the town of Lichfield, Staffordshire, on the 31st July 1669, being Saturday, between twelve and one o’clock at noon, in the time of a full market, on a sudden there appeared an innumerable swarm of pismires, or ants with wings, which, by their close keeping in a body therewith, and with their wings, clouded and made dark the sky. So many of them settled in the market-place, and in several other streets and houses, that the ground was covered, and the market-people so annoyed, that they were forced to break up and begone; for by three of the clock in the afternoon the whole market was dissolved, both people and horses so grievously stung and tormented therewith, that they were forced to make what escape

they could from them. Some horses, through the torment of their stinging, ran up and down like wild creatures. Several workmen employed about the repair of Lichfield Minster were stung, and the people that were at harvest-work in the fields were obliged to leave their business. After their continuance in this manner for three or four hours or more, many of these pismires fell down dead both in the streets and houses, but especially in the streets, in such prodigious quantities, that the horses were covered over treading among them; and not much less number in the houses, so that the people were compelled to sweep them out together, which being by that means brought together, made several heaps of them to the bigness of a bushel of corn or larger. At length the living remainder of them took their flight to the town's end towards the north, where, dividing themselves into two bodies, they departed, some flying one way, some another. These pismires, or ants, were not like those that are commonly found in molehills, but about the bigness of a spider. The like thing happened about the city of Coventry, twenty miles from Lichfield, where and in other places also multitudes fell.

'This is the substance of what is received from persons of eminency and reputation, of whom Mr Archibald Register is one, Mr Boylton, an apothecary, Mr John Rawlins, town-clerk, Mr Samuel Markland, one of his majesty's servants, and Mr James Rixam, all eye-witnesses thereof, besides many more which would be too tedious to mention.'

'On Monday and Tuesday the 11th and 12th of September 1671 a violent storm happened on the coasts of Lincolnshire and county of Norfolk. The tempest being very terrible, and as unresistible as a hurricane, brought in the sea, causing destruction wheresoever it came; washed away divers buildings, more especially an inn at Old Lynn, containing above forty rooms; and forcing its way till it came to the Wash-side, overflowing the banks of Long Sutton, and drowning the cattle, and destroying many houses and much corn. There hath since been found the bodies of many persons, both men, women, and children. Upwards of thirty-three ships were lost, and most of their crews drowned.'

On May 19, 1672, a fire broke out at St Catherine's, near the Tower of London, when about one hundred houses were consumed.

'On Monday the 19th August 1672 happened in the town of Bedford an unheard-of and horrible tempest, with such terrible thunder, rain, and lightning, to the general amazement and terror of all the inhabitants, beginning about one o'clock in the afternoon. It threw the Swan Inn gates off their hinges into the streets, and after whirling them there up and down, as if they had been a football, it brake them to pieces: it drove a coach in the same yard from the back gates up to the cellar door, a distance of several poles: it tore up a great tree from beyond the river, and carried it over Paul's Steeple as if it had been a bundle of feathers: it threw down a stack of corn of threescore load, breaking to pieces the carts that were under it, much of the corn being carried no man knows whither. In Offell Lane the violence was such, it bore down the houses in an instant, to the dreadful amazement of the spectators. At Cardwell it broke down a great stone wall, and carried several trees almost a furlong. It brought a large

tree from some place unknown, and set it upright in a field belonging to the Swan Inn, striking the roots near a foot in the ground, and thence plucked it up again, and carried it some distance further. The Rose Inn gates and the Maiden Head Inn gates it threw off their hinges, and broke them in pieces. Mr Christy, our lawyer, hath also received much hurt by this strange tempest; which came also to John Rush's shop, driving his sieves, pails, and other wooden ware up and down the streets, making a heavy clattering scarce to be credited. The head ostler at the Ram Inn and his man were constrained to fix themselves to a post, otherwise they had been carried away by this violence. The church called St Peter's is much damnified also; the church called St John hath met with a share in this tempest. The head ostler at the Swan Inn, where they were a-brewing, as he was going to open the furnace-door, the tempest came and clapped the brew-house door and the furnace door together, insomuch that it whirled the fire from the furnace, and the flame seized on the brew-house, setting it on fire. Wooburn also felt something of this terrible tempest; some houses in that town being levelled by it. This dreadful tempest began with a great darkness, accompanied with extraordinary claps of thunder and lightning, insomuch that the people thought the whole town was on fire.'

'On the 29th December 1672, being Sabbath-day, in the parish of Benenden, Kent, appeared on the east side of the town a great light, to the amazement of all the inhabitants. It being winter, they little dreamt of lightning, but after a little observation of the elements, they were convinced it was nothing else but lightning; but that so terrible, the flashes so long, that the beholders were afraid not only their houses but themselves should be consumed by it. This lightning was seconded by a hideous and distracted thunder, which occasioned many to hide themselves, fearing their houses should drop into a heap of flames and ruins; others feared the Almighty was rending the heavens, and coming down amongst them for judgment. Such formidable thunder-claps, says the old inhabitants, have not been heard in the age of man. Those messengers of God's anger had not been long executing his will and pleasure: not many volleys of the great ordinance of heaven had been discharged, but the poor inhabitants might see their parish church—that place where, on the same day, they had been taking counsel at God's oracles—in a flame, and all the town in danger also to be burnt or overthrown with thunder. Those who were but a few hours before serving God Almighty there, wished themselves furthest from it. The devouring flames and impetuous thunder found no great resistance from this stony pile. The steeple, which was one of the highest in that part of Kent, what with the fiery flashes and mighty thunder-claps, was quickly forced to resign itself to that earth, so that the fabric and frame began to incorporate with its own foundations. The very walls of the church were demolished, that it is now a ruinous heap; and whether the lightning or the thunder acted the greatest part in this tragedy, is not easy to assert. Three or four adjacent houses were subjected to those conquerors, to the utter ruin of some of the inhabitants. But in the midst of judgment God remembers mercy, in putting a stop to these mighty champions, and the affrighted townsmen find a calm after a storm. Their

senses, which, by the injurious violence and suddenness of their late calamities, they were deprived of, now returned to them again, and they blessed God they were not all destroyed.'

On the same day several parts of England suffered from floods and inundations. In Worcestershire and Gloucestershire several houses and bridges were carried away. The vale of Everham lay for some time under water, to the destruction of the sheep and cattle, which were carried away by the torrent. In Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire, also much damage was done, the waters standing as deep as ten feet in many parts. At Newcastle the sea made a sudden inroad, and bore back with it great quantities of cattle, and many lives were lost. A ship that was cast away in the harbour had a plough on her deck when the tide went down.

On the 25th of February 1674 a great snow began to fall about eight in the morning, and continued for four days with little intermission, the frost at the same time being very severe. The whole country was covered several feet deep, and every description of business was brought to a standstill. Many persons were frozen to their saddles, and, according to the record of the time, saddle and man were removed from the horse together. A great number of persons were lost in the snow, besides much cattle. On the 8th of March, the frost having continued from the 25th February, another heavy fall of snow came on, which lasted till the 13th of March, when rain ensued with such a rapid thaw, that the waters rose, and the whole country was again inundated. Several bridges and buildings were destroyed, and hundreds of people utterly ruined.

On the 12th of January 1678, being Sunday, between ten and eleven in the morning, there was so great and sudden a darkness, that the people in the churches could not see to read, and those in the streets were unable to distinguish one person from another. 'It was, for the time it lasted, a deeper blackness than that of an eclipse, which did not happen at the time, and exceeded the great solar eclipse which left the name of Black Monday' [February 1652].

On the 18th May 1680, about two in the morning, London was visited with 'a furious tempest of thunder and lightning, so extreme, that the heavens seemed to be in a flame, which was accompanied with a very large hail, and extraordinary, violent, and hasty rain. This continued for several hours; but about ten o'clock a strange and unusual darkness overspread the face of heaven, and immediately there fell such a terrible storm of hail, as the like was never seen in England: the hailstones were so very great, that some of them being measured, were found to be from five and six inches in compass; nay, it is confidently reported that some were seven, eight, and nine inches about. These stones were of different shapes, and fell with such violence, that they cut the faces of some, and the heads and hands of many that were abroad; some others ran into the ground in the fields above an inch, and, being taken out, were found to be as big as pullets' eggs. The loss sustained by the fury of this terrible storm is not to be reckoned.'

On the 12th September 1680 a singular apparition of a sea-fight was seen in the air at Portsnet in Monmouthshire. The following is the narrative of a clergyman who, with many others, was an eye-witness of it:—

'The first things that appeared were a grove of trees, a house on a mountain, and a church on its south side. Next we saw a hill on the north side, with a grove and houses therein. Then we noted a green square meadow between the two hills, then void of men. We saw many great rocks towards the bottom of the south hill, and a great golden globe glittering gloriously on the top of the spire of the church, and a red vane upon it. Then a great river, broader on the north than on the south, in which were ships sailing from north to south under the mountain, with the tide, where one of the ships, which was hindermost, tacked about, and sailed through the fleet, and got before the rest. Then we observed the other fleet sailing with the wind, and against the tide, from the south point of the south hill; and then meeting the other fleet under the grove, then the great ship in the north fleet first shot, and the rest in order; then the south ships shot at them: the fire and smoke we clearly discerned, and we heard the noise of guns. After this we observed the army marching under the foot of the hill along the cliff by the seaside, consisting both of horse and foot, from the south point of the south hill towards the square meadow; then the north army, over the top of the hill, on the north side, towards the square meadow, where the armies met, and, after a shout, fought. The swords and pikes we clearly discerned. We noted more ships in the north fleet, and most men in the south army. When we drew to the upper end of the field, and after the land battle, we heard over our heads three lamentable, sad groans—"Oh! oh! oh!"—at which we were much affrighted.'

'On the 17th December 1680, at Ottery, near Exeter, at five at night, the sky, which had been clear, suddenly overshadowed, to the great amazement of the people, who, looking up, beheld two great armies, the one out of the north (whose leader had a coronet on his head), the other out of the south, seeming furiously to join in battle; and a little retracting, charged again most furiously. This continued about an hour, till at last there came a reserve, and, joining the southern, beats back the northern in great disorder. Many were terrified at it, and 'tis true as it was terrible. This account came from the lips of a reverend minister who was an eye-witness of it.'

In the beginning of December 1684 the 'Great Frost' commenced, and continued till the 5th February without any intermission. The Thames was frozen over, and during Hillary Term coaches ran on the river between the Temple and Westminster. A fair was also held on the ice, booths erected, an ox roasted whole, and bull-baiting, and other sports of the time, took place. A printing-press was also set up, and letters and pictures sold to the people, who daily congregated in great numbers upon the frozen river. The frost was so intense, that the sea was frozen several miles from the shore, and of course all shipping transactions were brought to a stand. On the 6th of February, the day after the break-up of this great frost, Charles II. died, and James II. ascended the throne.

The great comet of 1680 was first seen on the 14th December, being the fourth day of the moon, the night being clear and frosty. It had a great blazing [tail] from the root of it, which was pointed as it came from the star, and then spread itself. It was of a broad and large ascent up to the heavens, so that when it was set in the west, and out of sight, yet did the stream of it mount near to our zenith. Being every night more elevated in its first appearance after daylight was gone, then the stream of

it mounted to our zenith, and beyond it, very terribly and wonderfully. It is doubted if the like comet has been seen since the creation; and it is certainly prodigious of great alterations and of great judgments on these lands for our sins; for never was the Lord more provoked by a people than by us in these lands, and that by persons of all ranks.'—*Law's Memorials*. This comet struck a great fear into the minds of the people of Europe, in the Catholic countries particularly. Kepler the astronomer had foretold long before that the conjunction of the planets Saturn and Jupiter in Leo, which occurs but once in 800 years, would, at the conjunction which happened at the time of the appearance of this comet, have a malign influence on the Church of Rome. The alarm was furthermore increased by the Romish mathematicians declaring that the train of the comet was six times longer than that which portended the death of Pope Alexander VII. The returns of these conjunctions was supposed to have always been attended with great events in earthly affairs. Tycho Brahé thus reckons them:—'The first was under Enoch; the second under Noah, at the time of the Deluge; the third under Moses; the fourth under Solomon; the fifth under Jesus Christ; the sixth under Charlemagne, when the Roman was subjugated to the German empire;' and the seventh fell at this time. It is further remarkable that this was a grand and climacterical conjunction, it being the seventh return of these planets, by which they perfectly completed their circular motion, and occupied exactly the position in which they were placed at the supposed commencement of terrestrial affairs.

'In the year 1683,' says Patrick Walker, a Scottish Covenanted chronicle, 'there was such a long and great frost, that from November to the middle of March there was no labouring of the ground; yet even before the snow fell, when the earth was as iron, how many graves were in the west of Scotland in desert places, in ones, twos, threes, fours, fives together, which was no imaginary thing! Many yet alive, who measured them with their staves, [found them] exactly the deepness, breadth, and length of other graves, and the lump of earth lying whole together at their sides, which they set their feet upon, and handled with their hands. Which many concluded afterwards did presage the two bloody slaughter years that followed, when eighty-two of the Lord's people were suddenly and cruelly murdered in desert places.'

On the 18th February 1686 the whole of England was visited by a tremendous hurricane, which committed general devastation.

'We begin in order and dignity with his majesty's palace at Whitehall, and his park of St James's, where the force of the wind drove the water of the New River threescore yards from its boundary bank up to the Cock-pit Stairs, so that the court-guard could not stand there; and also threw up on dry land many hundred fishes of all sorts. At the same time some chambers in his royal majesty's palace were on fire, but with diligence happily put out. The houses where the king's stables are were lamentably shattered, they being unroofed, and the walls of many blown down. In Piccadilly, one Mr Blith, an attorney of Lincolnshire, died by reason of a house falling upon him as he was passing. In Covent Garden, near the Fleece Tavern, the Lady Saltenstone, her maid being dressing her in her lodging, was, by the fall of a chimney, which fell forward in her chamber,

wounded and stifled to death. Likewise a gentleman in the parish of St Giles, Holborn, venturing to go along the streets, which no rational man durst do, by the fall of a chimney had his brains beat out. At Gray's Inn gate, a coach with two horses standing there, a chimney fell and killed one of the horses. The triumphal arches [built at the time of his majesty's coronation in the previous year] at Fleet Street and Leadenhall Street were beaten down, and falling on the neighbouring houses, brought many of them down also. A barge laden with cheese at Queenhythe was suddenly overturned, and her keel put topsy-turvy. Several hay-carts were overturned, and riders blown off their horses' backs; and while the storm lasted, no man could keep his way, being forced backwards or sideways as the gusts blowed. A greater number of barns and outhouses, as well as dwellings, were also overthrown. The Thames flowed not in sixteen hours altogether, nor was there any the least sign of an alteration in the tide, so that the river was fordable in many places, just as it happened before the death of Oliver. In the highways about London several trees were blown down as well as mills, to the very great damage of the brewers, and loss of corn in this time of scarcity and necessity. At Greenwich, a miserly farmer having a barn of corn which he refused to sell, even when the price was risen to 12s. the bushel, by a fire that began in a place adjacent, and violently driven towards the said barn, had all his grain totally consumed—divine Providence frustrating him, as well as he pitilessly deprived the poor of sustenance. In the Right Hon. the Earl of Essex's park in Hertfordshire, no less than 500 trees were blown down. Divers vessels were wrecked at sea, to the great loss of the traders; and the boats in the river Thames were grievously shattered and dashed one against the other. At St Needes and Eynsbury in Huntingdonshire, the wind did about £1000 damage to the church and dwelling-houses. At Portsmouth, a ship bound for Newfoundland being rigged, victualled, and equipaged for her voyage, was, by the violence of the wind, driven from her anchor, and one man only being then aboard her, who, seeing her drive, wisely withdrew himself into her boat that lay at the stern, and rowed to the land. The ship was carried away, no man knowing what became of her.'

In Kent several gentlemen's houses were completely destroyed, and a great number shattered. At Abingdon the steeple of the church was thrown down. Ireland suffered in like manner from this tempest.

'In the year 1686,' says Patrick Walker, 'especially in the months of June and July, about Crossford, two miles below Lanark, especially at the Mains on the water of Clyde, many people gathered together for several afternoons, where there were showers of bonnets, hats, guns, and swords, which covered the trees and ground; companies of men in arms marching along the water-side; companies meeting companies all through other, and then all falling to the ground, and disappearing, and other companies appearing the same way.' Upon the supposition of such appearances being meteorological, one is at first at a loss to account for their occurring so frequently during this century; but Walker, in what he subsequently says, furnishes a different key to the mystery. 'I went there three afternoons together, and, as I could observe, there were two of the people that were together saw, and a third that saw not; and though I could see nothing, yet there was such a fright and trembling upon those that did see, that was discernible to all

from those that saw not. There was a gentleman standing next to me who spoke as too many gentlemen and others speak: he said, "A pack of damned witches and warlocks that have the second sight! De'il haet do I see!" . . . Those that did see, told what works the guns had, and their length and wideness; and what handles the swords had, whether small, or three-barred, or Highland guards; and the closing knots of the bonnets, black and blue.'

On Sunday morning, the 1st of May 1687, a young woman of noted piety, Janet Fraser by name, the daughter of a weaver in the parish of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, had gone out to the fields with a young female companion, and sat down to read the Bible, not far from her father's house. Feeling thirsty, she went to the river side (the Nith) to get a drink, leaving her Bible open at the place where she had been reading, which presented the verses of the 34th chapter of Isaiah, beginning—'My sword shall be bathed in heaven: behold, it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse, to judgment,' &c. On returning, she found a patch of something like blood covering this very text. In great surprise, she carried the book home, where a young man tasted the substance with his tongue, and found it of a saltless or insipid flavour. On the two succeeding Sundays, while the same girl was reading her Bible in the open air, similar blotches of matter, like blood, fell upon the leaves. She did not perceive it in the act of falling till it was about an inch from the book. 'It is not blood, for it is as tough as glue, and will not be scraped off by a knife, as blood will; but it is so like blood, as none can discern any difference by the colour.' [See an explanatory article on these Blood Prodigies in No. 302, New Series, of 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.']

On the 23d of December 1688 James II. left the country for France; and on the 13th February in the ensuing year, James being held to have abdicated, William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Denmark, were proclaimed king and queen of England. On the 1st of July 1689 the battle of the Boyne was fought, by which James's attempt on Ireland was defeated; and on the 20th July the Irish parliament passed an act of attainder against all Protestants who had aided and assisted James II. Three thousand Protestants were thus attainted.

'In the first week of July 1691, at a place near Maldon, in the county of Essex, there was seen the following apparition or appearance:—Just about twilight, or the shutting up of the evening, at the house of the vicar of the parish, which is situate near half a mile from the church, at a time when the clergyman and his family were at supper, a great dog that belonged to the house was observed to make a very great and unusual barking, as if the house had been beset with thieves; upon which a servant was ordered to go into the yard to find out the occasion of the dog's barking, who, coming to the place, saw, to his great admiration, a strange and unusual light in the sky, upon which giving information thereof to his master, &c. they all came out, and looking in the sky, they all soon after saw the plain likeness or appearance of a body of men in the air divided into two bodies, and soon after that they heard the plain noise or report of guns, great and small, and, to their thinking, men dropping down from both parties. After some time, these bodies of men vanished, and they saw the

appearance of only two men on horseback engaged with pistols, and to their thinking the one killed the other, and then vanished.

'On Saturday the 11th of July, in the same year, several countrymen being at work near the city of Exeter, plainly descried at some distance a great body of armed men moving towards them, most of whom seemed to be mounted on large white horses. The men that were mounted on their horses had their swords drawn, and pieces like carbines hanging on their shoulders. After some short time, this seeming body of men marched themselves on the left of them clear out of sight. Four of the persons that saw this sight or apparition, returning home, went before an honourable justice of the peace of that county, and made affidavit of the same. What may be thought not a little remarkable in this apparition is, that on the very next day, being Sunday the 12th, the famous battle in Ireland was fought, in which their majesties' forces obtained a signal victory over the French and Irish papists, in which action the Earl of Portland's regiment, which were all white horse, were considerably engaged. Much the same apparition, or like body of men, was seen some days before in Pembroke-shire and in Chester, in the former of which places several persons likewise made affidavit of it before an honourable justice of the peace of the said county, who sent up an account of the same to a relation of his in Gray's Inn, London.'

On the 15th of July, the isle of Ely, and the counties of Cambridge and Hertford, were laid waste by a severe tempest of thunder, lightning, and hail. The hailstones, which were several inches in circumference, fell with such force, as to rebound two feet from the ground, and the rain fell as though it had been discharged from sluice-gates, deluging the fields to the destruction of the sheep and cattle, many of which were also struck by the lightning.

'On the 27th of July, in the same year, sixteen persons being in Everton field, near Daventry, Northamptonshire, the sky immediately overcasting with black clouds, prodigious thunders and lightnings ensued, which, accompanied with extraordinary hailstones, made them seek shelter under the trees and hedges; but they proved no safe retreat, for immediately a flash of fire broke from the cloud, and falling amongst them with a very sudden motion, struck four of them dead, they not having leisure to utter one word, and burnt ten of the rest in so terrible a manner that their lives were despaired of.'

On the 30th of August 1691 a mortal sickness broke out in the city of York, by which 11,000 persons died.

On the 8th of September 1693 a severe shock of an earthquake was felt in England; and on the same day the chief town in Jamaica was wholly destroyed from a similar cause, and about 3000 persons killed.

'On the 4th November 1697, about three o'clock in the afternoon, at Offley, near Hitchin, in the county of Hertford, a fearful tempest arose suddenly, when the people were sorely affrighted not only with the lightning and thunder, but also at the greatness of the hail, which came down in such prodigious manner, that never the like was seen or read of in this kingdom. There fell some as big as hens' eggs, some as big as penny loaves, and some larger. Many people do affirm they were as big as the crown of a hat; most of them in strange shapes and forms, much like

pieces of thick ice. This lasted for about three-quarters of an hour, in which time it covered the earth in several places five or six feet in thickness, especially on the hills and dry ground, notwithstanding the rain which fell with it. Several persons were either struck dead by the lightning, or their brains beat out by the prodigious hail; and several were drowned, the waters suddenly covering the ground five feet deep in some places, to the great consternation of the people. This dreadful and astonishing tempest with its fury passed from Hitchin, and went over the fields, and came next to Clifton in Bedfordshire, and so towards Bigglesworth and Polton, and from that down to Huntingdonshire; and on its way it sent out these dreadful lightnings and bellowsings of thunder, and let fall this grievous hail. The damage done in a short time to man and cattle by this dreadful tempest is not to be reckoned.'

Such were the wonderful occurrences which oppressed and darkened the hearts of the people in the seventeenth century. The revival of some of the recitals may be of service even to the scientific inquirer of the present day, detailing as they do, albeit in an exaggerated style, circumstances and appearances which it is necessary to note in order to arrive at sound conclusions regarding certain natural phenomena. Those of a meteorological character are especially worthy of notice, as showing the powers of lightning, and the singular forms into which suspended vapours may sometimes be thrown. The most important benefit, however, to be derived from these narratives, is the feeling of thankfulness which we may well experience in contrasting the different lights in which particular natural phenomena were regarded in that age and in our own. By our ancestors, the extraordinary effects of lightning were beheld with the paralysis of terror. The comet was looked upon as the dire portent of horrible wars and state confusions. The tempest and the inundation were the messages of divine wrath; not to the person contemplating the subject, but to some others—the particularly sinful. It is easy to see that, in such a state of mind, there must have been a vast amount of discomfort. Enabled, as we now are, to regard all such things as under the control of general laws, which are effluences of infinite wisdom and benevolence, we can view them with comparative serenity in their passage before our eyes, and address ourselves, when they have passed, to the best means which Providence has put in our power of obviating their effects in future.

RUINED CITIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

THERE is more of melancholy in the interest attached to an inquiry into the vestiges of the past throughout America, than in that connected with similar researches throughout the civilised portions of the Old World. In the latter we start from a highly-developed state of civilisation, to seek for the slender source whence the mighty stream has sprung; and when we have found this, we turn round with a feeling of delight and wonder to mark the blessings which it has spread as it extended. Even in cases—as, for instance, that of Etruria, which we have treated in a former number—where a great nation and a mighty civilisation have ceased to occupy a place in the world, we have nevertheless the assurance that this civilisation laid the germ of another, which succeeded it, and that though absorbed and superseded, it has not been fruitless, or utterly lost. In America the case is different: the civilisation which now flourishes in many portions of that extensive continent is in no manner connected with their past history or their ancient inhabitants; it has, on the contrary, proved the most inveterate foe of both, with contemptuous superiority leaving the first utterly unheeded, while with relentless cupidity it has persecuted the latter almost to extermination; and it is not until within a comparatively very recent period that the intruders on the soil of the New World have stopped to consider whether the history of the despised and persecuted Red Man might not be worthy of some attention. That this is the case is now generally admitted; and the conclusions towards which almost all the inquiries into the early history and past civilisation of the red race of America seem to tend, are indeed of the utmost interest, as they lead to a strong presumption that the nations and tribes inhabiting these regions at the period of the arrival of the Spaniards were not people emerging from a state of barbarism, and slowly working their way up in the social scale, but that, on the contrary, they were descendants of a more civilised race sinking gradually from the high position they had once maintained, while some of them, having outsped the others in their downward career, had already sunk into the condition of savages. These opinions have indeed but slowly gained ground, and are not as yet by any means generally entertained. So accustomed have historians hitherto been to see a movement from barbarism upwards, that when the European foot first stumbled over the vestiges of an ancient and extinct civilisation in the wilds of America, speculative intellects at once set to

work to find out what could have been the race that preceded the Red Men in the occupation of these countries, and which had probably been exterminated by them.

When the Spaniards, in 1517—after twenty-five years' occupation of the West India islands, their first discoveries in the New World—landed upon the coasts of Central America, they were struck with amazement at the contrast between the state of the countries which now opened to their view and those with which they had previously become acquainted in those regions. Instead of naked and timid savages, gathered together in tribes independent of, and often hostile to, each other, struggling for subsistence amidst the difficulties of uncultivated nature, and unacquainted with the simplest arts of civilised life, they here beheld populous nations living under the dominion of powerful monarchs, subject to the rule of systematic governments and established laws, skilled in arts and manufactures, enjoying all the benefits of organised society, and dwelling in cities which seemed to the dazzled eyes of the new-comers to rival in magnificence those of the Old World.

The city of Mexico, situated in an extensive plain, and built partly on the banks of a large lake, and partly on several small islands on its bosom, was, at the time of the Spanish invasion, approached by artificial roads thirty feet in width, and extending from two to three miles in length. The temples dedicated to the religious worship of the people, the palaces of the monarch, and the dwellings of persons of distinction, were, according to the description of the invaders, of gigantic dimensions and magnificent structure, while the habitations of the lower orders were of the humblest character, being merely huts resembling those of the Indians of the rudest tribes. The building assigned to Cortez and his companions when they visited as friends the monarch whose downfall they were plotting, was a house built by the father of Montezuma, spacious enough to accommodate all the Spaniards and their Indian allies. It consisted, according to the description of the former, of apartments ranged around extensive courtyards, the whole being enclosed by a stone wall with towers, which served for defence as well as ornament. The most striking architectural features in the city of Mexico were the temples; and foremost among these was the great Teocalli—that is, House of God—situated in the principal square, and one of the first destroyed by the Spaniards when they became masters of the city. This temple, which was dedicated to Tezcatlopica, the god first in rank after Teoth, the Supreme Being, and to Meritli, the god of war, consisted of a truncated pyramid formed by five terraces, ascended by broad flights of steps. The sides of the pyramid faced the four cardinal points; its base was 318 feet long, and its perpendicular height 121 feet. It was stated by the Mexicans themselves to have been built on the model of great pyramids of a similar nature, which were spread over the face of the country, and which the traditions of the people ascribed to the Toltecs, the nation from whom they had received their civilisation. On the truncated top of the pyramid were placed the sacrificial stone and the statues of the gods, among which those of the sun and moon were of colossal dimensions, and covered with plates of gold. Around the main building was a wall of hewn stone, ornamented

with knots of serpents in bas-relief. Within the precincts of the wall, or immediately adjoining it, were the dwellings of the priests. Edifices of a similar character were represented as existing throughout Mexico and the adjoining countries; and the capital itself was said to contain no less than eight temples almost equal in size to that just described, besides two thousand of inferior dimensions.

On nearer inquiry, however, into the state of that civilisation which was at first so highly lauded by the Spaniards as hardly inferior to that of Europe, it was ascertained that neither the Mexicans nor the nations bordering upon their empire, and who in a great measure participated in their civilisation, were acquainted with the use of iron, without which, it has been observed, no nation can advance far in the arts of civilised life; that they had not any tame animals trained to assist man in his labours; that they were unacquainted with the art of writing, and even with the use of hieroglyphics—having no other means of conveying to succeeding ages an account of the past than by the imperfect and tedious process of picture-painting; which, however, they had carried to a considerable degree of perfection; that communication between the different provinces of the empire was rendered almost impossible by the absence of roads and the density of the forests, which in a great measure covered the face of the country; that commercial intercourse had attained no higher degree of development than was consistent with a system of barter—the only approach to a standard of value being the establishment of the beans of the cocoa as an instrument of commercial interchange, chocolate being a beverage in universal use throughout the country; and that the religion of the Mexicans, though formed into a regular system, bore the character of a gloomy and atrocious superstition, their divinities—worshipped under the form of stone idols of hideous aspect—being represented as sanguinary and revengeful beings, delighting in the sufferings of the human victims sacrificed on their altars, and having their temples decorated with the effigies of serpents, tigers, crocodiles, and other ferocious animals. These facts, together with the still more significant circumstance, that they were surrounded by tribes who, in proportion to their distance from this centre of civilisation, approached nearer and nearer to a state of savage brutality, seemed sufficient to establish the opinion that the Mexican nation was still in its infancy, and separated by only a few centuries from the condition in which its ruder neighbours were still merged. The traditions of the Mexicans, as they were understood, did not indeed assign to their empire any great antiquity; Montezuma, the monarch who ruled over them at the period of the arrival of Cortez, being, according to their own accounts, only the ninth ruler since their establishment in those territories. But it will be remembered that they assigned their civilisation to an anterior race; this was, however, considered a fond conceit common to every people of recent date.

Whatever may in reality have been the state of civilisation in the newly-discovered world, its want of vigour was soon proved by its utter subjugation to that of the old. Fifty years after the first landing of the Spaniards on the coast of Yucatan, their authority was established over almost the whole of the vast territory of Central America; and a few years later, the number of the original inhabitants of these countries was so much reduced, that the accounts of their former populousness seemed fabulous.

Their monarchs and various rulers were deposed, and put to death, their religion was proscribed and persecuted, their temples and palaces were destroyed, their cities razed to the ground, their idols broken into fragments, or, when this could not be effected, buried in the earth, and the dwindled remains of their population reduced to a miserable state of servitude. Even now—when republican institutions have been established throughout the countries which once acknowledged the sway of Spain, and when the inhabitants of all colours and all races are recognised as equal before the law—the poor Indian, in whom every trace of the spirit of a free man has been obliterated, bends meekly before the superior race, kisses the hand which inflicts the punishment of the lash, and repeats the words which have become proverbial among the Spanish Americans—‘The Indians do not hear except through their backs.’

Beyond the boundaries of the Mexican and Peruvian empires, and the countries immediately adjoining them, the inhabitants of the American continent were divided into small tribes, independent of each other, destitute of industry and arts, forming no regularly-organised societies, and living altogether in a state so rude as to come under the denomination of savages. The physical features of the various tribes distributed over that vast continent were, however, so uniform, that it at once became evident that although in different stages of civilisation, they all belonged to the same race, and were merely subject to such modifications as would necessarily arise from the differences in the natural features of the districts which they inhabited, and the state of the society to which they belonged. Thus in the more northerly regions of the North American continent, where the English made their first settlements, the Indians were in a much ruder state than in Central America,* but possessed a more warlike spirit and greater physical vigour; and the struggle between them and the invaders of their country was consequently of longer duration, and of a somewhat different character. Here the Red Man never submitted, and the European settlers could not boast of having conquered the land until they had utterly expelled or exterminated the tribes to whom it belonged by right of prior occupation. As to the country itself, with the exception of the territories occupied by the Mexicans and Peruvians, and to a certain degree those immediately adjoining them, it was untouched by the hand of industry, and presented throughout one great uncultivated wilderness, save where a small patch of Indian corn proved the neighbourhood of a native encampment. It was covered with immense forests, which, particularly in the southern, and naturally most fertile regions, were rendered almost impervious by the rank luxuriance of vegetation. The vast plains were overflowed by the constant inundations of the rivers, and were converted into unwholesome and impenetrable marshes. In a word, nature presented throughout a picture of wild desolation, though abounding in all the features most favourable to the development of civilisation and prosperity. Though we may dwell with pleasure on the idea of some of the richest and most fertile regions of the habitable globe having been redeemed from such a state to one of high cultivation, and of millions of

* It must not be forgotten that throughout this article we use the denomination Central America as a geographical, not as a political designation.

civilised men revelling in comfort and luxury in countries where nature, left to herself, barely furnished food for a few straggling savages, yet it is melancholy to reflect that a Christian and civilised race has superseded the aboriginal inhabitants of these lands, without having in any instance succeeded in extending to the latter the advantages to which they owe their own superiority; that while expending on the soil the benefits of cultivation, and causing it to yield rich harvests in return for their labour, they, the followers of a religion which teaches man to see in his fellow-man, of whatever race or colour, a brother, should not only have left the aborigines in the same degraded state in which they found them, but that they should have disseminated their vices where they knew not how to implant their virtues. If the Anglo-Saxon race can plead in their excuse the wild and intractable character of the savages with whom they had to deal, the same plea will not extend to the Spaniards, whose Indian subjects were docile and submissive to a fault. The incapacity of the Indians for improvement has, however, been observed and dwelt upon by all travellers; and this may perhaps account for so little interest having for a long while been taken in their former civilisation, and so few endeavours made, until within the last century, to trace it to its origin. Indeed so little credence was generally attached to any high state of civilisation having existed in these regions previous to the Spanish conquest, that when the ancient remains of which we are about to treat were first brought to light by the industry of adventurous travellers, all minds set to work to discover who could have been the authors of these remarkable works, few being inclined to ascribe them to the ancestors of the despised race which had been so easily subjugated by small bands of Spanish adventurers. So little, indeed, was the existence of these monuments known, that the able, philosophic, and conscientious Scottish historian, Dr Robertson, in his 'History of America,' published 1777, affirmed, on the authority of persons long resident in those countries, that there was not throughout Spanish America 'a single monument or vestige of any building more ancient than the Conquest;' and his general estimation of the state of the inhabitants of those countries at that period led him to the conclusion that the progenitors of the American race must have been in a very barbarous state when they left the cradle of mankind to populate these unknown regions.

In one of his reports to Charles V., Cortez describes his manner of proceeding in Mexico as follows:—'I formed the design of demolishing on all sides all the houses in proportion as we became masters of the streets, so that we should not advance a foot without having destroyed and cleared out whatever was behind us.' These words characterise the policy of the Spaniards throughout the whole of New Spain—a policy followed up during two centuries, and resulting in the almost total obliteration from the face of the country of every trace of the state of things which preceded their arrival. The few ruins that were left to tell the tale of desolation, and the gigantic pyramidal structures—which the untiring industry of the conquered race had reared, and which even the insatiable hatred of their conquerors was unable to destroy—remained utterly unheeded, failing to awaken the interest of the natives of Spanish descent, and lying beyond the reach of European curiosity through the jealous policy of Spain, which placed innumerable impediments in the way of explorers. However, at the com-

mencement of the present century the illustrious Humboldt, braving all difficulties in pursuance of those scientific objects to which he devoted his life, visited New Spain; and through his reports Europe learned, for the first time, from an authority which admitted of no doubt, the existence of ruins fully confirming the statements of the early Spanish writers relative to the cities and temples of Mexico. Since then, tourists innumerable, scientific and unscientific, have visited and explored the ruins of Mexico; but the territory which stretches from Mexico to the Isthmus of Darien, including the peninsula of Yucatan, remained for a long time comparatively unknown. Yet within the impenetrable forests of those very partially-cultivated states are concealed the most remarkable remains of ancient cities, many of whose buildings and sculptures are in a state of such extraordinary preservation, as to render it difficult to believe that they have been abandoned for centuries.

In the year 1750, some Spaniards travelling in the interior of Mexico are said to have penetrated into the province of Chiapas, and to have discovered there, either by chance or through means of information received from the Indians, the remains of a city consisting of ancient stone buildings, and extending, according to their account, over an area of from eighteen to twenty-four miles. So utterly unknown had the city been until then, that no tradition of the country gives any clue even to its name. Among the few Indians who were acquainted with the existence of the ruins, they were known as *Las Casas de Piedras*—that is, *The Stone Houses*—and the travellers who have since explored them have bestowed upon them the appellation of *Palenque*, from the name of the little village in the vicinity of which they are situated. The news of this discovery, though it reached the ears of the Spanish authorities, failed to awaken their interest. Thirty years afterwards, however, the king of Spain sent out an exploring commission under the direction of Captain Del Rio, and subsequently another under Captain Du Paix; but by adverse circumstances the reports of both these gentlemen were withheld from publication for many years, and it is thus only within the last twenty-five years that any authentic accounts of these interesting remains of a bygone civilisation have become known to the world in general. Since the publication of the report of the two above-named gentlemen, the ruins have been visited and carefully explored by several enterprising travellers. The last among these, as far as we are aware, was Mr Stephens, the well-known American writer and traveller, who published in 1839 and in 1842 the result of his researches, illustrated with numerous engravings.*

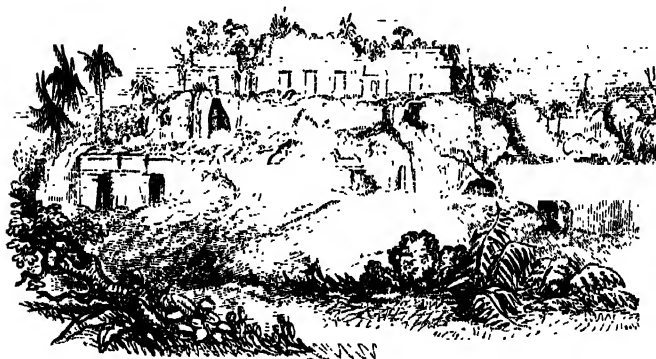
In the course of his journey through the several provinces of Honduras, Guatemala, Chiapas, Tabasco, and the peninsula of Yucatan, Mr Stephens met with no less than forty-four ruined cities, the greater number situated within short distances of each other in Yucatan, but buried in the depths of forests, without any visible means of communication, and in many cases unknown to the populations within a few hundred yards of whose doors they are. The term *city*, which it is customary to apply to these interesting remains, conjures up in the mind a picture very different from

* 1. *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan.* 2 vols. 8vo.
2. *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan.* 2 vols. 8vo. Harper and Brothers, New York.

RUINED CITIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

that which in reality they present; for nowhere among these ruins have there been found any remains of the dwellingplaces of those classes which in all countries and in all times must form the bulk of the population of a city. The buildings that remain are all of a stately character, seemingly intended for the abode of princes, or devoted to the religious worship of a people who decorated with fond reverence the temples of their gods. No general terms will, however, suffice to give a clear conception of that which is so different from all with which we are familiar in the Old World; and we will therefore survey in detail such of the cities and their structures as present certain features common to all.

Though varying in many of their minor features, these ancient remains bear, nevertheless, a strong resemblance to each other—the most general characteristic being the truncated pyramids already alluded to. These, rising in terraces from the level plain, as shown in the subjoined eleva-



tion of the noble ruins of Labphak in Yucatan, are usually crowned with edifices of vast extent, and richly decorated with sculpture. It is a class of objects the more interesting, as they at once connect the ruined cities of Central America with the aboriginal remains throughout the whole North American continent, and likewise show a kindred relation between the builders of these cities and the inhabitants of Mexico at the time of the Conquest.

The ruined city of Copan is situated in the province of Honduras, on the left bank of the river Copan, an unnavigable stream which empties itself into the Montagua. Nature has taken entire possession of the site which man has abandoned. Where the hum of busy populations must once have been heard, where the intellect of man may once have wrought and wrangled, there now reigns the dark and silent seclusion of the forest, save when some inquisitive traveller breaks in upon it in quest of the secrets of the past. Though little more than thirty years had intervened since Del Rio attacked it with fire and axe, laying bare the environs of the ruins, the forest was, on

the arrival of Mr Stephens and his companions, so dense, that they were obliged to work their way forward hatchet in hand. The extent of the ruins of Copan along the left bank of the river is about two miles, but how far they extend into the depths of the forest it has been impossible to ascertain. On the opposite bank of the river, at a distance of about a mile, a ruin has been observed on the top of a mountain 2000 feet high, which may probably have belonged to the city; the latter may consequently have spread in this direction also. Of palaces, or other dwellings, there are no remains in this place; but running along the river from north to south is a wall 624 feet in length, and from 60 to 90 feet high, forming one of the sides of an oblong enclosure, which it is customary to denominate the Temple, and the other three sides of which are formed by a succession of pyramidal structures and terraced walls, measuring from 30 to 140 feet in height. The river wall is built of hewn stones from 3 to 6 feet in length, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot in breadth, and is still in a very good state of preservation. It is accessible from the river-side by flights of steps, similar flights leading on the inner side down into the enclosed area. The whole line of survey taken by Mr Stephens was 2866 feet; but the walls and structures embraced within it do not present themselves to the eye in unbroken ranges, but are in many parts in a state of decay, and in others are concealed by the trees which have introduced themselves wherever they have found sufficient soil for their roots, and which cover more especially all the level areas.

At a short distance from the south-west angle of the river wall of the Temple are two small pyramidal structures, one of which is connected with part of the city wall running along the left bank of the river, and which seems to have flanked a gateway, probably the principal entrance from the river-side. Running at right angles with the river, and somewhat within the boundary marked by these structures, is the southern wall of the temple, beginning with a range of steps about 30 feet high. At the south-eastern extremity of this wall is another massive pyramidal structure, 120 feet high on the slope. To the east of this are the remains of other terraces and earthen pyramids, and a passage 20 feet wide, which seems to have formed a gateway. From hence, the south-eastern corner of the quadrangle surveyed, stretches northward another massive pyramidal structure; and at a short distance, in the same direction, is a detached pyramid, about 50 feet square at the base, and 30 feet high. To the right of the latter a confused range of terraces branches off into the depths of the forest. The range of the Temple walls, running from south to north, continues for a distance of about 400 feet, and then turning at right angles to the left, runs again southwards, and joins the other extremity of the river wall. Within the area enclosed by these walls are other terraces, and pyramids 140 feet high on the slope, enclosing two smaller areas or courtyards, one of which, situated near the eastern boundary wall, is 250 feet square, and the other, close to the river wall, 140 feet by 90—both being 40 feet above the level of the river, and accessible by steps cut in the sides of the sloping walls that enclose them.

Down the sides of all the walls and pyramids, and covering the ground of the quadrangular enclosures, are innumerable remains of sculpture, some still maintaining their original position, others forming heaps of fragments,

among which, however, many blocks are remarkably well preserved. Half-way up the sides of one pyramid are rows of death's heads of colossal proportions, but which, from their peculiar conformation, are supposed to represent the skulls of monkeys, and not of men—a supposition which is strengthened by the fact, that among the fragments at the foot of the pyramid was found the effigy of a colossal ape or baboon, bearing a strong resemblance to the animals of the same species originally figured on the great obelisk from the ruins of Thebes, which now graces the Place de la Concorde in Paris. These animals were worshipped at Thebes under the name of Cynocephali, and it has been thought not unlikely that the same may have been the case among the ancient inhabitants of Copan. Among the fragments on the ground were also several human heads, sculptured, like those of the apes, in bold relief, and impressing the beholder with the belief that they were portraits—nature being closely followed, and the features and expression of the countenance of each bearing a strong individual character. None of these heads are encumbered with the extraordinary head-dresses which form a striking feature in the generality of the sculptured figures in the ruined cities of Central America. The whole of the sides of the terraced walls and pyramids have seemingly been decorated with similar sculptures, which were fixed by stone tenons, in many cases still adhering to them, and which were driven into the wall. In many cases traces of colour are still visible, indicating that these sculptures, like those of many of the ancient nations of the Old World, had been painted.

At the foot of one of the pyramidal walls in the courtyard most distant from the river stands one of the monuments which form the peculiar characteristics of the ruins of Copan. These are stone columns or obelisks, from 11 to 13 feet in height, and from 3 to 4 feet in width, and something less in depth, in every case having on the principal face a human figure, male or female, sculptured in high relief, presenting its full front, and having the upper part of the arm pressed close in to the body, and the lower part brought forward, so as to allow of the hands being pressed against the breast. They are all clad in rich garments, some in the form of short tunics, others more like long pantaloons. The feet, which are of clumsy form, are generally covered with a kind of buskin; and the heads are adorned with coverings of the most fanciful description, the details of which can hardly be detached from the mass of intricate sculptured ornaments with which the monuments are covered on all sides from top to base. The idol (for such these objects are supposed to have been) to which we have particularly alluded differs from others in its vicinity, inasmuch as it is broader at top than below, while the sculpture is in lower relief. The face is of a calm and placid expression, and the sculptured ornaments, though difficult to define, are graceful and pleasing in design. The back and sides of the monument are covered with hieroglyphics, which, as will be seen, abound among the sculptured remains in the ruined cities, and prove that, if the inhabitants of these regions were not in possession of such characters at the time of the Conquest, the nations or generations which preceded them were fully acquainted with the use of these written signs. In front of the idol is an altar, 4 feet high, and 6 feet square, of one block of stone, and resting on four globes cut out of the same material. The

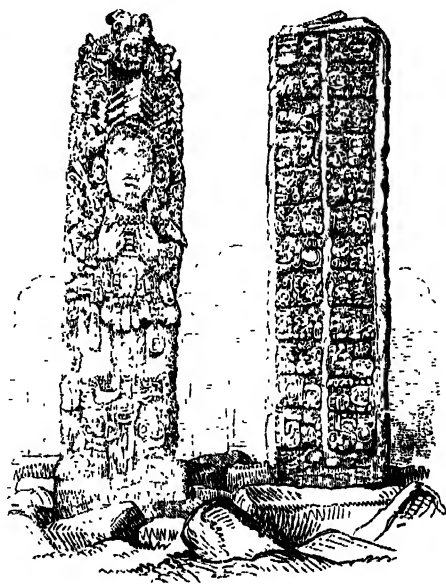
bas-reliefs on the sides represent a series of sixteen human figures, seated cross-legged in Oriental fashion. Each bears in his hand a weapon, the precise character of which it is difficult to ascertain, but in which some archaeologists persist in seeing only spiral shells; and the heads of all are covered with very peculiar head-dresses without plumes. On the side facing the west are the two principal figures of the series, sitting with their faces towards each other, as if engaged in discussion, while seven of the other fourteen figures, turning their heads in the direction of each, seem to form their respective retinues. The top of the altar is divided into thirty-six tablets of hieroglyphics, probably recording the important transaction which the two parties have met to discuss. That precise rules had not existed relative to the costume of the day, may be concluded from the circumstance, that of the sixteen head-dresses not two are alike; and though we are unwilling to believe that the extraordinary facial angles represented could be meant to portray really existing faces, still, it must be admitted that there is likewise much variety in the countenances.

From the pyramidal terrace forming the outer wall of the smaller court within the temple there is a subterraneous passage leading to the river wall, and below this a sepulchral vault was opened by Colonel Galindo, who explored the ruins some years ago on account of the Mexican government. On each side of the vault, which is 6 feet high, and 10 feet long by 5½ in width, are small niches, which, at the time of the opening, contained numerous earthenware vessels of different descriptions, filled with human bones, and packed in lime. The floor of the vault, paved with stones, and coated with lime, was strewn with various articles, such as stone knives, stalactites, marine shells, and a small death's head, cut in a green stone, and described as of exquisite workmanship.

At some distance from the enclosure denominated the Temple, in a level area, enclosed by terraced walls, stands a group of eight stone idols, similar in form and size, and in the position of the hands, to the one above described, but each having a distinct individual character. They are placed at distances of from 50 to 200 feet from each other, and in front of each is an altar of corresponding character. The chief object of the sculptor having evidently been to inspire awe and terror, he has endeavoured to produce the desired effect by exaggeration of feature, and has, in consequence, in some cases represented countenances ludicrously hideous; others have, however, a purely terrific expression, and one or two are, on the contrary, pleasing. The workmanship displayed in some of these monuments is considered equal to the finest Egyptian sculpture, but in others it is more rude. Some are covered on all sides with hieroglyphics, and are for that reason the most interesting in the eyes of antiquaries, as there is always a hope that the industry which found a clue to the hieroglyphics of Egypt may also one day be able to unravel the mysteries of Central America. The engraving on the following page exhibits on a very minute scale the front and back of one of these gigantic idols, every inch of which is covered with ornamental sculptures and hieroglyphics. At the foot of one of them is a colossal sculptured head of an alligator, half-buried in the earth. In one only of the ruined cities have there been found monuments similar to the idols of Copan. At some distance from the ruins, deep in the heart of the wide-spreading

forest, are the quarries whence have been drawn the materials for all the monuments we have surveyed.

Palenque, Uxmal, Kabah, and Chichen, the four other cities which seem to us the most remarkable, offer a character different from that of Copan, inasmuch as the pyramidal structures in these places are still crowned with edifices of a stately and magnificent character, and the pyramids and terraces are in a much better state of preservation. The ruins designated by the name of Palenque are, as before observed, situated in the province of Chiapas, and have borrowed their name from a neighbouring village. With regard to the extent of these ruins, accounts differ: ac-



cording to the Indians and the other inhabitants of the village of Palenque—who do not, however, seem to have any real knowledge of the subject, but whose imaginations delight in adding to the marvellous character of the remains in their neighbourhood—they cover an area of no less than sixty miles; Du Paix and Del Rio give them a circuit of seven leagues; while Waldeck maintains that they cover a surface of only one league, or about three miles. How far any of these accounts are correct it would perhaps be difficult to ascertain, as the surrounding country is covered for miles with a forest of gigantic trees, rendered more dense by an impenetrable growth of underwood. In their descriptions of the Casas de Piedras, the most interesting and important objects among these remains, all the explorers agree. When Del Rio visited them, they were fourteen in number, disposed around a rectangular area 450 yards by 300—five being on the north side, four on the south, one on the south-west, and three on the east, while the largest of the group occupied a central position. Mr Stephens mentions only five as being in a good state of preservation, and describes them, on first view, as being 'in style and effect unique, extraordinary, and mournfully beautiful.' The largest building stands upon an oblong mound 40 feet high, formed by human labour, having originally been faced with stone, and measuring at the base 310 feet by 260. The building itself is 200 feet long, and 180 feet deep, while the height of the walls is no more than 25 feet. It is constructed of stone and mortar, coated with stucco, and has originally been painted; the remains of red, yellow, blue,

black, and white paint being still visible in many places. The front faces the east, and contains fourteen doorways, separated by square piers adorned with spirited figures in stucco. Around the top runs a broad projecting stone cornice. The principal doorway is indicated by a flight of broad stone steps on the side of the terrace leading up to it. On the other sides of the palace, which are in a more dilapidated condition, it would seem that there have been similar doorways, all giving access to a corridor running round the building, and communicating by two doors only with a second corridor running parallel with it. Adjoining these corridors are ranges of chambers communicating by doorways and flights of steps, with an open courtyard on a lower level, but enclosed by the walls of the palace: such, indeed, are generally the interior arrangements of the buildings in these ruined cities. In cases where there are no courtyards, the back rooms receive the light through doorways communicating with the front rooms or corridors, these being likewise devoid of all apertures save the doorways opening upon the platforms without. In one of the courts or open areas of the Palace of Palenque is a tower built of stone, 30 feet square at the base, and three storeys high. The purpose for which it has served is difficult to divine, as the outer wall forms but a shell surrounding an inner structure, presenting no visible means of ingress. Between the outer wall and this inner structure is a very narrow staircase, leading up to the top, but terminating abruptly against a dead stone ceiling. Within the precincts of the palace there are several other detached buildings, all much ruined, and the character of which it is consequently difficult to define. From the door of the inner corridor, on the front side of the building, a flight of stone steps, 30 feet broad, leads down into the principal courtyard, a rectangular area 80 feet by 70; and on the opposite side is a similar flight, corresponding with a corridor in the interior of the building. On each side of both these flight of steps are sculptured bas-reliefs of grim human figures, 9 or 10 feet high. Some are standing, others kneeling; others seated cross-legged; and the greater number have one or both hands pressed against the breast, as if expressive of suffering, which is also depicted in some of the upturned faces. The forms are uncouth, and the proportions incorrect; but there is a certain force of expression in the countenances and attitudes which renders them interesting even as specimens of artistic skill. We should far surpass our limits were we to attempt to give a detailed description of the sculptured bas-reliefs, and the figures and groups in stucco, which decorate in rich profusion the walls of the innumerable rooms and corridors in the palace, and are here and there interspersed with tablets of hieroglyphics. We shall therefore limit ourselves to saying that the figures are, in regards the style of countenance, dress, and indeed their whole appearance, unlike those of any other known monuments. But though many of the strange bodily deformities which they exhibit may be attributed to want of skill in the artist, there are nevertheless certain peculiarities of physical conformation which recur so constantly, as to impress the beholder with the belief that such, or nearly such, have been the prevalent forms among the people whom they represent. Among these peculiarities, the form of the heads—flattened behind, and elongated on the top—is particularly remarkable, and would seem to indicate that

among the inhabitants of this city, as among some of the North American Indians of the present day, it has been customary to change the natural form of the head by pressure in infancy. Large noses and protruding lips also very generally prevail. The head-dresses are distinguished by plumes of feathers in exaggerated profusion, and of the strangest forms.

The other buildings at Palenque resemble the palace in architectural and ornamental features, but are of smaller dimensions, each having for its foundation an artificial pyramidal structure. In one, the piers of the front corridor are decorated with figures of men and women with children in their arms, but they are much damaged. In the same building there are on each side of the principal doorway stone tablets, 13 feet long, and 8 feet high, covered with hieroglyphics. And it has been observed as remarkable that these characters are the same as those found at Copan, and also in several of the ruined cities of Yucatan; thus establishing the fact, that these cities must at least have had a written language in common, though the Indians at present inhabiting the intermediate territories speak several distinct languages, and are quite unintelligible to one another. On the back wall of a small oblong chamber in one of the Casas, lighted by a single low doorway, is a sculptured tablet of a very remarkable character. In the centre is a cross placed upon a kind of highly-ornamented pedestal, and surmounted by an extraordinary bird, the wings and tail of which bear a strong resemblance to many of the plumes in the head-dresses to which we have alluded. Around the neck of the bird hang strings of beads, from which is suspended an ornament supposed by some to be the curious flower called by the Mexicans 'macphalxochitl,' or 'flower of the hand,' the pistil being in the form of a bird's foot, with six fingers terminating in so many nails. On each side of the cross, and with their faces turned towards it, are two male figures with the same strangely-shaped heads before-mentioned, but otherwise of great symmetry of proportion, and considered quite equal to any of the sculptured remains of Egypt. One of these figures seems in the act of making an offering to the bird, while the other is looking on. It is remarkable, as a probable indication of the figures being the portraits of living personages, that the looker-on, being considerably shorter than his companion, is mounted on a kind of footstool, in order to reach the same height. The costume of the men is different from that of all the other figures found among the ruins; for while the garments of the latter in many cases seem made of the skins of animals with the tails still attached to them, the folds of the dresses in the present case indicate that they are made of some pliable texture. These two figures occur again on another tablet, placed in a similar position in one of the other Casas. Here they are both apparently making offerings to a hideous mask, with the tongue lolling out of the mouth, and supported by two crossed batons richly ornamented. The objects offered are in this case decidedly infants, and are presented to the mask seated on the palms of the men's hands. The small chambers in which these tablets are placed are believed to have been places for private devotion, and have, in consequence, obtained the name of 'adoratorios.' The floors of these adoratorios were excavated by Del Rio, and found to contain an earthen vessel and a circular stone, beneath which were a lance-head, two small pyramids with the figure of a heart made of a dark crystal, and two covered earthen jars containing a substance of a ver-

million colour. Among the stucco ornaments in all these buildings there are also designs of plants and flowers; and among the fragments of sculpture Mr Stephens mentions a beautiful head and two bodies, 'in justness of proportion and symmetry of form approaching the Greek models.' One statue only has been found among the ruins of Palenque. It is 10 feet 6 inches high, and is more simple and severe in character than any of the other sculptured figures; so much so, indeed, that it might altogether be taken for the production of another land and another time, did not a hieroglyphic, placed in front about the middle of the body, and from which depends some symbolical ornament, at once recall to mind the idols of Copan, in which both are never-failing features. There are no windows in the palace at Palenque; but on the inner wall of the outer corridor, which it will be remembered communicates by two doorways only with the parallel corridor within, there are apertures of about a foot in size, some in the form of the Greek cross, others in that of the Egyptian Tau. The floors are of cement, hard as that in the Roman baths, and the ceilings arched, as is invariably the case in all the apartments and corridors in the buildings of these deserted cities. The perfect arch was unknown to their builders, as to those of many of the nations of antiquity; and their substitute for it is constructed precisely on the same plan as the Cyclopean arch, prevalent among the ancient remains of Greece and Italy. It is formed by superincumbent layers of stones overlapping each other, until the two sides of the walls approach within about a foot of each other, the top being finally covered in with a flat layer of stones.

About seventeen leagues directly south of the city of Merida, in the peninsula of Yucatan, are the ruins of Uxmal, the best-preserved of which are scattered over an area 1600 feet by 1100, and consist of six distinct and extensive buildings, and a large truncated pyramid, the summit of which is not crowned with any edifice. Besides these, there are the remains of numerous other edifices, but in a state of great decay. The walls of the city may also be traced to a considerable distance. The principal building, called Casa del Gobernador, or the governor's house, occupies, like all the other important buildings that we have mentioned, the upper platform of an artificial elevation, which rises in three terraces from the level plain, and which, notwithstanding its great dimensions, bears evidence of being the work of man. The first terrace is 575 feet long, 3 feet high, and 15 broad: the second is 20 feet high, 250 feet wide, and 545 long; the third, on which stands the stately edifice, is 19 feet high, 30 feet broad, and 360 feet long; and the sides of all are supported by substantial stone walls, rounded at the angles. In the centre of the platform of the second terrace commences a flight of steps 130 feet wide, and leading up to the third terrace immediately in front of the Casa del Gobernador, the façade of which is 322 feet long. The effect produced by the grandeur of the position, and the vastness of the dimensions of this magnificent building, is further increased by the richness of the architectural ornaments which have been lavished on the external walls. These walls are constructed entirely of stone; and from the base to the cornice—which runs all round the building immediately above the doorways, and about the mid-height of the building—they present a smooth surface. But above the cornice the four sides of

the edifice present 'one solid mass of rich, complicated, and elaborately-sculptured ornaments, forming a sort of arabesque.' Above the doorways, of which there are eleven in front, and one at each end, the ornaments are, in particular, very elaborate, representing small human figures, with head-dresses of rich plumes—that above the centre doorway being larger than the others. The roof of this building is flat, and was originally covered with cement; and the rear elevation is a solid stone wall 9 feet thick, without doorways or apertures of any kind. Within are two parallel ranges of rooms, each range numbering as many rooms as there are doorways in the front wall, through which alone they receive the light, each back-room communicating with the corresponding front-room by a door immediately opposite the outer one. The height of this, as of all the other ruined buildings, does not correspond with the imposing breadth of the façade, it being little more than 24 or 25 feet. Apparently, the lintels of the doorways have all been of wood, and some were still in their places, and in very good condition, when examined by Mr Stephens. This is, however, no proof against the antiquity of the buildings, as these beams are of a very hard wood, which, it is said, does not grow in the neighbouring forests, but must have been transported hither from the forests near the Lake of Peten, a distance of about 300 miles. In one of these beams were carved hieroglyphics like those of Copan and Palenque; with this exception, there have been found at Uxmal no sculptured bas-reliefs or stuccoed figures as at Palenque, and no idols as at Copan. From the manner in which the sculptured ornaments on the exterior of the buildings cover the stones—the several parts of one design occupying several adjoining stones—it is evident that these must have been placed in the wall before they were sculptured.

On the terrace below that on which stands the Casa del Gobernador is another edifice, of smaller dimensions, and greater simplicity of ornament, but otherwise of the same general construction. This building is called the House of the Tortoises (Casa de las Tortugas), and, according to some of the explorers, owes this appellation to the form of the stones with which the rectangular court enclosed within its four wings was paved. These stones are described as being each 6 inches square, and exquisitely cut in demi-relief with the full and accurate figure of a tortoise, and as being arranged in groups of four, with the heads of the tortoises together. The number required to cover the superficies of the court is said to have been 43,660. Of this interesting feature, proving an amount of skill and enterprise in the builders of the cities even surpassing that displayed in the remains still extant, we are sorry to say Mr Stephens makes no mention. According to him, the edifice has obtained its name from a row of sculptured tortoises adorning the cornice which runs round the top of the whole building. On the same terrace as La Casa de las Tortugas are some other remains, the purpose of which is not evident. Such is, for instance, an oblong structure 200 feet long, 15 feet wide, and about 3 feet high, and along the foot of which runs a range of pedestals and broken columns. On another part of the terrace, and within a quadrangular enclosure, is a round stone of rude and irregular appearance, 8 feet high, and 5 feet in diameter, which has obtained from the Indians the name of the Picote, or the 'Whipping-Post.' Similar stones in similar positions occur in many of the ruined cities, and

have therefore probably been connected with some national custom or religious rite. The same may be said of two other mysterious structures connected with the ruins of Uxmal. These are two edifices, each 128 feet long, and 30 feet deep, placed opposite to each other, 70 feet apart, and having apparently been precisely similar in plan and ornament. The sides facing each other have been embellished with sculptured ornaments, of which the coils of serpents have formed part. These edifices have no doorways or openings of any kind, and on being broken into, proved to be nothing but solid walls. In the centre of each wall, and exactly opposite to each other, are the remains of two large stone rings. Two hundred and forty feet south of these structures is a group of buildings, surrounding a rectangular courtyard, entered through an arched gateway, and called the House of the Nuns (*Casa de las Monjas*). The chief wing of this group is 279 feet long, and all the buildings are more richly ornamented even than the *Casa del Gobernador*. Here, again, huge serpents form the leading feature in the sculptured ornaments. The next building stands upon an artificial oblong mound, rounded at the extremities, and not cut in terraces as the foregoing, but rising in a very steep ascent from the plain, and accessible by a range of uncommonly steep steps. The building is, like the others, of stone, the walls being on the inside smooth and polished, and externally plain from the base to the cornice above the doorways, and from this to the roof elaborately sculptured. From the front-door of this building an inclined plane, 22 feet long, and paved with cement, leads down to the roof of another building, occupying a lower position, and the walls of which are likewise richly sculptured. This group goes under the name of the House of the Dwarf. The last building which we shall describe is the *Casa de los Palamos*, or the House of the Pigeons, so called from the peculiar character given to it by a range of structures elevated on the flat roof of the building, and presenting the appearance of a range of gables after the fashion of the German buildings of the middle ages, which, being perforated with small oblong openings, bear some resemblance to pigeon-houses. These structures are nine in number, are built of stone, and have all originally been covered with ornaments in stucco. In one of the noble courtyards enclosed within the different wings of this edifice is another of those strange stones to which the Indians have given the name of whipping-posts. It must be observed, with regard to the different appellations given to the edifices in these ruined cities, that they are entirely unconnected with the past history of the cities or of the edifices themselves, and are only applied in consequence of some fancied resemblance. At the north-east angle of the *Casa de los Palamos* is a vast range of terraces facing east and west, and encumbered with ruins, and with these we will take leave of the remains of Uxmal, though we have touched upon comparatively few of the remarkable details which they comprise.

At Chichen, another of the ruined cities of Yucatan, the surviving edifices are spread over an area of about two miles in circumference. The most beautiful, called, like one at Uxmal, *Casa de las Monjas* (House of the Nuns), is 638 feet in circumference, and 65 feet high. This unusual height, which is in fact only apparent, is owing to three ranges of buildings being erected, the one immediately above the other, yet so that

each of the upper ranges, being built back, and not on the roof of the lower structure, rests on an independent foundation, while the roof of the lower range extends like a platform in front of it. Such is the mode invariably followed in these regions when the buildings have the appearance of consisting of several storeys. In the present case, the second range is the most elaborately decorated, the ornaments being in the same style as those of Uxmal, and as shown in the annexed sketch of one of



its façades. The lower range seems to be nothing but a solid mass of masonry, merely intended to serve as a pedestal for the upper ranges. A grand staircase, 56 feet wide, leads from terrace to terrace up to the top of the building. The chief apartment in the interior of the second range, which is entered and lighted by three doorways on the south side, is 47 feet long, and only 9 feet deep, thus having, like all the large rooms in these buildings, more the character of a gallery or corridor than of a room. In the back wall are nine oblong niches; and from the floor to the very centre of the arched ceiling the walls are covered with paintings, now much effaced, but in many places still glowing with bright and vivid colours. The subjects represented have probably been processions of warriors, for human heads adorned with plumes, and hands bearing shields and spears, constantly recur.

One hundred and fifty yards east of the Monjas is a building which does not, like the generality, stand upon a raised terrace, but to which, nevertheless, the appearance of an elevated position has been given by digging out the earth for some distance in front of it. This building, the exterior of which is rude and unadorned, faces the east, and measures 149 feet in front and 48 feet in depth. In the centre of the eastern façade is a broad staircase leading up to the roof, which is flat as usual; and corresponding with this, on the other side of the building, is a solid mass of masonry 44 feet by 34, standing out from the wall, and serving no apparent purpose. The number of chambers within the building is eighteen, and that of the outer

doorways nine. In the dark mystery of one of the back chambers is a sculptured tablet representing a sitting figure, supposed to be engaged in the performance of some mysterious rite, and around it are several rows of hieroglyphics similar to those found in the other cities. In their graphic language the Indians have denominated this building Akatzeeb—that is, 'The Writing in the Dark.' North of the Monjas is another building, called by them Caracol (The Winding Staircase), different in style from any as yet described. It is circular in form, has a conically-shaped roof, and stands on the highest of two terraces, to which ascent is gained by a flight of steps 45 feet wide, and on each side of which runs a kind of balustrade formed by the entwined bodies of two colossal serpents. In front of the steps, and standing against the wall of the second terrace, is a pedestal, supposed to have supported an idol. The building, which stands on the second platform about 15 feet back from the brink, is 22 feet in diameter, and is entered by four small doors facing the cardinal points. Within is a circular corridor 5 feet wide, and within this another 4 feet wide, to which admittance is gained by four doors, smaller than those in the outer wall, and placed at the intermediate points of the compass, so as to face the north-east, north-west, south-east, and south-west. This corridor encircles a cylindrical mass of solid stone, 7 feet 6 inches in diameter, forming, as it were, the axis of the building. The corridors are arched in the usual manner, coated with plaster, and painted.

At some distance from this singular structure and the others we have described are others, repeating on a grander scale what we have seen at Uxmal, and supposed to be connected with the public games of the country. Two walls, each 274 feet long and 30 feet thick, run parallel to each other at a distance of 120 feet. In the centre of each wall, and exactly opposite to each other, at the height of 20 feet from the ground, are two massive stone rings, 4 feet in diameter, and with serpents sculptured on the outer circle. At the distance of 100 feet from the northern and southern extremities of the walls, and facing the open space enclosed between them, are two buildings, the one 35, the other 80 feet long, situated on elevations, and each containing one room only. Both are much dilapidated; but on the inner wall of the smallest there are still traces of rich sculptures, and in front of each are the remains of two columns, also richly sculptured. On the outer side, and at the southern extremity of one of the parallel walls, stands a building surpassing in interest any as yet mentioned. It consists of two ranges—the upper one, which is best preserved, being ornamented externally with a frieze in bas-relief representing a succession of lynxes or tigers; while the whole of the inner wall of the lower structure, laid bare by the falling of the outer wall, is likewise covered with bas-reliefs consisting of rows of human figures interspersed with fanciful ornaments, and each row being separated from the other by an ornamental border of simple and pleasing design. The figures are all males, with buskined feet and helmet-like head-dresses adorned with plumes. The other parts of their dress are so indistinct and different in each, as to allow full scope to the imagination, but to admit of no accurate description. Each of the figures in the upper row carries in his hand a bundle of spears, and all are painted. The upper range of the building, the front corridor of which is supported by massive pillars elaborately sculptured, presents scenes of still greater interest.

Here, for the first time throughout these deserted cities, we catch a glimpse of some of the pastimes and occupations of their mysterious inhabitants, though here, again, the light by which they must be read is wanting. From the front corridor, which overlooks the open space between the walls of what Mr Stephens has denominated the Tennis-Court, a doorway—the lintel of which is a massive beam of sapote-wood richly sculptured, and the jambs of which retain traces of sculptured figures—leads to an inner chamber with walls and ceiling covered with paintings. The colours are in some places still bright and vivid, in others much effaced. Some of the figures seem dancing a war-dance with shield and spear; others are placed on low seats, seemingly of basket-work; and others on cushions: one of these figures holds in one hand a large circular ring, like a child's hoop, which he seems intending to trundle with a short stick which he holds in his other hand. In one place is an old woman crouching down, and apparently unloading a sack, which is placed before her; and in another is a large canoe, with horses and people in it, and one man falling overboard. The head-dresses worn by these figures are quite different from any others mentioned, and the men have their ears pierced, and small round plates attached to them. The colours employed are green, yellow, red, blue, and reddish-brown—the last invariably used to represent the human flesh, the tint in the female figures being a shade lighter than that used for the male.

Five hundred feet south-east of the last-described building is another on an artificial mound rising from the level plain to a height of 75 feet, and ascended on two sides by flights of steps, the balustrades of which have been formed by colossal serpents. The building is not large, but highly ornamented, and commands a view of the whole surrounding plain. On the sides of one of the doorways are sculptured figures, much damaged; but the head of one, which is well preserved, shows the ears and nose pierced and decorated with rings. Facing the north is a large doorway supported by columns, the pedestals of which are richly sculptured, and leading into a chamber of uncommonly lofty proportions. The roof of this chamber is supported by square pillars, also richly sculptured, but much dilapidated.

At Kabah, likewise in Yucatan, the ruins present the same character as those already described—namely, broad and noble terraces, and lofty pyramidal structures, supporting buildings of vast extent, and loaded externally with a profusion of ornaments. The apartments within are arched, as at Uxmal and Palenque; and though more ornamented than those in the former city, are less elaborately so than those in the latter. The sculptured bas-reliefs on the jambs of a doorway in one of the buildings, representing one man in a kneeling position, and another man standing



before him (see engraving on preceding page), are very important, on account of the kneeling figure holding in his hand a weapon answering to the description given by Spanish historians of the swords of the Indians at the time of the discovery of Columbus: 'Swords made of wood, having a gutter in the forepart, in which were sharp-edged flints, strongly fixed with a sort of bitumen and thread.'

In the description of the cities here more particularly mentioned are comprised the main features which characterise the buildings on the different sites explored. Among the individual peculiarities presented by some of the ruins, the buildings called Casas Cerradas, or Closed Houses, deserve mention. These are buildings externally and internally in every respect resembling the great majority of those described, with the usual distribution of doorways, corridors, and inner-chambers, all completely finished, and then, apparently before the roof was closed in, having been filled up with solid masses of stone and mortar, the doorways being at the same time carefully walled up. The meaning of these buildings, like so many of the other arrangements in these extraordinary cities, remains a profound mystery.

On the first survey of these wonderful cities of palaces, buried in the bosom of the vast forests of an uncultivated region, the imagination, struck by the presence of so much grandeur and magnificence, and the total absence of all the petty details connected with the daily necessities and the daily cares of human life, conjures up to itself a race of beings exempt from these necessities and these cares, which has dwelt here in happiness and splendour. But sober reason soon reasserts its sway, and bids us believe that where we find the traces of human habitations, there also, though hidden, we shall find the presence of those conditions without which human nature cannot exist. Thus, though the sites of these cities, particularly in Yucatan, seem selected with an entire disregard of that which is generally considered the first of conditions for the foundation of a city—namely, a natural supply of water—we find, upon nearer investigation, that this seeming indifference with regard to the absence of one of the first necessities of life must have been owing to the consciousness possessed by these builders of their capability of supplying by art the deficiencies of nature. The wonderful perseverance and industry of this race seems to have recoiled before no difficulties: the same hands that raised the immense artificial mounds to bear aloft their stately palaces and their temples, were ready to provide artificial means to supply large populations with water. The ponds and wells which have been found buried in the depths of the forests surrounding the ruined cities, and which were, until very lately, believed by the inhabitants to be natural depressions of the soil, and in most cases looked more like bogs or marshes than like artificial tanks or cisterns, have now been ascertained beyond a doubt to be lined with masonry; and they form a very interesting portion of the ancient works of the aborigines. Several of these ponds (or Aguadas, as they are called by the natives of Spanish descent), situated on the property of a gentleman more observant than the generality of his countrymen, were entirely dried up by the heats of summer in 1835. The proprietor, placing confidence in the current traditions that they were artificial contrivances,

and the work of the Antiguos, or Ancients, as the Indians denominate the authors of the many ancient works with which their country abounds, availed himself of the opportunity to make a careful examination of the ponds, and was satisfied that on this point tradition was correct. In 1836 the pond was cleared of mud, and an artificial bottom disclosed, consisting of large flat stones, placed in several layers, the interstices being carefully filled with a reddish-brown clay. In the middle of the basin, sunk from the level of this paved foundation, were four wells 8 yards deep, and 5 feet in diameter, and lined with stone, but at the time of which we speak filled with mud. Besides these, there were around the margin of the pond upwards of 400 pits into which the water had filtered, and which, together with the wells, were intended to furnish a supply of water during the dry season of the year, when the upper basin, which depended upon the floods of the rainy season, should be empty. On another estate within a short distance of the one we have just mentioned, another aguada of a still more extraordinary character has been cleansed and restored to its original uses. When the mud, which covered the bottom to a depth of several feet, was cleared away, the upper basin was found to contain upwards of forty wells, differing in character and construction, and from 20 to 25 feet in depth. These ingenious contrivances of the aborigines to supply the natural deficiencies of the land have proved an immense boon to their degenerate descendants and their Spanish masters; for in a country almost destitute of water-courses as Yucatan, these aguadas were of very great importance, even while their precise character was still unknown.

Besides these artificial reservoirs, which, as has been said, are scattered all over the face of the country, there are in Yucatan other wells of a most extraordinary character, of which the present inhabitants avail themselves, and which, from various indications, it is evident have also been known and resorted to by the ancient populations. One of these, in the neighbourhood of the village of Bolanchen, is most remarkable, and at the same time comprises the leading features of all. The descent to this well, or these wells—for there are seven distinct basins containing water—is through the mouth of a rocky cavern, and continues through the bowels of the earth down to a perpendicular depth of 450 feet, but by a pathway in the rock 1400 feet in length, and at times so precipitous, as to necessitate the use of ladders varying from 20 to 80 feet in length. Of these ladders, which are of a most primitive description—being made of rough rounds of wood bound together with osiers—there are no less than seven to be descended and ascended by the Indians, who, from these mysterious sources, carry up on their backs during four months of each year the full supply of water necessary for the consumption of the population of the village, amounting to 7000 souls. In other parts of the country the Indians, in their descent and ascent from wells of a similar nature, have to pass through passages in the rock so low, as to oblige them to crawl on hands and feet; on which occasion the bands passed round their foreheads, and to which the gourds containing the water are attached, are lengthened so as to allow the latter to hang below their hips, in order that they may not protrude beyond the height of the body in this crouching attitude. The unmurmuring cheerfulness with which this patient race pursue their daily task, apparently as unconscious of its laboriousness as of

its dangers, affords a little insight into the qualities which render possible the construction of such works of labour as those with which the country is covered; and it further leads to the conclusion—which indeed the history of Mexico corroborates—that the monuments of the ancient civilisation of America, like those of the Old World, have been the work of slaves, toiling like machines, under the direction of masters who allowed them no share in the intellectual light which gave to themselves the power, and taught them the means, of executing such stupendous undertakings.

In addition to the ingenious cisterns above described, there are among the ruins but one kind of structures which may be supposed to have served for useful purposes. These are subterraneous chambers scattered over the whole area enclosed within the walls of the cities, and about five yards or a little more in diameter, with domelike ceilings, and lined throughout with cement. Access to them is gained by circular holes in the ground, so small, that a man can with difficulty introduce his body. As many as have been explored have been found quite empty, with the exception of one, in which was found a small earthenware vessel. At first, it was suggested that these chambers might have been water-cisterns, but nearer examination proved them not to be fit for this purpose; and subsequently a more probable opinion has been adopted—namely, that they have served as depositories for the maize or Indian corn, which was in universal use among the natives of both the American continents at the period of their discovery by the Europeans. Beyond these, the ruins afford no traces of the life and habits of their former occupants. There is, however, one mysterious feature connected with these buildings, and observed even in those most distant from each other, which is of the utmost importance, not only as further proving the similarity of thought and feeling, because of sign and symbol existing between their respective populations, but still more as affording a connecting link between these populations and some of the tribes which to this day inhabit the North American continent. We allude to the print of a red hand, which has been found on the walls of the edifices in almost all the cities explored. The sign of the hand, we are told, is not painted, but seems literally printed upon the stones by the pressure of the living hand while moist with the paint, as every minute line and seam of the palm is visible. It is a remarkable fact that this same sign constantly recurs on the skins of animals purchased from the Indian hunters on the Rocky Mountains, and it is indeed said to be in common use among the tribes in the north. According to Mr Schoolcraft, a gentleman who has devoted much attention to the habits and customs of the Indians, and quoted by Mr Stephens, the figure of the human hand is used by the North American Indians to denote supplication to the Great Spirit, and it stands in their system of picture-writing as the symbol of strength, power, or mastery, thus derived.

By analogies such as the above must the history of the deserted cities and their inhabitants be traced, for their walls and sculptures are the only records of them extant. Among those that we have mentioned, the name of Copan, indeed, holds a place in the history of the Spanish conquest, a city of this name being mentioned as having revolted against the Spaniards in 1530, and as having bravely resisted the attacks of the Spanish soldiers sent to bring it back to subjection. But the general belief is, that these

ruins are of a date much anterior to this period; and there are points in the Spanish narrative of the reduction of Copan which could not be applied to a city surrounded by such strong walls as the one whose ruins we have surveyed. Of the ruins now designated by the appellation of Palenque, not even the name is known, as has been seen, and no tradition hovers round the spot to tell of its past glory: the tale is left to its sculptured walls, and even these will not long survive to tell it. Of Uxmal the same may be said. The name of these ruins is derived from that of the estate on which they stand; in the oldest deed belonging to the family who owns this property, and which goes back 140 years, they are referred to as *Las Casas di Piedras*, the common appellation for the ruined structures throughout the country. Of the past existence of Kabah not a record or a tradition is extant. These remains lie upon the common lands of the village of Nohcacub, and their very presence was unknown until the opening of a road to Bolanchen disclosed them in the bosom of the wood. The ruins of Chichen, being situated on both sides of the great road which leads to Valladolid, one of the principal modern cities of Yucatan, and full in sight of all passers-by, are, in consequence, more generally known to the people of the country, and the name of this city is recorded in history as that of the first place in the interior where the Spaniards halted. Whether the town was then inhabited, and in the full blaze of that splendour which the magnificent remains indicate, or whether it were already then deserted, is, however, unsettled, for the Spanish chronicler merely mentions the locality as a favourable and strong position for defence against the Indians, on account of the great buildings that were there. However this may be, the reader has no doubt been struck with the general resemblance of the buildings and other monuments which we have been describing to those of Mexico on the arrival of Cortez. The palace of Palenque, or the House of the Nuns at Uxmal, at once familiarise us with the edifice in which he and his companions were lodged by Montezuma; and the vast pyramidal structures call to mind the great Teocalli, which was the first victim of the fanatic fury of the invaders. The total absence of every vestige of the habitations of the humbler classes of the community also leads to the conclusion that the resemblance of these cities to those of Mexico does not stop here, but that, here as there, the houses of the people must have been of much frailer materials than those of their rulers, whether these were kings, nobles, or priests, and could not long survive their abandonment. Indeed the Spanish historian Herrera, who, in describing Yucatan, says, 'there were so many and such stately stone buildings that it was amazing,' adds — 'their houses (dwelling-houses) were all of timber, and thatched.' But why were these cities abandoned? Here the mystery again thickens, and here the analogy to Mexico seems no longer to hold good. The subjugation of Yucatan was thrown so much into the shade by the more splendid achievements of the conquests of Mexico and Peru, which, though later known, were more speedily brought under the Spanish yoke, that the glowing descriptions which reached Spain from those countries were not followed by similar ones from Yucatan; nor are there any records of the Spaniards having in this country, as in the two former, waged a war of destruction against the national monuments of the natives. To this day

the Spanish population in the peninsula is far from numerous, and is gathered in a few large towns; while the Indians generally dwell in villages under the guidance of a Roman Catholic priest, or settle themselves in the immediate vicinity of the haciendas or estates which dot the country, and give their services to the proprietor in return for the permission to draw water from the well or cistern of his establishment. Even the face of the country seems to be pretty much the same as it was at the period of the Conquest. The great dearth of springs and rivers render it unqualified for cultivation, and the immense forests of logwood continue to constitute its greatest riches. Therefore, although it must be admitted that the Spaniards, on their arrival, found the Indians in possession of towns, which, from the incidental mention of them that occurs in the chronicles of the period, seem to have borne very much the same character as those we have been surveying, yet it is difficult to conceive how, within little more than two centuries (we refer to the date of the discovery of the ruins of Palenque), these cities came to be so completely abandoned and forgotten, and that by a race remarkable for the great tenacity with which it clings to its old customs and institutions. In Mexico, where every vestige of their ancient faith and policy was systematically eradicated, and where the native population of Spanish descent is comparatively very numerous, the Indians have, nevertheless, retained so strong a traditional feeling of reverence for their ancient faith, that when two idols were accidentally disinterred in the city of Mexico a few years ago, they secretly, in the night, crowned these objects of their former adoration with wreaths of flowers; but in Yucatan and other districts they live within a few miles, nay, in some cases a few steps, of the remains of their gorgeous temples, and know not of their existence; and when the ruins are pointed out to them, and they are asked who were the builders, their only answer is an indifferent 'Who knows?'

Whoever may have been the builders of the cities of Central America, one thing is established by their discovery—namely, that the civilisation which once embellished these regions must have sprung from the same source as that of Mexico, though whether it was more ancient or more modern, must, notwithstanding all the speculation and ingenuity which has been expended on these subjects, still remain unsettled. That some of the cities, at all events, have been ruined and abandoned at the time of the Spanish conquest, there are incidents in the history of that period that lead us to believe. In the narrative of his travels in these regions, Mr Stephens mentions, at a distance of ten leagues from Palenque, a village called Las Tres Cruces, which, tradition says, derived its name from three crosses that Cortez placed there when on his way from Mexico to Honduras; and justly remarks, that it is not probable that one whose aim was conquest and plunder should have passed by a city of such importance as Palenque must have been when in the full meridian of its glory, without being attracted by its fame; nor is it probable that this fame should not have reached his ears, had the city not been already then, as now—a city of the wilderness, desolate and forgotten. But if ruins such as these, so ancient as to have been forgotten, and their very sites unknown, existed at the period of the Conquest, the civilisation of these countries could not have been of recent date; for there is no reason

to believe that cities of palaces, the foundations of which were artificial mountains, whose construction required an amount of toil almost inconceivable, and the decoration of which must likewise have cost years of labour, have sprung up at the wave of an enchanter's wand, and been abandoned from such caprice as makes a child weary of its new toy. To be utterly unknown, the ruins must have been out of sight; and to be out of sight, forests of slow growth must have had time to close their dark curtain around them. But whence, then, came this ancient race of city-builders; where was the cradle of its civilisation? This question has led to speculations, to enumerate which would far surpass our bounds, and would also be beside our purpose; suffice it to say, that the study of American monuments and traditions, and the analogies which have been described in them to those of the most ancient people of the Old World, have been thought to prove the descent of the Red Men of America from the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the Hebrews, the Egyptians, the Hindoos, Chinese, Tartars, Malays, and Polynesians.

Without attempting to go as far back as the first settlement of the red race on the continent of America, and to enter the regions of pure speculation, we may, however, trace its civilisation back at least a thousand years before the Conquest. The Mexicans, it will be remembered, admitted that in their pyramidal structures they had imitated the earlier works of the Toltecs. This race is the earliest of which any knowledge can be derived from the traditions and picture-writings of the Mexicans. According to these, this people, constituting a powerful nation, arrived from a country somewhere to the north-east of Mexico, whence they emigrated, for some unknown cause, at the commencement of the sixth century of our era; and after about 104 years' wandering through the intervening countries, made an irruption upon the great table-land and valley of Mexico, territories bearing in the language of the country the name of Anahuac. Having established an empire under a monarchical form of government, they ruled the country during four centuries, built large cities, and spread civilisation around them. After the expiration of this period, they were smitten by pestilence and famine, their numbers dwindled, some portions of the population migrated southwards towards Yucatan and Guatemala; and in Anahuac they were superseded in power by other tribes coming from the same direction as they, and of whom the Aztecs or Mexicans of the time of the Spanish conquest were the last. Each of these tribes, in its turn, seems to have adopted as much of the civilisation of the Toltecs as was extant on its arrival; and as the remains in Mexico, though evidently of different dates, do not present characteristics of any distinct civilisation, it is probable that the archetype, of which the remains throughout the whole of the southern part of North America are but slight modifications, has been that of the Toltecs, or of the people from whom they had borrowed it; that it is their architecture, their astronomical division of time, their mythology, and their religious observances and customs, which prevailed throughout those regions. It cannot, however, be maintained with any certainty, notwithstanding the records of the Toltec migration from the north-west, that the territories situated in that direction were the first seat of population and civilisation on the American continent. There is, on the contrary, reason to believe that the population and civilisation of Yucatan, Guate-

mala, and Chiapas, had been anterior to those of Mexico; and that thence they have been diffused through the north, whence the populations have again returned southwards by one of those refluxes which are common in the early history of nations.

That civilisation has at one period extended far to the north-east of Mexico into the territories which, at the period of the discovery of America by Columbus, were inhabited by rude and savage tribes, modern research has sufficiently established. From the Gulf of Mexico to the southern shores of the great lakes in the United States, earthworks and fortifications have been traced entirely distinct from the works of the Indians, giving evidence of a state of civilisation greatly surpassing theirs, yet proving much affinity between the two, and at the same time exhibiting features that show them to be links of the great chain which extends southward also. In the states bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, the Teocalli-shaped structures, of large dimensions, continue to form the leading feature. Further northward, however, in the region watered by the Ohio and its tributaries, though the ancient earthworks are still of considerable magnitude, and in numerous instances of the pyramidal form, terraced, and with a graded ascent to the top, yet a divergence from the system pursued in Mexico is visible in the greater prevalence of the conical-formed mound, as also in the existence of numerous enclosures formed by embankments of earth and stone. By their number, the regularity of their form, and the vastness of their dimensions, these embankments give an imposing idea of the number and capabilities of the people who raised them. In the state of Ohio alone, the number of tumuli raised by the hand of man is estimated at no less than 10,000, and the enclosures are rated at from between 1000 to 1500. Some of these are of course of minor dimensions, while others are of extraordinary magnitude. Enclosures of 100 or 200 acres are said not to be unfrequent, and works are occasionally found enclosing as many as 400 acres. On the Missouri, indeed, there is an enclosure embracing an area of 600 acres, while embankments varying in height from 5 to 30 feet, and enclosing areas of from one to fifty acres, are of common occurrence. However, the amount of labour expended on the works cannot always, we are told, be calculated according to the extent of the area enclosed; for a fortified hill in Highland County, Ohio, has one mile and five-eighths of heavy embankments, which enclose an area of no more than forty acres. On the little Miami River, in Warren County, in the same state, are similar works, presenting upwards of four miles of embankment, enclosing little more than a hundred acres; and a group at the mouth of the Scioto present an aggregate of about twenty miles of embankment, while the extent of the space enclosed hardly amounts to two hundred acres. The mounds are likewise of various dimensions, some being only a few yards in diameter, and a few feet in height; while others—as, for instance, one at the mouth of Grave Creek, Virginia; another at Miamisburg, Ohio; and the truncated pyramid at Cahokia, Illinois—have respectively a perpendicular altitude of 70, 68, and 90 feet, and measure in circumference at the base respectively 1000, 850, and 2000 feet. The area on the truncated summit of the latter measures several acres, and that of Miamisburg is calculated to contain

311,353 cubic feet. At Selzerstown, Mississippi, there is another great mound, said to cover six acres of ground. With regard to these gigantic structures, an American writer observes, 'We have seen mounds which would require the labour of a thousand men employed on our canals, with all their mechanical aids and the improved implements of their labour, for months. We have more than once hesitated in view of these prodigious mounds whether it were not really a natural hill. But they are uniformly so placed in reference to the adjacent country, and their conformation is so unique and similar, that no eye hesitates long in referring them to the class of artificial erections.' The ordinary dimensions of the mounds are, however, considerably inferior to those here mentioned, and generally range from six to thirty feet in perpendicular height by forty to a hundred in diameter at the base.

In accordance with their different characters, these earth and stone-works have, by scientific inquirers, been classed under several heads—namely, Enclosures for Defence; Sacred and Miscellaneous Enclosures; Mounds of Sacrifice, Temple Mounds, Sepulchral Mounds, &c. which at once indicate the various purposes for which they are supposed to have served, partly from their resemblance to those of Mexico, the purposes of which are known, and partly from their unmistakable characteristics. The works the features of which prove beyond a doubt that they must have been constructed for defence, usually occupy strong natural positions, which give evidence of having been selected with profound skill and great care. They are all contiguous to water, generally on the steep banks of a stream, by which one side of the enclosed area is defended, and the vicinity of higher lands from which they might be commanded has everywhere been avoided. While the approaches, in general, are made as difficult as possible, access to the fortified position is, on one or two points, allowed to be comparatively easy; and for the protection of these points the skill of the builders has been taxed to the utmost. A watch-tower or alarm-post, in the guise of a mound, is generally found close to them; and they are defended by two, or sometimes more, overlapping or concentric walls. In addition to the skill evinced in the choice of position, we must further remark the industry that has reared the works, and the strong conviction of their necessity which must have been entertained, as the stones which, together with earth, form the component parts of the walls, are often foreign to the locality, and must have been brought from a considerable distance. In a large proportion of the works the square and the circle, separate or in combination, very frequently occur; and it has been ascertained by careful admeasurement that in almost every case where they do occur, and even in those cases where the embankments and circumvallations are as much as a mile and upwards in extent, the circles are perfect circles, and the rectangular works perfect squares, circumstances which prove that the builders must have proceeded on scientific principles. It has also been proved that wherever the locality has been deficient in a natural supply of water, or the position of the works has rendered access to this difficult, the deficiency has been rectified by the establishment of artificial reservoirs within the fortifications.

Those enclosures which, from their peculiarities and position, are deemed not to have been intended for defence, and are consequently

supposed to have constituted that sacred line which, among all primitive people, has marked the boundary of the space consecrated to their religious worship, are frequently of very considerable extent. This circumstance has induced the belief that they have not only enclosed that which has strictly been considered the Temple, but that they have embraced likewise some sacred grove, as was the case among the ancient Britons and other nations of the Old World; or, what is more probable, the dwellings of the priesthood, as was the case in Mexico and Peru. The correctness of applying a sacred character to these enclosures is proved by the numerous earthen altars which have been found in the enclosed areas, as also by the frequent recurrence of pyramidal structures within their precincts, which fully correspond to those of Mexico and Central America, except that they are not constructed with stone, and that, instead of being ascended by broad flights of steps, their summits are reached by graded avenues or spiral pathways. Upon the summits there are indeed no vestiges of buildings or mural remains; but as the builders had probably either declined from, or not attained to, the same degree of civilisation as the constructors of the southern cities, their edifices may have been of wood, and consequently more perishable. In the Southern United States, from Florida to Texas, the remains, as has been stated, approach nearest to those of Mexico and Central America; the mounds are pyramidal in form, and their relative positions seem to imply a regular system: broad terraces of various heights, elevated causeways, and long avenues, are of frequent occurrence; but enclosures, and particularly those of a military character, are rare. In these states, however, much remains to be learned relative to the aboriginal remains, which are only now being scientifically and systematically examined.

With reference to all these works the same remark will hold good, that though tribes of half-savage Indians in different parts of the country have erected fortifications in many respects evincing a certain degree of affinity to the ancient works alluded to, they are invariably greatly inferior to these; and though the Indians are sometimes found occupying the sites of the various non-military structures, and apparently putting them to uses in a great measure similar to those for which they are supposed to have been originally intended, yet, independently of all other indications, the tribes in these cases always confess that they are availing themselves of the works of predecessors of a much anterior date—predecessors to whom, in their traditions, they always assign great superiority over themselves. The strongest and most indisputable evidence in favour of the antiquity of these works of man is, however, afforded by the monuments which nature has raised on their ruins. In numerous cases where the forest-trees, which now cover the great majority of these mounds and embankments, have been examined, annual rings, denoting a growth of from 600 to 800 years, have been counted on their trunks. But even these 800 years do not bring us near to the date of the erection of the works; for it has been observed by those who have given attention to these matters, that a homogeneity of character is peculiar to the first growth of trees on lands once cleared and then abandoned to nature, whereas the sites of the ancient works which we have been describing present the same appearance as the circumjacent forests, being covered with the same beautiful variety of trees.

In a discourse on the aborigines of the Ohio, the late President Harrison of the United States, after having stated that upon the first clearing of the forest certain trees of strong and rapid growth spring up in such profusion as entirely to smother the others of more weakly nature which attempt to grow in their shade, expresses himself as follows:—'This state of things will not, however, always continue: the preference of the soil for its first growth ceases with its maturity: it admits of no succession on the principle of legitimacy: the long undisputed masters of the forest may be thinned by the lightning, the tempests, or by diseases peculiar to themselves; and whenever this is the case, one of the oft-rejected of another family will find between its decaying roots shelter and appropriate food, and springing into vigorous growth, will soon push its green foliage to the skies through the decayed and withering limbs of its blasted and dying adversary; the soil itself yielding it a more liberal support than any scion from the former occupants. It will easily be conceived what a length of time it will require for a denuded tract of land, by a process so slow, again to clothe itself with the amazing variety of foliage which is the characteristic of the forests of these regions. Of what immense age, then, must be those works, so often recurred to, covered, as has been supposed by those who have the best opportunity of examining them, *with the second growth after the ancient forest state had been regained!*'

In the north and north-western part of the territory over which these ancient remains spread, in Wisconsin, and also in a certain measure in Michigan, Iowa, and Missouri, the earthworks assume a character so different from any we have as yet surveyed, as almost to induce the belief that they must be the productions of a distinct race; yet the transition is not abrupt, for instances of the peculiar mounds which we are about to describe occur, though isolated, in Ohio also. The works to which we allude are described as structures of earth, frequently of gigantic dimensions as to length and breadth, bearing the forms of beasts, birds, reptiles, and even of men, and 'constituting huge *basso-reliefos* upon the face of the country.' From their relative position and proximity, there is reason to believe that each has formed part of a general design or system, particularly as they are interspersed with other mounds of circular, quadrangular, and oblong shape, of considerable dimensions, and short lines of embankment, which latter, however, never form enclosures. The animal-shaped mounds are situated upon the undulating prairies and level plains; and thus, though they are of inconsiderable height—varying from 1 to 4 feet, and in rare instances only reaching an elevation of six feet—they are distinctly visible, and the imagination is not taxed to trace in them the resemblances of bears, alligators, foxes, pigs, men or monkeys, and birds. Like the embankments of the Ohio valley, they principally occur in the vicinity of the large water-courses, and are always placed above the reach of the annual inundations. The extraordinary care with which the minutiae of details have been attended to in the construction of these huge bas-reliefs, is strikingly exemplified in one in the shape of a serpent, which occurs in the state of Ohio, and the description of which we extract from a very valuable and important work on the antiquities of North America,* recently published

* Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley. By E. G. Squier, Esq. A.M., and E. H. Davies, M.D. New York: Bartlett and Welford.

in the United States, and to which we are indebted for much of the information here given. 'It [the serpent] is situated upon a high, crescent-form hill or spur of land, rising 150 feet above the level of Brush Creek, which washes its base. The side of the hill next the stream presents a perpendicular wall of rock, while the other slopes rapidly. The top of the hill is not level, but slightly convex, and presents a very even surface, 150 feet wide, by 1000 long. Conforming to the curve of the hill, and occupying its very summit, is the serpent, its head resting on the point, and its body winding back for 700 feet in graceful undulations, terminating in a triple coil at the tail. The entire length, if extended, would not be less than 1000 feet. The outline of this work is clearly and boldly defined, the embankment being upwards of 5 feet in height by 30 feet base at the centre of the body, but diminishing somewhat towards the head and tail. The neck of the serpent is stretched out, and slightly curved; and its mouth is opened wide, as if in the act of swallowing or ejecting an oval figure, which rests partially within the distended jaws. This oval is formed by an embankment of earth without any perceptible opening, 4 feet in height, and is perfectly regular in outline—its transverse and conjugate diameters being 160 and 80 feet respectively. The ground within the oval is slightly elevated; a small circular elevation of large stones, much burned, which once existed in its centre, has been thrown down and scattered. The point of the hill within which this egg-shaped figure rests seems to have been artificially cut to conform to its outline, leaving a smooth platform, 10 feet wide, and somewhat inclining inwards, all around it.

'Upon either side of the serpent's head extend two small triangular elevations, 10 or 12 feet over. They are not high; and although too distinct to be overlooked, are yet too much obliterated to be satisfactorily traced.'

Another of these embossed figures in Wisconsin is described as follows:—'It represents a human figure having two heads, which gracefully recline over the shoulders. It is well preserved. The arms are disproportionately long. The various parts of the figure are gracefully rounded; the stomach and breasts are full and well proportioned.' Its dimensions are, from one arm-pit over the breast to the other, 25 feet; across the arms at the shoulders, 12; and tapering to 4 feet at the extremities. Over the hips the breadth is 20 feet; and over the legs, near the body, 8; and tapering to 5. The figure above the shoulders measures in width 15 feet, each neck 8, and the heads 10. The length of the body is 50 feet. The elevation of the breasts, and shoulders, and abdomen is 36 inches; the arms at the junction of the shoulders are the same height, diminishing towards their extremities to 10 inches; the thighs near the trunk are 20, and at the feet but 10 inches in height.

Some of these mounds have been excavated, and found to contain human remains; and it has also been ascertained that some of the Indian tribes at present inhabiting the localities deposit their dead in them, though they possess no traditions relative to them, nor has any existing tribe ever been known to construct similar tumuli. The fact of their being at some period or other served for interment, has led Mr R. C. Taylor, a gentleman who has given them much attention, to express the ingenious suggestion, that they may really, originally, have served as sepulchral mounds, and that the figure of the various animals may have

been intended to indicate the cemeteries of the various families or tribes. Among these peculiar works in Wisconsin, occurs one which again presents the missing link in the chain which extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the confines of Canada: this is an enclosure upon the west bank of the Rock River, consisting of a wall of partially-burnt clay 5 feet high by 25 feet base, enclosing an area of about twenty acres, over which are scattered a number of truncated pyramids, 40 or 50 feet square upon the top, and between 15 and 20 in height, two of which are connected with each other by an elevated way similar to those which occur in Mississippi and Louisiana. In a paragraph in one of the reports of the United States Exploring Expedition, mention is made of the existence of mounds in the Oregon territory also; but as yet, it has not been ascertained whether these present any affinities to, and may be embraced in, the system of which we have been treating. That they are of frequent occurrence upon the river Gila in California, and also upon the tributaries of the Colorado of the west, has also but recently been ascertained. On the banks of the river Gila, indeed, it has been asserted that ruins of an ancient city have been met with covering more than a square league, and the buildings of which were analogous to those of the south of Mexico. This led to the supposition that in these territories the Toltecs had made one of their halts on their way to the valley of Anahuac, and that their original country was in consequence located somewhere in the 'far west;' but a more accurate knowledge of the localities has led to the abandonment of this opinion, and it is now considered more probable that whatever degree of ancient civilisation had reached the countries along the North American shores of the Pacific, has spread thence from Mexico.

It is not only the earthen structures and stone edifices throughout America which attest the antiquity of the civilisation of that continent—the identity of descent in all its inhabitants, up to the time of its discovery by the Spaniards, and the decline of the greater number of its nations from a cultivated to a savage state; the remains of the manufactures and arts of the people, obtained by excavation, their pictorial arts, their system of hieroglyphics, their modes of interment, their national games and dances, their treatment of their prisoners, their language, and their religion, combine to establish the same conclusion. But however interesting these may be in themselves, and in what they demonstrate, our limits preclude our entering upon them.

With regard to what may be more strictly termed the living testimonies which may serve to shed some faint light upon the strange extinction of civilisation throughout regions so vast, they are but slight, yet not devoid of significance. Among several of the Indian tribes of the United States there exist traditions of their having originally migrated from the west, and of their ancestors having, during their passage eastward, come into hostile collision with, and ultimately defeated, people living in fortified towns. Among the Delaware Indians, for instance, the story goes that, many centuries ago, the great race of the Leuni-Lenapi inhabited a territory far to the west; and that, when subsequently they began to move eastward, they came upon a numerous and civilised people, to whom they give the name of Alligewi, occupying the country on the eastern banks of the Mississippi, and living in fortified cities. Having applied to this

people for permission to cross the river, and to continue their route eastward through their territory, the demand was first acceded to, on condition of the Indians promising not to make settlements within their boundaries—but subsequently, it would seem, repented of; for during the passage of the river the Indians were attacked by the Alligewi. A fierce and obstinate struggle ensued; and the Lenni-Lenapé having made common cause with the Iroquois, who had likewise reached the Mississippi in their migration eastward, the two roving Indian tribes made such fierce and repeated assaults upon the Alligewi, that, to avoid extermination, the latter abandoned their towns and territory, and fled down the banks of the river. The traditions of the Iroquois bear out this of the Lenni-Lenapi; and in every case the Indians dwelling in the localities of the various mounds and earthworks attribute these to a people at an early date exterminated by their forefathers, and never assume them to be the works of the latter. As we have said, the light thus shed upon the history of the past is faint, yet significant, in as far as it seems to reveal the same traces of a downward course in the path of civilisation which appear everywhere in connection with the history of the aborigines of America—a race the wild suckers of which, having grown up in rank luxuriance, had at the period of the arrival of the Europeans well-nigh annihilated the original cultivated and fruit-bearing parent stem.



THE IVORY MINE:

A TALE OF THE FROZEN SEA.

I.—YAKOUTSK.

YAKOUTSK is one of the principal cities of Siberia, a country the name of which excites exaggerated ideas of sterility and desolation. Watered by rivers, which in every direction do the work of railways, with richly-wooded mountains and valleys, with green slopes, cultivated fields, soft meadows, gardens, and grassy islands in the great streams, with all the common vegetables in pretty fair abundance, with an endless source of commerce in furs and ivory, Siberia, except in its extreme northern provinces, presents, like most other lands, a very considerable amount of compensations for considerable rigour of climate. Yakoutsch is a completely northern town on the great river Lena, with wide streets and miserable huts, all of wood, in many of which ice is still used in winter for panes of glass. A very eminent traveller tells us that on his visit there were 4000 people living in 500 houses; with three stone churches, two wooden ones, and a convent. It had once an antiquity to show—the ancient Ostrog or fortress built in 1647 by the Cossacks; but which menaced ruin more and more every day, being not of stone, but of wood, and at last disappeared. Even here progress is observable, and wretched cabins give way gradually to houses, some of which are even elegantly arranged in the interior. It is a great commercial centre: from the Anubra to Behring's Straits, from the banks of the Frozen Sea to Mount Aldana, from Okhotsk and even Kamtschatka, goods are brought hither, consisting chiefly of furs, seals' teeth and mammoths' tusks, which afford excellent ivory, all of which are sold in the summer to itinerant traders, who give in return powerfully-flavoured tobacco, corn and flour, tea, sugar, strong drinks, Chinese silks and cottons, cloth, iron and copper utensils, and glass.

The inhabitants of the town are chiefly traders, who buy of the Yakouta hunters their furs at a cheap rate, and then sell them in a mysterious kind of fashion to the agents who come from Russia in search of them. During the annual fair they stow up their goods in private rooms; and here the Irkoutsk men must come and find them. These traders are the Russian inhabitants,

the native Yakoutas being the only artisans. In this distant colony of the human race, the new-born child of a Russian is given to a Yakouta woman to nurse, and when old enough, learns to read and write, after which he is brought up to the fur trade, and his education is finished.

Ivan Ivanovitch was a young man born and bred at Yakoutsk. His parents had given him the usual amount of tuition, and then allowed him for a time to follow the bent of his inclination. Ivan took to the chase. Passionately fond of this amusement, he had at an early age started with the Yakouta trappers, and became learned in the search for sables, ermines, and lynxes; could pursue the reindeer and elk on skates; and had even gone to the north in quest of seals. He thus, at the age of twenty, knew the whole active part of his trade, and was aware of all the good hunting-grounds on which the Siberians founded their prosperity. But when he was called on to follow the more quiet and sedentary part of his occupation, he was not one-half so quick. His rough and rude life made town existence distasteful to him, and he evinced all that superb contempt for shop-keeping which characterises the nomadic man, whether Red Indian, Arab, Tartar, or Siberian.

But Ivan was told he must make his way in the world. His parents, who died before he attained to manhood, left him a small fortune in rubles and furs, which, if he chose to be industrious and persevering, might pave the way to the highest position in his native town. Acting on the pressing advice of his friends, he gave up his wanderings, and went to reside in the house of his fathers, piled up his skins and ivory, bought new ones, and prepared for the annual fair. The merchants from Irkoutsk, the capital, came, and Ivan, who was sharp and clever, did a good trade. But when his furs and teeth were changed into tea, tobacco, brandy, cloth, &c. he did not feel a whit happier. Ivan longed for the arid hills, and lofty mountains, and pellucid lakes—for the exciting hunt and the night bivouac, when gray-headed Yakoutas would, with their *ganxis*—the Irish duddeens—in their mouths, tell terrible and wonderful stories of ancient days. When eating town fare, his stomach yearned after frozen Yakouta butter, cut up with axes, and for *strouganina* or frozen fish, with reindeer brains, and other northern delicacies. And then his kind friends told him that he wanted a wife—a possession without which, they assured him, life was dull, adding that in her society he would cease to long for communion with bears and savages.

Ivan believed them, and, following their advice, launched into society—that is, he went more than usual to the noisy festivities of the town, which form the occupation of the dull season. The good people of Yakoutsk—like all peoples approaching to a savage state, sentimentally called a state of nature, especially in northern climes—considered eating the great business of life. Fabulous legends are told of their enormous capacity for food, approaching that of the Esquimaux; but however this may be, certain it is that a Yakoutsk festival was always commenced by several hours of laborious eating and drinking of fat and oily food and strong brandy. When the utmost limits of repletion were reached, the patriarchs usually took to pipes, cards, and punch, while the ladies prepared tea, and ate roasted nuts, probably to facilitate digestion. The young men conversed with them, or

roasted their nuts for them, while perhaps a dandy would perform a Siberian dance to the music of the violin or *gousli*, a kind of guitar. Ivan joined heartily in all this dissipation; he smoked with the old men; he drank their punch; he roasted nuts for the ladies, and told them wonderful stories, which were always readily listened to, except when some new fashion—which several years before had been forgotten in Paris—found its way *via* St Petersburg, Moscow, and Irkoutsk, to the deserts of Siberia. Then he was silent; for the ladies had ample subject of discourse, not forgetting the great tea-table topic—scandal; causing the old men to shake their heads, and declare such things were not when they were young. Ivan, however, had one unfailing subject of popularity with the ladies. Like most Russians who have had occasion to travel much in cold places, he relished a cup of tea even better than the punch, for he had learned by experience that there was more genuine warmth in the pot than in the bowl. Most Russian officers are known to share his opinion.

Ivan had several times had his attention directed to Maria Vorotinska, a young and rich widow, who was the admiration of all Yakoutsks. Her husband had left her a fortune in knowledge of the fur trade and in rubles, with a comfortable house nicely furnished, in Siberia the very height of human felicity. It was commonly reported that Maria, young as she was, was the best bargainer in the land. She got her skins for less than anybody else, and sold them for a higher price. With these qualifications, she must, it was said, prove a jewel to Ivan, who was not a close buyer nor a hard seller. But Ivan for some time remained perfectly insensible both to these social advantages and the great beauty of the lady. He met her often, and even roasted her more nuts than any one else, which was a strong case of preference; but he did not seem caught in the fair one's toils. He neither ate, nor slept, nor amused himself one whit the less than when he first knew her. One evening, however, as Maria handed him his tea, with a hot cake, Ivan, whether owing to some peculiar smile on her face, or to the domestic idea which the act suggested, seemed certainly very much struck, and next day formally proposed. Maria laughed, and tossed her head, and spoke a few good-natured words; and then, without either accepting or rejecting him, hinted something about his youth, his want of devotion to business, and his want of fortune. Ivan, a little warmly, declared himself the best hunter in Yakoutsks, and hence the most practically-experienced of any in the trade, and then gave the sum-total of his possessions.

'Just one quarter of what good old Vorotinska left me!' replied the prudent Maria.

'But if I liked,' replied Ivan, 'I could be the richest merchant in Siberia.'

'How?' asked Maria a little curiously, for the mere mention of wealth was to her like powder to the war-horse.

'Being almost the only Russian who has lived among the Yakoutsas, I know the secret of getting furs cheaper and easier than any one else. Besides, if I chose to take a long journey, I could find ivory in vast heaps. A tradition is current of an ivory mine in the north, which an old Yakouta told me to be truth.'

'Very likely,' said Maria, to whom the existence of the fossil ivory of

the mammoth in large masses was well known; 'but the *promich lenicks*—trading companies—have long since stripped them.'

'Not this,' cried Ivan; 'it is a virgin mine. It is away, away in the Frozen Sea, and requires courage and enduring energy to find. Two Yakoutas once discovered it. One was killed by the natives; the other escaped, and is now an old man.'

'If you could find that,' said Maria, 'you would be the first man in Siberia, and the czar himself would honour you.'

'And you?' asked Ivan humbly.

'Ivan Ivanovitch,' replied Maria calmly, 'I like you better than any man in Yakoutska, but I should adore the great ivory merchant.'

Ivan was delighted. He was a little puzzled by the character of the lady, who, after marrying an old man for his fortune, seemed equally desirous of reconciling her interest and her affections in a second marriage. But very nice ideas are not those of the half-civilised, for we owe every refinement both of mind and body to civilisation, which makes of the raw material man—full of undeveloped elements—what cooking makes of the potato root. Civilisation is the hot water and fire which carry off the crudities, and bring forth the good qualities.

However this may be, Ivan nursed his idea. Apart from the sudden passion which had invaded him, he had long allowed this fancy to ferment in his brain. During his wandering evenings, a noted hunter named Sakalar, claiming descent from the supposed Tartar founder of the Yakoutas, had often narrated his perilous journey on sledges across the Frozen Sea, his discovery of an ivory mine—that is, of a vast deposit of mammoths' tusks, generally found at considerable depth in the earth, but here open to the grasp of all. He spoke of the thing as a folly of his youth, which had cost the life of his dearest friend, and never hinted at a renewed visit. But Ivan was resolved to undertake the perilous adventure, and even to have Sakalar for his guide.

II.—THE YAKOUTA HUNTER.

Ivan slumbered not over his project. But a few days passed before he was ready to start. He purchased the horses required, and packed up all the varied articles necessary for his journey, and likely to please his Yakouta friend, consisting of tea, rum, brandy, tobacco, gunpowder, and other things of less moment. For himself he took a couple of guns, a pair of pistols, some strong and warm clothes, an iron pot for cooking, a kettle for his tea, with many minor articles absolutely indispensable in the cold region he was about to visit. All travellers in the north have found that ample food, and such drinks as tea, are the most effectual protection against the climate; while oily and fat meat is also an excellent preservative against cold. But Ivan had no need to provide against this contingency. His Yakouta friend knew the value of train oil and grease, which are the staple luxuries of Siberians, Kamtchatkans, and Esquimaux alike.

The first part of Ivan's journey was necessarily to the *yourte*, or wigwam of Sakalar, without whom all hope of reaching the goal of his wishes was vain. He had sufficient confidence in himself to venture without a guide

towards the plain of Miouré, where his Yakouta friend dwelt. He started at early dawn, without warning of his departure any one save Maria, and entered courageously on the frozen plain which reaches from Yakoutsk to the Polar Sea. The country is here composed of marshes, vast downs, huge forests, and hills covered with snow in the month of September, the time when he began his journey. He had five horses, each tied to the tail of the one before him, while Ivan himself was mounted on the first. He was compelled to ride slowly, casting his eyes every now and then behind to see that all was right. At night he stretched a bear-skin under a bush, lit a huge fire, cooked a savoury mess, and piling clothes over himself, slept. At dawn he rose, crammed his kettle full of clean snow, put it over the embers, and made himself tea. With this warm beverage to rouse him, he again arranged his little caravan, and proceeded on his way. Nothing more painful than this journey can be conceived. There are scarcely any marks to denote the road, while lakes, formed by recent inundations, arrest the traveller every half hour, compelling him to take prodigious rounds equally annoying and perplexing.

On the morning of the third day Ivan felt a little puzzled about the road. He knew the general direction from the distant mountains, and he wished to avoid a vast morass. Before him was a frozen stream, and on the other side a hillock. Leaving the others to feed as well as they could, he mounted his best horse, and rode across. The ice bent under him as he went, and he accordingly rode gently; but just as he reached the middle, it cracked violently right across, and sank visibly under him. Ivan looked hurriedly round him. The ice was everywhere split, and the next minute his horse, plunging violently, fell through. Instead, however, of falling into a stream of cold water, Ivan found himself in a vast and chilly vault, with a small trickling stream in the middle, and at once recollected a not unfrequent phenomenon. The river had been frozen over when high with floods, but presently the water sinking to its ordinary level, the upper crust of ice alone remained. But Ivan had no desire to admire the gloomy, half-lit vault, extending up and down out of sight; but standing on his horse's back, clambered as best he might upon the surface, leaving the poor animal below. This done, he ran to the shore, and used the well-remembered Yakouta device for extracting his steed: he broke a hole in the ice near the bank, towards which the sagacious brute at once hurried, and was drawn forth. Having thus fortunately escaped a serious peril, he resumed his search on foot, and about mid-day pursued his journey.

A few hours brought him to the curious plain of the Miouré, where he expected to find the camp of his friend Sakalar. Leaving an almost desert plain, he suddenly stood on the edge of a hollow, circular in form, and six miles across, fertile in the extreme, and dotted with numerous well-stocked fish-ponds. The whole, as may plainly be seen, was once a lake. Scattered over the soil were the yourtes of the Yakoutas, while cattle and horses crowded together in vast flocks. Ivan, who knew the place well, rode straight to a yourte or cabin apart from the rest, where usually dwelt Sakalar. It was larger and cleaner than most of them, thanks to the tuition of Ivan, and the subsequent care of a daughter, who, brought up by Ivan's mother, while the young man wandered, had acquired manners a little superior to those of her tribe.

This was really needful, for the Yakoutas, a pastoral people of Tartar origin, are singularly dirty, and even somewhat coarse and unintellectual—like all savage nations, in fact, when judged by any one but the poet or the poetic philosopher, who, on examination, will find that ignorance, poverty, misery, and want of civilisation, produce similar results in the prairies of America and the wilds of Siberia, in an Irish cabin, and in the wynds and closes of our populous cities. But the chief defect of the Yakouta is dirt. Otherwise, he is rather a favourable specimen of a savage. Since his assiduous connection with the Russians, he has become even rich, having flocks and herds, and at home plenty of kounise to drink, and horses' flesh to eat. He has great endurance, and can bear tremendous cold. He travels in the snow without tent or pelisse; on reaching the camp, he lies down on the snow, with his saddle for a pillow, his horse-cloth for a bed, his cloak for a covering, and so sleeps. His power of fasting is prodigious; and his eyesight is so keen, that a Yakouta one day told an eminent Russian traveller that he had seen a great blue star eat a number of little stars, and then cast them up. The man had seen the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. Like the Red Indian, he recollects every bush, every stone, every hillock, every pond necessary to find his way, and never loses himself, however great the distance he may have to travel.

His food is boiled beef and horses' flesh, cows' and mares' milk. But his chief delicacy is raw and melted fat, while quantity is always the chief merit of a repast. He mixes likewise a mess of fish, flour, milk, fat, and a kind of bark, the latter to augment the volume. Both men and women smoke inordinately, swallowing the vapour, as do many dwellers in civilised lands—a most pernicious and terrible habit. Brandy is their most precious drink, their own kounise having not sufficient strength to satisfy them. In summer they wander about in tents collecting hay; in winter they dwell in the yourte or hut, which is a wooden frame, of beehive shape, covered with grass, turf, and clay, with windows of clear ice. The very poor dig three feet below the soil; the rich have a wooden floor level with the adjacent ground, while rude benches all round serve as beds, divided one from the other by partitions. The fireplace is in the middle, inclined towards the door. A pipe carries away the smoke.

It was almost dark when Ivan halted before the yourte of Sakalar. It was at once larger and cleaner to the eye than any of those around. It had also numerous outhouses full of cows, and one or two men to tend these animals were smoking their pipes at the door. Ivan gave his horses to one of them, who knew him, and entered the hut. Sakalar, a tall, thin, hardy man of about fifty, was just about to commence his evening meal. A huge mass of boiled meat, stewed fish, and a sort of soup, were ready; and a young girl about eighteen, neatly dressed, clean, and pretty—all owing to her Yakoutsk education—was serving the hunter.

'Spirit of the woods protect me!' shrieked the girl, spilling half of the soup on the floor.

'What wild horse have you seen, Kolina?' cried the hunter, who had been a little scalded; and then seeing Ivan, added, 'A Yakouta welcome to you, my son! My old heart is glad, and I am warm enough to melt an iceberg at the sight of you, Ivan! Kolina, quick! another platter, a fresh mug, the best bottle of brandy, and my red pipe from Moscow!'

No need was there for the hunter to speak. Kolina, alert as a reindeer, had sprung up from the low bench, and quickly brought forth all their holiday ware, and even began to prepare a cake, such as Ivan himself had taught her to make, knowing that he liked some sort of bread with his meals.

'And where are you going?' cried Sakalar when the young man had somewhat appeased his hunger.

'To the North Sea in search of the great ivory mine!' said Ivan abruptly.

Kolina started back in terror and surprise, while Sakalar fixed his keen eyes on the youth with sorrow and curiosity, and almost unequivocally testified his belief that his favourite pupil in the chase was mad. But Ivan rose and bade the serving-men of the rich Yakouta bring in his boxes, and opened up his store of treasures. There was tea for Kolina; and for Sakalar rum, brandy, powder, guns, tobacco, knives—all that could tempt a Yakouta. The father and daughter examined them with pleasure for some time, but presently Kolina shook her head.

'Ivan,' said Sakalar, 'all this is to tempt the poor Yakouta to cross the wilderness of ice. It is much riches, but not enough to make Sakalar mad. The mine is guarded by evil beings: but speak, lad, why would you go there?'

'Let Kolina give me a pipe and I will tell my story,' said Ivan; and filling his glass, the young fur-trader told the story of his love, and his bargain with the prudent widow.

'And this cold-hearted woman,' exclaimed Kolina with emotion, 'has sent you to risk life on the horrible Frozen Sea. A Yakouta girl would have been less selfish. She would have said, "Stay at home—let me have Ivan; the mammoth teeth may lie for ever on the Frozen Sea!"'

'But the lad will go, and he will be drowned like a dog,' said Sakalar more slowly, after this ebullition of feminine indignation.

'You must go with him, father,' continued Kolina with a compassionate look at Ivan; 'and as your child cannot remain alone, Kolina will go too!'

'We will start when the horses have had five days' hay,' said Sakalar gravely—the animals alluded to being only fed when about to go a journey—'and Kolina shall go too, for Ivan will be two years on his way.'

Ivan listened in amazement: in the first place, at the sudden decision and warmth of his attached friends, with whom he had dwelt twelve years; then at the time required. He felt considerable doubts as to the widow remaining unmarried such a time; but the explanation of Sakalar satisfied him that it was impossible to perform the journey even in two years. The hunter told him that they must first join the tribes dwelling round Nijnei-Kolimsk (New-Kolimsk), where alone he could get dogs and sledges for his journey across the Frozen Sea. This, with the arrangements, would consume the winter. In the summer nothing could be done. When the winter returned, he must start towards the north pole—a month's journey at least; and if he hit on the place, must encamp there for the rest of the winter. That summer would be spent in getting out the ivory, fattening up the dogs, and packing. The third winter would be occupied by the journey home. On hearing this, Ivan hesitated; but in describing the journey, the spirit of the old hunter got roused, and before night, he was warm in his desire to see over again the scenes of his youthful perils.

Kolina solemnly declared she must be of the party; and thus these experienced savages, used to sudden and daring resolves, decided in one night on a journey which would perhaps have been talked of half a century elsewhere before it was undertaken.

Kolina slept little that night. In a compartment near her was one who had, since childhood, been the ideal of her future. She had loved Ivan as a playmate—she loved him as a man; and here, he whom she had longed for all the winter, and he whom she had hoped to see once more the next summer, had suddenly come, starting on a perilous journey of years, to win the hand of an avaricious but young and beautiful widow. Kolina saw all her fairest dreams thus vanish, and the idol of her heart crumble into dust. And yet she felt no ill-will to Ivan, and never changed her resolve to be the faithful companion and attendant of her father and his friend in their wild journey to the supposed islands in the Frozen Sea.

III.—NIJNEI-KOLIMSK.

The five days fixed by Sakalar for preparing for the journey were wholly devoted to the necessary arrangements. There was much to be done, and much to be talked of. They had to travel a long way before they reached even the real starting-point of their adventurous voyage. Sakalar, duly to impress Ivan with the dangers and perils of the search, narrated once more in minute detail all his former sufferings. But nothing daunted the young trader. He was one of those men who, under more favourable circumstances, would have been a Cook, a Parry, or a Franklin, perilling everything to make farther discovery in the science of geography.

The five horses of Ivan were exchanged for others more inured to the kind of journey they were about to undertake. There was one for each of the adventurers, and four to carry the luggage, consisting chiefly of articles with which to pay for the hire of dogs and sledges. All were well armed, while the dress of all was the same—Kolina adopting for the time the habits and appearance of the man. Over their usual clothes they put a jacket of foxes' skins and a fur-breast cover; the legs being covered by hare-skin wrappers. Over these were stockings of soft reindeer leather, and high strong boots of the same material. The knees were protected by knee-caps of fur; and then, above all, was a coat with loose sleeves and hood of double deer-skin. This was not all. After the chin, nose, ears, and mouth had been guarded by appropriate pieces, forming together a mask, they had received the additional weight of a pointed fur cap. Our three travellers, when they took their departure, looked precisely like three animated bundles of old clothes.

All were well armed with gun, pistol, hatchet, and hunting-knife, while the girdle further supported a pipe and tobacco pouch. They had not explained whither they were going, but the whole village knew that they must be about to undertake some perilous journey, and accordingly turned out to cheer them as they went, while several ardent admirers of Kolina were loud in their murmurs at her accompanying the expedition. But the wanderers soon left the plain of Miouré behind them, and entered on the delectable roads leading to the Frozen Sea. Half-frozen marshes and

quagmires met them at every step; but Sakalar rode first, and the others followed one by one, and the experienced old hunter, by advancing steadily without hurry, avoided these dangers. They soon reached a vast plain three hundred miles across, utterly deserted by the human race; a desert, composed half of barren rock and half of swampy quagmire, soft above, but at a foot deep solid and perpetual ice. Fortunately it now froze hard, and the surface was fit to bear the horses. But for this, the party must have halted, and waited for a severer frost. The rivers were not frozen when large in volume; and the Aldana had to be crossed in the usual flat-bottomed boat kept for travellers. At night they halted, and with a bush and some deer-skins made a tent. Kolina cooked the supper, and the men searched for some fields of stunted half-frozen grass to let the horses graze. This was the last place where even this kind of food would be found, and for some days their steeds would have to live on a stinted portion of hay.

On they went over the arid plain, which, however, affords nourishment for some trees, fording rivers, floundering through marshes, and still meeting some wretched apology for grass; when, on the third day, down came the snow in a pelting cloud, and the whole desert changed in an instant from sombre gray to white. The real winter was come. Now all Sakalar's intelligence was required. Almost every obvious sign by which to find his way had disappeared, and he traversed the plain wholly guided by distant hills, and by observing the stars at night. This Sakalar did assiduously; and when he had once started under the guidance of the twinkling lights of the heavens, rarely was he many yards out at the next halt. He always chose the side of a hillock to camp, where there was a tree or two, and half-rotten trunks with bushes to make a huge fire.

It was nearly dawn on the fifth morning after entering the plain, and Ivan and Kolina yet slept. But Sakalar slept not. They had nearly reached the extremity of the horrible desert, but a new danger occupied the thoughts of the hunter. They were now in the track of the wild and savage Tchouktchas, and their fire might have betrayed them. Had Sakalar been alone, he would have slept in the snow without fire; for he knew the peril of an encounter with the independent Tchouktchas, who have only recently been even nominally brought into subjection to Russia.

The heavy fall of snow of the two previous days rendered the danger greater. Sakalar sat gravely upon a fallen tree—a pipe in his mouth, and his eye fixed on the distant horizon. For some time nothing remarkable caught his gaze; but at last he saw a number of dark objects on the snow, galloping directly towards the camp. Sakalar at once recognised a number of reindeer. It was the Tchouktchas on their sledges, bounding with lightning speed along the frozen surface!

'Up!' cried the hunter. And when his companions were on their feet, 'Quick with your guns! The enemy are on us! But show a bold front, and let them feel the weight of lead!'

Ivan and Kolina quietly took up their post, and awaited the orders of Sakalar. No time was lost, and fortunately, for the savages were already near, and were next minute alighting from their sledges: hand in hand they advanced along the snow, with their long ice shoes, to the number of a dozen. A simultaneous discharge of the heavy-metalled guns of the camp

—one of which, that of Sakalar, wounded the foremost man—checked their career, and they fell back to hold a conference. It became evident at once that they had no firearms, which removed almost all idea of danger. Ivan and Kolina now proceeded to load the horses, and when all was ready, the whole party mounted, and rode off, followed at a respectful distance by the Siberian Arabs.

The travellers, however, received no further annoyance from them, and camped the next night on the borders of the Toukoulane, at the foot of the mountains of Verkho-Yansk. After the usual repose, they began the severest part of the journey. Rugged rocks, deep ravines, avalanches, snow, and ice, all were in their way. Now they rode along the edge of frightful precipices on a path so narrow, that one false step was death; now they forced their way through gulleys full of snow, where their horses were buried to their girths, and they had to drag them out by main force. Fortunately the Siberian horse, though small, is sturdy and indefatigable, living during a three months' journey on faded grass and half-frozen half-rotten herbage. That evening they camped on the loftiest part of the road, where it winds through still elevated rocks.

The middle of the next day brought them to another plain not much superior to that which they had passed through, but yet less miserable-looking, and with the additional advantage of having yourtes here and there to shelter the traveller. The cold was now intense; and glad indeed was Ivan of the comforts of his Siberian dress, which at first had appeared so heavy. The odd figures which Kolina and Sakalar presented under it made him smile at the notion which Maria Vorotinska would have formed of her lover under a garb that doubled his natural volume. Several halts took place, and caused great delay, from the slippery state of the ice on the rivers. The unshod horses could not stand. A fire had to be lit; and when sufficient ashes was procured, it had to be spread across in a narrow pathway, and the nags led carefully along this track—one of the many artifices required to combat the rigorous character of the climate. And thus, suffering cold and short commons, and making their way for days through frosty plains over ice and snow, amid deep ravines and over lofty hills, they at length reached Nijnei-Kolimsk, though not without being almost wholly knocked up, especially Kolina, who was totally unused to such fatigues.

They had now almost reached the borders of the great Frozen Sea. The village is situated about eighteen degrees farther north than London, and is nearly as far north as Boothia Felix, the scene of Captain Ross's four years' sojourn in the ice. It was founded two hundred years ago by a wandering Cossack; though what could have induced people to settle in a place which the sun lights, but never warms, is a mystery; where there is a day that lasts fifty-two English days, and a night that lasts thirty-eight; where there is no spring and no autumn, but a faint semblance of summer for three months, and then winter; where a few dwarf willows and stunted grass form all the vegetation; and where, at a certain distance below the surface, there is frost as old as the 'current epoch' of the geologist. But by way of compensation, reindeer and elks, brown and black bears, foxes and squirrels, abound; there are also wolves, and the isatis or polar fox; there are swans, and geese, and ducks, partridges and snipes, and in the

THE IVORY MINE.

rivers abundance of fish. And yet, though the population be now so scanty, and the date of the peopling of Kolimsk is known, there was once a numerous race in these regions, the ruins of whose forts and villages are yet found. The population is about 5000, including the whole district, of whom about 300 are Russians, the descendants of Siberian exiles. They dwell in houses made of wood thrown up on the shore, and collected by years of patience, and of moss and clay. The panes of the windows in winter are of ice, six inches thick; in summer, of skins. The better class are neatly and even tastefully dressed, and are clean, which is the very highest praise that can be given to half-civilised as well as to civilised people.

They are a bold, energetic, and industrious race. Every hour of weather fit for out-door work is spent in fishing and hunting, and preparing food for the winter. In the light sledge, or on skates, with nets and spears, they are labouring at each of these employments in its season. Towards the end of the long winter, just as famine and starvation threaten the whole population, a perfect cloud of swans, and geese, and ducks, and snipes, pour in; and man and woman, boy and girl, all rush forth to the hunt. The fish come in next, as the ice breaks; and presently the time for the reindeer hunt comes round. Every minute of the summer season is consumed in laying in a stock of all these aliments for a long and dreary season, when nothing can be caught. The women collect herbs and roots. As the summer is just about to end, the herrings appear in shoals, and a new source of subsistence is opened up. Later still, they fish by opening holes in the newly-formed ice. Nor is Kolimsk without its trade. The chief traffic of the region is at the fair of Ostrovnoye, but Nijnei-Kolimsk has its share. The merchants who come to collect the furs which the adventurous Tchouktchas have acquired, even on the opposite side of Behring's Straits, from the North American Indians, halt here, and sell tea, tobacco, brandy, and other articles.

The long night had set in when Ivan and his companions entered Kolimsk. Well it was that they had come, for the cold was becoming frightful in its intensity, and the people of the village were much surprised at the arrival of travellers. But they found ready accommodation, a Cossack widower giving them half his house.

IV.—THE FROZEN SEA.

Ivan soon found himself received into the best society of the place. All were glad to welcome the adventurous trader from Yakoutsck; and when he intimated that his boxes of treasure, his brandy and tea, and rum and tobacco, were to be laid out in the hire of dogs and sledges, he found ample applicants; though, from the very first, all refused to accompany his party as guardians of the dogs. Sakalar, however, who had expected this, was nothing daunted, but, bidding Ivan amuse himself as best he could, undertook all the preparations. But Ivan found as much pleasure in teaching what little he knew to Kolima as in frequenting the fashionable circles of Kolimsk. Still, he could not reject the numerous polite invitations to evening parties and dances which poured upon him. I have said evening

parties, for though there was no day, yet still the division of the hours was regularly kept, and parties began at five P.M., to end at ten. There was singing and dancing, and gossip and tea, of which each individual would consume ten or twelve large cups; in fact, despite the primitive state of the inhabitants, and the vicinity to the Polar Sea, these assemblies very much resembled in style those of Paris and London. The costumes, the saloons, and the hours, were different, while the manners were less refined, but the facts were the same.

When the carnival came round, Ivan, who was a little vexed at the exclusion of Kolina from the fashionable Russian society, took care to let her have the usual amusement of sliding down a mountain of ice, which she did to her great satisfaction. But he took care also at all times to devote to her his days, while Sakalar wandered about from yourte to yourte in search of hints and information for the next winter's journey. He also hired the requisite *nartas*, or sledges, and the thirty-nine dogs which were to draw them, thirteen to each. Then he bargained for a large stock of frozen and dry fish for the dogs, and other provisions for themselves. But what mostly puzzled the people were his assiduous efforts to get a man to go with them who would harness twenty dogs to an extra sledge. To the astonishment of everybody, three young men at last volunteered, and three extra sledges were then procured.

The summer soon came round, and then Ivan and his friends started out at once with the hunters, and did their utmost to be useful. As the natives of Kolimsk went during the chase a long distance towards Cape Sviatoi, the spot where the adventurers were to quit the land and venture on the Frozen Sea, they took care, at the furthest extremity of their hunting trip, to leave a deposit of provisions. They erected a small platform, which they covered with drift wood, and on this they placed the dried fish. Above were laid heavy stones, and every precaution used to ward off the isatis and the glutton. Ivan during the summer added much to his stock of hunting knowledge.

At length the winter came round once more, and the hour arrived so long desired. The sledges were ready—six in number, and loaded as heavily as they could bear. But for so many dogs, and for so many days, it was quite certain they must economise most strictly; while it was equally certain, if no bears fell in their way on the journey, that they must starve, if they did not perish otherwise on the terrible Frozen Sea. Each *narta*, loaded with eight hundredweight of provisions and its driver, was drawn by six pair of dogs and a leader. They took no wood, trusting implicitly to Providence for this most essential article. They purposed following the shores of the Frozen Sea to Cape Sviatoi, because on the edge of the sea they hoped to find, as usual, plenty of wood, floated to the shore during the brief period when the ice was broken and the vast ocean in part free. One of the sledges was less loaded than the rest with provisions, because it bore a tent, an iron plate for fire on the ice, a lamp, and the few cooking utensils of the party.

Early one morning in the month of November—the long night still lasting—the six sledges took their departure. The adventurers had every day exercised themselves with the dogs for some hours, and were pretty pro-

ficient. Sakalar drove the first team, Kolina the second, and Ivan the third. The Kolimsk men came afterwards. They took their way along the snow towards the mouth of the Tchouktcha river. The first day's journey brought them to the extreme limits of vegetation, after which they entered on a vast and interminable plain of snow, along which the nartas moved rapidly. But the second day, in the afternoon, a storm came on. The snow fell in clouds, the wind blew with a bitterness of cold as searching to the form of man as the hot blast of the desert, and the dogs appeared inclined to halt. But Sakalar kept on his way towards a hillock in the distance, where the guides spoke of a hut of refuge. But before a dozen yards more could be crossed, the sledge of Kolina was overturned, and a halt became necessary.

Ivan was the first to raise his fair companion from the ground; and then with much difficulty—their hands, despite all the clothes, being half-frozen—they again put the nartas in condition to proceed. Sakalar had not stopped, but was seen in the distance unharnessing his sledge, and then poking about in a huge heap of snow. He was searching for the hut, which had been completely buried in the drift. In a few minutes the whole six were at work, despite the blast, while the dogs were scratching holes for themselves in the soft snow, within which they soon lay snug, their noses only out of the hole, while over this the sagacious brutes put the tip of their long bushy tails.

At the end of an hour well employed, the hut was freed inside from snow, and a fire of stunted bushes with a few logs lit in the middle. Here the whole party cowered, almost choked with the thick smoke, which, however, was less painful than the blast from the icy sea. The smoke escaped with difficulty, because the roof was still covered with firm snow, and the door was merely a hole to crawl through. At last, however, they got the fire to the state of red embers, and succeeded in obtaining a plentiful supply of tea and food; after which, their limbs being less stiff, they fed the dogs.

While they were attending to the dogs, the storm abated, and was followed immediately by a magnificent aurora borealis. It rose in the north, a sort of semi-arch of light; and then across the heavens, in almost every direction, darted columns of a luminous character. The light was as bright as that of the moon in its full. There were jets of lurid red light in some places, which disappeared and came again; while there being a dead calm after the storm, the adventurers heard a kind of rustling sound in the distance, faint and almost imperceptible, and yet believed to be the rush of the air in the sphere of the phenomenon. A few minutes more, and all had disappeared.

After a hearty meal, the wanderers launched into the usual topics of conversation in those regions. Sakalar was not a boaster, but the young men from Nijnei-Kolimsk were possessed of the usual characteristics of hunters and fishermen. They told with considerable vigour and effect long stories of their adventures, mostly exaggerated—and when not impossible, most improbable—of bears killed in hand to hand combat, of hundreds of deer slain in the crossing of a river, and of multitudinous heaps of fish drawn in one cast of a seine; and then, wrapped in their thick clothes, and every one's feet to the fire, the whole party soon slept. Ivan and Kolina,

however, held whispered converse together for a little while; but fatigue soon overcame even them.

The next day they advanced still farther towards the pole; and on the evening of the third camped within a few yards of the great Frozen Sea. There it lay before them, scarcely distinguishable from the land. As they looked upon it from a lofty eminence, it was hard to believe that that was a sea before them. There was snow on the sea and snow on the land; there were mountains on both, and huge drifts, and here and there vast *polinas*—a space of soft, watery ice, which resembled the lakes of Siberia. All was bitter, cold, sterile, bleak, and chilling to the eye, which vainly sought a relief. The prospect of a journey over this desolate plain, intersected in every direction by ridges of mountain icebergs, full of crevices, with soft salt ice here and there, was dolorous indeed; and yet the heart of Ivan quaked not. He had now what he sought in view; he knew there was land beyond, and riches, and fame.

A rude tent, with snow piled round the edge to keep it firm, was erected. It needed to be strongly pitched, for in these regions the blast is more quick and sudden than in any place perhaps in the known world, pouring down along the fields of ice with terrible force direct from the unknown caverns of the northern pole. Within the tent, which was of double reindeer skin, a fire was lit; while behind a huge rock, and under cover of the sledges, lay the dogs. As usual, after a hearty meal, and hot tea—drunk perfectly scalding—the party retired to rest. About midnight all were awoke by a sense of oppression and stifling heat. Sakalar rose, and by the light of the remaining embers scrambled to the door. It was choked up by snow. The hunter immediately began to shovel it from the narrow hole through which they entered or left the hut, and then groped his way out. The snow was falling so thick and fast, that the travelling yourte was completely buried; and the wind being directly opposite to the door, the snow had drifted round and concealed the aperture.

The dogs now began to howl fearfully. This was too serious a warning to be disdained. They smelt the savage bear of the icy seas, which in turn had been attracted to them by its sense of smelling. Scarcely had the sagacious animals given tongue, when Sakalar, through the thick-falling snow, and amid the gloom, saw a dull heavy mass rolling directly towards the tent. He levelled his gun, and fired, after which he seized a heavy steel wood axe, and stood ready. The animal had at first halted, but next minute he came on growling furiously. Ivan and Kolina now both fired, when the animal turned and ran. But the dogs were now round him, and Sakalar behind them. One tremendous blow of his axe finished the huge beast, and there he lay in the snow. The dogs then abandoned him, refusing to eat fresh bear's meat, though, when frozen, they gladly enough accept it.

They again sought rest, after lighting an oil lamp with a thick wick, in default of the fire, diffused a tolerable amount of warmth in a place occupied by six people. But they did not sleep; for though one of the bears was killed, the second of the almost invariable couple was probably near, and the idea of such vicinity was anything but agreeable. These huge quadrupeds have been often known to enter a hut and stifle all its inhabitants. The night was therefore far from refreshing, and at an

earlier hour than usual all were on foot. Every morning the same routine was followed:—Hot tea, without sugar or milk, was swallowed to warm the body; then a meal, which took the place of dinner, was cooked, and devoured; then the dogs were fed; and then the sledges, which had been inclined on one side, were placed horizontally. This was always done, to water their keel—to use a nautical phrase; for this water freezing they glided along all the faster. A portion of the now hard-frozen bear was given to the dogs, and the rest placed on the sledges, after the skin had been secured towards making a new covering at night.

This day's journey was half on the land, half on the sea, according as the path served. It was generally very rough, and the sledges made but slow way. The dogs, too, had coverings put on their feet, and on every other delicate place, which made them less agile. In ordinary cases, on a smooth surface, it is not very difficult to guide a team of dogs, when the leader is a first-rate animal. But this is an essential point, otherwise it is impossible to get along. Every time the dogs hit on the track of a bear, or fox, or other animal, their hunting instincts are developed: away they dart like mad, leaving the line of march, and, in spite of all the efforts of the driver, begin the chase. But if the front dog be well trained, he dashes on one side in a totally opposite direction, smelling and barking as if he had a new track. If his artifice succeeds, the whole team dart away after him, and speedily losing the scent, proceed on their journey.

Sakalar, who still kept ahead of the party, when making a wide circuit out at sea about mid-day, at the foot of a steep hill of rather rough ice, found his dogs suddenly increasing their speed, but in the right direction. To this he had no objection, though it was very doubtful what was beyond. However, the dogs darted ahead with terrific rapidity, until they reached the summit of the hill. The ice was here very rough and salt, which impeded the advance of the sledge: but off are the dogs, down a very steep descent, furiously tugging at the sledge halter, till away they fly like lightning. The harness had broken off, and Sakalar remained alone on the crest of the hill. He leaped off the nartas, and stood looking at it with the air of a man stunned. The journey seemed checked violently. Next instant, his gun in hand, he followed the dogs right down the hill, dashing away too like a madman in his long hunting-skates. But the dogs were out of sight, and Sakalar soon found himself opposed by a huge wall of ice. He looked back; he was wholly out of view of his companions. To reconnoitre, he ascended the wall as best he could, and then looked down into a sort of circular hollow of some extent, where the ice was smooth and even watery.

He was about to turn away, when his sharp eye detected something moving; and all his love of the chase was at once aroused. He recognised the snow-cave of a huge bear. It was a kind of cavern, caused by the falling together of two pieces of ice, with double issue. Both apertures the bear had succeeded in stopping up, after breaking a hole in the thin ice of the sheltered *polina*, or sheet of soft ice. Here the cunning animal lay in wait. How long he had been lying it was impossible to say; but almost as Sakalar crouched down to watch, a seal came to the surface, and lay against the den of its enemy to breathe. A heavy paw was passed through the hole, and the sea-cow was killed in an instant. A naturalist would have

admired the wit of the ponderous bear, and passed on; but the Siberian hunter knows no such thought, and as the animal issued forth to seize his prey, a heavy ball, launched with unerring aim, laid him low.

Sakalar now turned away in search of his companions, whose aid was required to secure a most useful addition to their store of food; and as he did so, he heard a distant and plaintive howl. He hastened in the direction, and in a quarter of an hour came to the mouth of a narrow gut between two icebergs. The stick of the harness had caught in the fissure, and checked the dogs, who were barking with rage. Sakalar caught the bridle, which had been jerked out of his hand, and turned the dogs round. The animals followed his guidance; and he succeeded, after some difficulty, in bringing them to where lay his game. He then fastened the bear and seal, both dead and frozen even in this short time, and joined his companions.

For several days the same kind of difficulties had to be overcome, and then they reached the *sayba*, where the provisions had been placed in the summer. It was a large rude box, erected on piles, and the whole stock was found safe. As there was plenty of wood in this place, they halted to rest the dogs and repack the sledges. The tent was pitched, and they all thought of repose. They were now about wholly to quit the land, and to venture in a north-westerly direction on the Frozen Sea.

V.—ON THE ICE.

Despite the fire made on the iron plate in the middle of the tent, our adventurers found the cold at this point of their journey most poignant. It was about Christmas; but the exact time of year had little to do with the matter. The wind was northerly, and keen; and they often at night had to rise and promote circulation by a good run on the snow. But early on the third day all was ready for a start. The sun was seen that morning on the edge of the horizon for a short while, and promised soon to give them days. Before them were a line of icebergs, seemingly an impenetrable wall; but it was necessary to brave them. The dogs, refreshed by two days of rest, started vigorously, and a plain hill of ice being selected, they succeeded in reaching its summit. Then before them lay a vast and seemingly interminable plain. Along this the sledges ran with great speed; and that day they advanced nearly thirty miles from the land, and camped on the sea in a valley of ice.

It was a singular spot. Vast sugar-loaf hills of ice, as old perhaps as the world, threw their lofty cones to the skies on all sides, while they rested doubtless on the bottom of the ocean. Every fantastic form was there: there seemed in the distance cities and palaces as white as chalk; pillars and reversed cones, pyramids and mounds of every shape, valleys and lakes; and under the influence of the optical delusions of the locality, green fields and meadows, and tossing seas. Here the whole party rested soundly, and pushed on hard the next day in search of land.

Several tracks of foxes and bears were now seen, but no animals were discovered. The route, however, was changed. Every now and then newly-formed fields of ice were met, which a little while back had been

floating. Lumps stuck up in every direction, and made the path difficult. Then they reached a vast polina, where the humid state of the surface told that it was thin, and of recent formation. A stick thrust into it went through. But the adventurers took the only course left them. The dogs were placed abreast, and then, at a signal, were launched upon the dangerous surface. They flew rather than ran. It was necessary, for as they went, the ice cracked in every direction, but always under the weight of the nartas, which were off before they could be caught by the bubbling waters. As soon as the solid ice was again reached, the party halted, deep gratitude to Heaven in their hearts, and camped for the night.

But the weather had changed. What is called here the warm wind had blown all day, and at night a hurricane came on. As the adventurers sat smoking after supper, the ice beneath their feet trembled, shook, and then fearful reports bursting on their ears, told them that the sea was cracking in every direction. They had camped on an elevated iceberg of vast dimensions, and were for the moment safe. But around them they heard the rush of waters. The vast Frozen Sea was in one of its moments of fury. In the deeper seas to the north it never freezes firmly—in fact there is always an open sea, with floating bergs. When a hurricane blows, these clear spaces become terribly agitated. Their tossing waves and mountains of ice act on the solid plains, and break them up at times. This was evidently the case now. About midnight our travellers, whose anguish of mind was terrible, felt the great iceberg adrift. Its oscillations were fearful. Sakalar alone preserved his coolness. The men of Nijnei-Kolimsk raved and tore their hair, crying that they had been brought wilfully to destruction; Kolina kneeled, crossed herself, and prayed; while Ivan deeply reproached himself as the cause of so many human beings encountering such awful peril. The rockings of their icy raft were terrible. It was impelled hither and thither by even huger masses. Now it remained on its first level, then its surface presented an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and it seemed about to turn bottom up. All recommended themselves to God, and awaited their fate. Suddenly they were rocked more violently than ever, and were all thrown down by the shock. Then all was still.

The hurricane lulled, the wind shifted, snow began to fall, and the prodigious plain of loose ice again lay quiescent. The bitter frost soon cemented its parts once more, and the danger was over. The men of Nijnei-Kolimsk now insisted on an instant return; but Sakalar was firm, and, though their halt had given them little rest, started as the sun was seen above the horizon. The road was fearfully bad. All was rough, disjointed, and almost impassable. But the sledges had good whalebone keels, and were made with great care to resist such difficulties. The dogs were kept moving all day, but when night came they had made little progress. But they rested in peace. Nature was calm, and morning found them still asleep. But Sakalar was indefatigable, and as soon as he had boiled a potful of snow, made tea, and awoke his people.

They were now about to enter a labyrinth of *toroscs* or icebergs. There was no plain ground within sight; but no impediment could be attended to. Bears made these their habitual resorts, while the wolf skulked every night round the camp, waiting their scanty leavings. Every

eye was stretched in search of game. But the road itself required intense care, to prevent the sledges overturning. Towards the afternoon they entered a narrow valley of ice full of drifted snow, into which the dogs sank, and could scarcely move. At this instant two enormous white bears presented themselves. The dogs sprang forward; but the ground was too heavy for them. The hunters, however, were ready. The bears marched boldly on, as if savage from long fasting. No time was to be lost. Sakalar and Ivan singled out each his animal. Their heavy ounce ball struck both. The opponent of Sakalar turned and fled, but that of Ivan advanced furiously towards him. Ivan stood his ground, axe in hand, and struck the animal a terrible blow on the muzzle. But as he did so, he stumbled, and the bear was upon him. Kolina shrieked; Sakalar was away after his prize; but the Kolimsk men rushed in. Two fired: the third struck the animal with a spear. The bear abandoned Ivan, and faced his new antagonists. The contest was now unequal, and before half an hour was over, the stock of provisions was again augmented, as well as the means of warmth. They had very little wood, and what they had was used sparingly. Once or twice a tree, fixed in the ice, gave them additional fuel; but they were obliged chiefly to count on oil. A small fire was made at night to cook by; but it was allowed to go out, the tent was carefully closed, and the calorific of six people, with a huge lamp with three wicks, served for the rest of the night.

About the sixth day they struck land. It was a small island, in a bay of which they found plenty of drift wood. Sakalar was delighted. He was on the right track. A joyous halt took place, a splendid fire was made, and the whole party indulged themselves in a glass of rum—a liquor very rarely touched, from its known tendency to increase rather than to diminish cold. A hole was next broken in the ice, and an attempt made to catch some seals. Only one, however, rewarded their efforts; but this, with a supply of wood, filled the empty space made in the sledges by the daily consumption of the dogs. But the island was soon found to be infested with bears: no fewer than five, with eleven foxes, were killed, and then huge fires had to be kept up at night to drive their survivors away.

Their provender thus notably increased, the party started in high spirits; but though they were advancing towards the pole, they were also advancing towards the Deep Sea, and the ice presented innumerable dangers. Deep fissures, lakes, chasms, mountains, all lay in their way; and no game presented itself to their anxious search. Day after day they pushed on—here making long circuits, there driven back, and losing sometimes in one day all they had made in the previous twelve hours. Some fissures were crossed on bridges of ice, which took hours to make, while every hour the cold seemed more intense. The sun was now visible for hours, and, as usual in these parts, the cold was more severe since his arrival.

At last, after more than twenty days of terrible fatigue, there was seen looming in the distance what was no doubt the promised land. The sledges were hurried forward—for they were drawing towards the end of their provisions—and the whole party was at length collected on the summit of a lofty mountain of ice. Before them were the hills of New Siberia; to their right a prodigious open sea; and at their feet, as far as the eye could reach,

THE IVORY MINE.

a narrow channel of rapid water, through which huge lumps of ice rushed so furiously, as to have no time to cement into a solid mass.

The adventurers stood aghast. But Sakalar led the way to the very brink of the channel, and moved quietly along its course until he found what he was in search of. This was a sheet or floe of ice, large enough to bear the whole party, and yet almost detached from the general field. The sledges were put upon it, and then, by breaking with their axes the narrow tongue which held it, it swayed away into the tempestuous sea. It almost turned round as it started. The sledges and dogs were placed in the middle, while the five men stood at the very edge to guide it as far as possible with their hunting spears.

In a few minutes it was impelled along by the rapid current, but received every now and then a check when it came in contact with heavier and deeper masses. The Kolimsk men stood transfixed with terror as they saw themselves borne out towards that vast deep sea which eternally tosses and rages round the Arctic Pole; but Sakalar, in a peremptory tone, bade them use their spears. They pushed away heartily; and their strange raft, though not always keeping its equilibrium, was edged away both across and down the stream. At last it began to move more slowly, and Sakalar found himself under the shelter of a huge iceberg, and then impelled up stream by a backwater current. In a few minutes the much-wished-for shore was reached.

The route was rude and rugged as they approached the land; but all saw before them the end of their labours for the winter, and every one proceeded vigorously. The dogs seemed to smell the land, or at all events some tracks of game, for they hurried on with spirit. About an hour before the usual time of camping they were under a vast precipice, turning which, they found themselves in a deep and sheltered valley, with a river at the bottom, frozen between its lofty banks, and covered by deep snow.

'The ivory mine!' said Sakalar in a low tone to Ivan, who thanked him by an expressive look.

VI.—THE IVORY MINE.

The end of so perilous and novel a journey, which must necessarily, under the most favourable circumstances, have produced more honour than profit, was attained; and yet the success of the adventure was doubtful. The season was still too cold for any search for fossil ivory, and the first serious duty was the erection of a winter residence. Fortunately there was an ample supply of logs of wood, some half-rotten, some green, lying under the snow on the shores of the bay into which the river poured, and which had been deposited there by the currents and waves. A regular pile, too, was found, which had been laid up by some of the provident natives of New Siberia, who, like the Esquimaux, live in the snow. Under this was a large supply of frozen fish, which was taken without ceremony, the party being near starvation. Of course Sakalar and Ivan intended replacing the hoard, if possible, in the short summer.

Wood was made the groundwork of the winter hut which was to be erected, but snow and ice formed by far the larger portion of the building

materials. . So hard and compact did the whole mass become when finished, and lined with bear-skins and other furs, that a huge lamp sufficed for warmth during the day and night, and the cooking was done in a small shed by the side. The dogs were now set to shift for themselves as to cover, and were soon buried in the snow. They were placed on short allowance, now they had no work to do ; for no one yet knew what were the resources of this wild place.

As soon as the more immediate duties connected with a camp had been completed, the whole party occupied themselves with preparing traps for foxes, and in other hunting details. A hole was broken in the ice in the bay ; and this the Kolinsk men watched with assiduity for seals. One or two rewarded their efforts, but no fish were taken. Sakalar and Ivan, after a day or two of repose, started with some carefully-selected dogs in search of game, and soon found that the great white bear took up his quarters even in that northern latitude. They succeeded in killing several, which the dogs dragged home.

About ten days after their arrival in the great island, Sakalar, who was always the first to be moving, roused his comrades round him just as a party of a dozen strange men appeared in the distance. They were short stout fellows, with long lances in their hands, and, by their dress, very much resembled the Esquimaux. Their attitude was menacing in the extreme, and by the advice of Sakalar a general volley was fired over their heads. The invaders halted, looked confusedly around, and then ran away. Firearms retained, therefore, all their pristine qualities with these savages.

'They will return,' said Sakalar moodily : 'they did the same when I was here before, and then came back and killed my friend at night. Sakalar escaped.'

Counsel was now held, and it was determined, after due deliberation, that strict watch should be kept at all hours, while much was necessarily trusted to the dogs. All day one of the party was on the look-out, while at night the hut had its entrance well barred. Several days, however, were thus passed without molestation, and then Sakalar took the Kolinsk men out to hunt, and left Ivan and Kolina together. The young man had learned the value of his half-savage friend : her devotion to her father and the party generally was unbounded. She murmured neither at privations nor at sufferings, and kept up the courage of Ivan by painting in glowing terms all his brilliant future. She seemed to have laid aside her personal feelings, and to look on him only as one doing battle with fortune in the hope of earning the hand of the rich widow of Yakoutsik. But Ivan was much disposed to gloomy fits ; he supposed himself forgotten, and slighted, and looked on the time of his probation as interminable. It was in this mood that one day he was roused from his fit by a challenge from Kolina to go and see if the seals had come up to breathe at the hole which every morning was frostily broken in the ice. Ivan assented, and away they went gaily down to the bay. No seals were there, and after a short stay, they returned towards the hut, recalled by the distant howling of the dogs. But as they came near, they could see no sign of men or animals, though the sensible brutes still whined under the shelter of their snow heaps. Ivan, much surprised, raised the curtain of the door, his gun in hand, expecting to find that some animal was inside. The lamp was out, and the hut in total dark-

ness. Before Ivan could recover his upright position, four men leaped on him, and he was a prisoner.

Kolina drew back, and cocked her gun; but the natives, satisfied with their present prey, formed round Ivan in a compact body, tied his hands, and bade him walk. Their looks were sufficiently wild and menacing to make him move, especially as he recognised them as belonging to the warlike party of the Tchouktchas—a tribe of Siberians, who wander about the Polar Seas in search of game, who cross Behring's Straits in skin-boats, and who probably are the only persons who, by their temporary sojourn in New Siberia, have caused some to suppose it inhabited. Kolina stood uncertain what to do, but in a few minutes she roused four of the dogs, and followed. Ivan bawled to her to go back; but the girl paid no attention to his request, determined, as it seemed, to know his fate.

The savages hurried Ivan along as rapidly as they could, and soon entered a deep and narrow ravine, which about the middle parted into two. The narrowest path was selected, and the dwelling of the natives soon reached. It was a cavern, the narrow entrance of which they crawled through; Ivan followed the leader, and soon found himself in a large and wonderful cave. It was by nature divided into several compartments, and contained a party of twenty men, as many or more women, and numerous children. It was warmed in two ways—by wood fires and grease lamps, and by a bubbling semi-sulphurous spring, that rushed up through a narrow hole, and then fell away into a deep well, that carried its warm waters to mingle with the icy sea. The acrid smoke escaped by holes in the roof. Ivan, his arms and legs bound, was thrust into a separate compartment filled with furs, and formed by a projection of the rock, and the skin-boats which this primitive race employed to cross the most stormy seas. He was almost stunned: he lay for a while without thought or motion. Gradually he recovered, and gazed around: all was night, save above, where by a narrow orifice he saw the smoke which hung in clouds around the roof escaping. He expected death. He knew the savage race he was among, who hated interference with their hunting-grounds, and whose fish he and his party had taken. What, therefore, was his surprise when, from the summit of the roof, he heard a gentle voice whispering in soft accents his own name. His ears must, he thought, deceive him. The hubbub close at hand was terrible. A dispute was going on. Men, women, and children all joined, and yet he had heard the word 'Ivan.' 'Kolina,' he replied in equally low but clear tones. As he spoke, a knife rolled near him. But he could not touch it. Then a dark form filled the orifice about a dozen feet above his head, and something moved down among projecting stones, and then Kolina stood by him. In an instant Ivan was free, and an axe in his hand. The exit was before them. Steps were cut in the rock, to ascend to the upper entrance, near which Ivan had been placed without fear, because tied. But a rush was heard, and the friends had only time to throw themselves deeper into the cave, when four men rushed in, knife in hand, to immolate the victim. Such had been the decision come to after the debate.

Their lamps revealed the escape of the fugitive. A wild cry drew all the men together, and then up they scampered along the rugged projections, and the barking of the dogs as they fled, showed that they were in hot and eager chase. Ivan and Kolina lost no time. They advanced

boldly, knife and hatchet in hand, sprang amid the terrified women, darted across their horrid cavern, and before one of them had recovered from her fright, were in the open air. On they ran in the gloom for some distance, when they suddenly heard muttered voices. Down they sunk behind the first large stone, concealing themselves as well as they could in the snow. The party moved slowly on towards them.

'I can trace their tracks still,' said Sakalar in a low deep tone. 'On while they are alive, or at least for vengeance!'

'Friends!' cried Ivan.

'Father!' said Kolina, and in an instant the whole party were united. Five words were enough to determine Sakalar. The whole body rushed back, entered the cavern, and found themselves masters of it without a struggle: the women and children attempted no resistance. As soon as they were placed in a corner, under the guard of the Kolimsk men, a council was held. Sakalar, as the most experienced, decided what was to be done. He knew the value of threats: one of the women was released, and bade go tell the men what had occurred. She was to add the offer of a treaty of peace, to which, if both parties agreed, the women were to be given up on the one side, and the hut and its contents on the other. But the victors announced their intention of taking four of the best-looking boys as hostages, to be returned whenever they were convinced of the good faith of the Tchouktchas. The envoy soon returned, agreeing to everything. They had not gone near the hut, fearing an ambuscade. The four boys were at once selected, and the belligerents separated.

Sakalar made the little fellows run before, and thus the hut was regained. An inner cabin was at once erected for the prisoners, and the dogs placed over them as spies. But as the boys understood Sakalar to mean that the dogs were to eat them if they stirred, they remained still enough, and made no attempt to run away.

A hasty meal was now cooked, and after its conclusion, Ivan related the events of the day, warmly dilating on the devotion and courage of Kolina, who, with the keenness of a Yakouta, had found out his prison by the smoke, and had seen him on the ground despite the gloom. Sakalar then explained how, on his return, he had been terribly alarmed, and had followed the trail on the snow. After mutual congratulations, the whole party went to sleep.

The next morning early, the mothers came humbly with provisions for their children. They received some trifling presents, and were sent away in delight. About mid-day the whole tribe presented themselves unarmed, within a short distance of the hut, and offered to traffic. They brought a great quantity of fish, which they wanted to exchange for tobacco. Sakalar, who spoke their language freely, first gave them a roll, letting them understand it was in payment of the fish taken without leave. This at once dissipated all feelings of hostility, and solid peace was insured.

It was Sakalar of their sincerity, that he at once released the

res.

on that day the two parties were one, and all thoughts of war were completely at an end. A vast deal of bloodshed had been prevented by a few concessions on both sides. The same result might indeed have been

come to by killing half of each little tribe, but it is doubtful if the peace would have been as satisfactory to the survivors afterwards.

VII.—THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

Occupied with the chase, with bartering, and with conversing with their new friends, the summer gradually came round. The snow melted, the hills became a series of cascades, in every direction water poured towards the sea. But the hut remained solid and firm, a little earth only being cast over the snow. Flocks of ducks and geese soon appeared, a slight vegetation was visible, and the sea was in motion. But what principally drew all eyes were the vast heaps of fossil ivory exposed to view on the banks of the stream, laid bare more and more every year by the torrents of spring. A few days sufficed to collect a heap greater than they could take away on the sledges in a dozen journeys. Ivan gazed at his treasure in mute despair. Were all that at Yakoutsk, he was the richest merchant in Siberia; but to take it thither seemed impossible. But in stepped the adventurous Tchouktchas. They offered, for a stipulated sum in tobacco and other valuables, to land a large portion of the ivory at a certain spot on the shores of Siberia by means of their boats. Ivan, though again surprised at the daring of these wild men, accepted the proposal, and engaged to give them his whole stock. The matter was thus settled, and our adventurers and their new friends dispersed to their summer avocations.

These consisted in fishing and hunting, and repairing boats and sledges. The canoes of the Tchouktchas were wholly made of skins and whalebone, and bits of wood; but they were large, and capable of sustaining great weight. Their owners purposed to start as soon as the ice was wholly broken up, and to brave all the dangers of so fearful a navigation. They were used to impel themselves along in every open space, and to take shelter on icebergs from danger. When one of these icy mountains went in the right direction, they stuck to it; but at others they paddled away amid dangers of which they seemed wholly unconscious.

A month was taken up in fishing, in drying the fish, or in putting it in holes where there was eternal frost. An immense stock of seals' flesh, of oil and fat, was laid in; and then one morning, with a warm wind behind, the Tchouktchas took their departure, and the small party of adventurers remained alone. Their hut was now broken up, the sledges put in order, the tent erected, and all made ready for their second journey. The sledges were not only repaired, but enlarged, to bear the heaviest possible load at starting. A few days' overloading were not minded, as the provisions would soon decrease. Still, not half so much could be taken as they wished, and yet Ivan had nearly a ton of ivory, and thirty tons was the greatest produce of any one year in all Siberia.

But the sledges were ready long before the sea was so. The interval was spent in continued hunting, to prevent any consumption of the travelling store. All were heartily tired, long before it was over, of a day nearly as long as two English months, and hailed the sight of the first white fox with pleasure. Soon ducks and geese began to disappear, the fish sank

away, and were rare, the bears came roaring round the camp, and then the scanty vegetation and the arid rocks were covered with a thin coat of snow. The winter at once set in with intense rigour; the sea ceased to toss and heave; the icebergs and fields moved more and more slowly; and at last ocean and land were blended into one—the night of a month was come, and the sun was seen no more.

The dogs were now roused up, having been well fed during the summer; the sledges harnessed; and the instant the sea was firm enough to sustain them, the party started. Sakalar's intention was to try forced marches in a straight line. Fortune favoured them. The frost was unusually severe, and the ice thicker and more solid than the previous year. Not a single accident occurred to them for some days. At first they did not move exactly in the same direction as when they had come, making more towards the east; but they soon found traces of their previous winter's journey, proving that a whole plain of ice had been forced away at least fifty miles during the thaw. This was Sakalar's explanation, but the men of Kolimsk persisted in stating that they were going wrong. A dispute ensued, which threatened to break up the party. But Ivan declared he would pay no one who abandoned the guidance of Sakalar, and the three men obeyed.

The road was now again rugged and difficult, firing was getting scarce, the dogs were devouring the fish with rapidity, and only half the ocean-journey was over. But on they pushed with desperate energy, every eye once more keenly on the look-out for game. But this time a stray fox alone rewarded their exertions. No man spoke. Every one drove his team in sullen silence, for all were on short allowance, and all were hungry. They sat on what was to them more valuable than gold, and yet they had not what was necessary for subsistence. The dogs were urged every day to the utmost limits of their strength. But so much space had been taken up by the ivory, that at last there remained neither food nor fuel. None knew at what distance they were from the shore, and their position seemed desperate. There were even whispers of killing some of the dogs; and Sakalar and Ivan were loudly upbraided for their avarice, which had brought the party into such straits.

'See!' said the old hunter suddenly with a delighted smile, pointing towards the south.

The whole party looked eagerly. A thick column of smoke rose in the air at no very considerable distance, curling up in dark wreaths, and then dispersing in light vapour through the air. This was the signal agreed on with the Tchouktchas, who were to camp where there was plenty of wood, and guide them in the right direction by a continued beacon.

Every hand was raised to urge on the dogs towards this point. The animals, hungry and weary, pulled, but unwillingly. They were impelled forward, however, by every art; and at last, from the summit of a hill of ice, they saw the shore and the blaze of the fire. The wind was towards them, and the atmosphere heavy. The dogs smelled the distant camp, and darted almost recklessly forward. The adventurers kept ready to leap in case of being overturned. But the will of the animals was greater than their power, and they sank near the Tchouktcha huts, panting and exhausted.

Their allies of the spring were true to their plighted faith, and gave them food, of which man and beast stood in the most pressing necessity. Dogs

and men ate greedily, and then sought repose. The Tchouktchas had performed their journey with wonderful success and rapidity, and had found time to lay in a pretty fair stock of fish. This they freely shared with Ivan and his party, and were delighted when he abandoned his whole stock of tobacco and rum to them, and part of his tea. Two days were spent in the mutual interchange of good offices, in repose, and in letting the dogs recover from their prostration. But no more time could be spared. There were many days yet before them, and certainly not provisions enough for the time.

The Tchouktchas too had been four years absent in their wanderings, and were eager to get home once more to the land of the reindeer, and to their friends. They were perhaps the greatest travellers of a tribe noted for its faculty of locomotion. And so, with warm expressions of esteem and friendship on both sides, the two parties separated—the men of the east making their way on foot towards the Straits of Behring.

VIII.—THE VOYAGE HOME.

Under considerable disadvantages did Sakalar, Ivan, and their friends prepare for the conclusion of their journey. Their provisions were very scanty, and their only hope of replenishing their stores was on the banks of the Vchivaya River, which, being in some places pretty rapid, might not be frozen over. Sakalar and his friends determined to strike out in a straight line. Part of the ivory had to be concealed and abandoned, to be fetched another time; but as their stock of provisions was so small, they were able to take the principal part. It had been resolved, after some debate, to make in a direct line for the Vchivaya River, and thence to Nijnei-Kolimsk. The road was of a most difficult, and, in part, unknown character; but it was imperative to move in as straight a direction as possible. Time was the great enemy they had to contend with, because their provisions were sufficient for a limited period only.

The country was at first level enough, and the dogs, after their rest, made sufficiently rapid progress. At night they had reached the commencement of a hilly region, while in the distance could already be seen pretty lofty mountains. According to a plan decided on from the first, the human members of the party were placed at once on short allowance, while the dogs received as much food as could be reasonably given. At early dawn the tent was struck, and the dogs were impelled along the banks of a small river completely frozen. Indeed, after a short distance, it was taken as the smoothest path. But at the end of a dozen miles they found themselves in a narrow gorge between two hills, and at the foot of a once foaming cataract, now hard frozen. It was necessary to retreat some miles, and gain the land once more. The only path which was now found practicable was along the bottom of some pretty steep rocks. But the track got narrower and narrower, until the dogs were drawing them along the edge of a terrific precipice with not four feet of holding. All alighted, and led the dogs, for a false step was death. Fortunately the pathway became no narrower, and in one place it widened out, and made a sort of hollow. Here a bitter blast, almost strong enough to cast them from their

feet, checked further progress, and on that naked spot, under a projecting mass of stone, without fire, did the whole party halt. Men and dogs huddled together for warmth, and all dined on raw and frozen fish. A few hours of sleep, however, were snatched; and then, as the storm abated, they again advanced. The descent was soon reached, and led into a vast plain without tree or bush. A range of snow-clad hills lay before them, and through a narrow gully between two mountains was the only practicable pathway. But all hearts were gladdened by the welcome sight of some *argali*, or Siberian sheep, on the slope of a hill. These animals are the only winter game, bears and wolves excepted. Kolina was left with the dogs, and the rest started after the animals, which were pawing in the thin snow for some moss or half-frozen herbs. Every caution was used to approach them against the wind, and a general volley soon sent them scampering away to the mountain-tops, leaving three behind.

But Ivan saw that he had wounded another, and away he went in chase. The animal ascended a hill, and then halted. But seeing a man coming quickly after him, it turned and fled down the opposite side. Ivan was instantly after him. The descent was steep, but the hunter only saw the argali, and darted down. He slid rather than ran with fearful rapidity, and passed the sheep by, seeking to check himself too late. A tremendous gulf was before him, and his eyes caught an instant glimpse of a deep distant valley. Then he saw no more until he found himself lying still. He had sunk, on the very brink of the precipice, into a deep snow bank formed by some projecting rock, and had only thus been saved from instant death. Deeply grateful, Ivan crept cautiously up the hill-side, though not without his prize, and rejoined his companions.

The road now offered innumerable difficulties. It was rough and uneven—now hard, now soft. They made but slow progress for the next three days, while their provisions began to draw to an end. They had at least a dozen days more before them. All agreed that they were now in the very worst difficulty they had yet been in. The evening they dined on their last meal of mutton and fish they were at the foot of a lofty hill, which they determined to ascend while strength was left. The dogs were urged up the steep ascent, and after two hours' toil, they reached the summit. It was a table-land, bleak and miserable, and the wind was too severe to permit camping. On they pushed, and camped a little way down its sides.

The next morning the dogs had no food, while the men had nothing but large draughts of warm tea. But it was impossible to stop. Away they hurried, after deciding that, if nothing turned up by the next morning, two or three of the dogs must be killed to save the rest. Little was the ground they got over, with hungry beasts and starving men, and all were glad to halt near a few dried larches. Men and dogs eyed each other suspiciously. The animals, sixty-four in number, had they not been educated to fear man, would have soon settled the matter. But there they lay, panting and faint—to start up suddenly with a fearful howl. A bear was on them. Sakalar fired, and then in rushed the dogs, savage and fierce. It was worse than useless, it was dangerous, for the human beings of the party to seek to share this windfall. It was enough that the dogs had found something to appease their hunger.

Sakalar, however, knew that his faint and weary companions could not move the next day if tea alone were their sustenance that night. He accordingly put in practice one of the devices of his woodcraft. The youngest of the larches was cut down, and the coarse outside bark was taken off. Then every atom of the soft bark was peeled off the tree, and being broken into small pieces, was cast into the iron pot, already full of boiling water. The quantity was great, and made a thick substance. Round this the whole party collected, eager for the moment when they could fall to. But Sakalar was cool and methodical even in that terrible hour. He took a spoon, and quietly skimmed the pot, to take away the resin that rose to the surface. Then gradually the bark melted away, and presently the pot was filled by a thick paste, that looked not unlike glue. All gladly ate, and found it nutritive, pleasant, and warm. They felt satisfied when the meal was over, and were glad to observe that the dogs returned to the camp completely satisfied also, which, under the circumstances, was matter of great gratification.

In the morning, after another mess of larch-bark soup, and after a little tea, the adventurers again advanced on their journey. They were now in an arid, bleak, and terrible plain of vast extent. Not a tree, not a shrub, not an elevation was to be seen. Starvation was again staring them in the face, and no man knew when this dreadful plain would end. That night the whole party cowered in their tent without fire, content to chew a few tea-leaves preserved from the last meal. Serious thoughts were now entertained of abandoning their wealth in that wild region. But as none pressed the matter very hardly, the sledges were harnessed again next morning, and the dogs driven on. But man and beast were at the last gasp, and not ten miles were traversed that day, the end of which brought them to a large river, on the borders of which were some trees. Being wide and rapid, it was not frozen, and there was still hope. The seine was drawn from a sledge, and taken into the water. It was fastened from one side to another of a narrow gut, and there left. It was of no avail examining it until morning, for the fish only come out at night.

There was not a man of the party who had his exact senses about him, while the dogs lay panting on the snow, their tongues hanging out, their eyes glaring with almost savage fury. The trees round the bank were large and dry, and not one had an atom of soft bark on it. All the resource they had was to drink huge draughts of tea, and then seek sleep. Sakalar set the example, and the Kolimsk men, to whom such scenes were not new, followed his advice; but Ivan walked up and down before the tent. A huge fire had been made, which was amply fed by the wood of the river bank, and it blazed on high, showing in bold relief the features of the scene. Ivan gazed vacantly at everything; but he saw not the dark and glancing river—he saw not the bleak plain of snow—his eyes looked not on the romantic picture of the tent and its bivouac-fire: his thoughts were on one thing alone. He it was who had brought them to that pass, and on his head rested all the misery endured by man and beast, and, worst of all, by the good and devoted Kolima.

There she sat, too, on the ground, wrapped in her warm clothes, her eye, fixed on the crackling logs. Of what was she thinking? Whatever occupied her mind, it was soon chased away by the sudden speech of Ivan.

'Kolina,' said he, in a tone which borrowed a little of intensity from the state of mind in which hunger had placed all of them, 'canst thou ever forgive me?'

'What?' replied the young girl softly.

'My having brought you here to die, far away from your native hills?'

'Kolina cares little for herself,' said the Yakouta maiden, rising and speaking perhaps a little wildly; 'let her father escape, and she is willing to lie near the tombs of the old people on the borders of the icy sea.'

'But Ivan had hoped to see for Kolina many bright happy days; for Ivan would have made her father rich, and Kolina would have been the richest unmarried girl in the plain of Miouré!'

'And would riches make Kolina happy?' said she sadly.

'Young girl of the Yakouta, hearken to me! Let Ivan live or die this hour: Ivan is a fool. He left home and comfort to cross the icy seas in search of wealth, and to gain happiness; but if he had only had eyes, he would have stopped at Miouré. There he saw a girl, lively as the heaven-fire in the north, good, generous, kind; and she was an old friend, and might have loved Ivan; but the man of Yakoutsk was blind, and told her of his passion for a selfish widow, and the Yakouta maiden never thought of Ivan but as a brother!'

'What means Ivan?' asked Kolina, trembling with emotion.

'Ivan has long meant, when he came to the yourte of Sakalar, to lay his wealth at his feet, and beg of his old friend to give him his child; but Ivan now fears that he may die, and wishes to know what would have been the answer of Kolina?'

'But Maria Vorotinska?' urged the girl, who seemed dreaming.

'Has long been forgotten. How could I not love my old playmate and friend! Kolina—Kolina, listen to Ivan! Forget his love for the widow of Yakoutsk, and Ivan will stay in the plain of Vchivaya and die.'

'Kolina is very proud,' whispered the girl, sitting down on a log near the fire, and speaking in a low tone; 'and Kolina thinks yet that the friend of her father has forgotten himself. But if he be not wild, if the sufferings of the journey have not made him say that which is not, Kolina would be very happy.'

'Be plain, girl of Miouré—maiden of the Yakouta tribe! and play not with the heart of a man. Can Kolina take Ivan as her husband?'

A frank and happy reply gave the Yakoutsk merchant all the satisfaction he could wish; and then followed several hours of those sweet and delightful explanations which never end between young lovers when first they have acknowledged their mutual affection. They had hitherto concealed so much, that there was much to tell; and Ivan and Kolina, who for nearly three years had lived together, with a bar between their deep but concealed affection, seemed to have no end of words. Ivan had begun to find his feelings change from the very hour Sakalar's daughter volunteered to accompany him, but it was only in the cave of New Siberia that his heart had been completely won.

So short, and quiet, and sweet were the hours, that the time of rest passed by without thought of sleep. Suddenly, however, they were roused to a sense of their situation, and leaving their wearied and exhausted companions still asleep, they moved with doubt and dread to the water's

side. Life was now doubly dear to both, and their fancy painted the coming forth of an empty net as the termination of all hope. But the net came heavily and slowly to land. It was full of fish. They were on the well-stocked Vchivaya. More than three hundred fish, small and great, were drawn on shore; and then they recast the net.

'Up, man and beast!' thundered Ivan, as, after selecting two dozen of the finest, he abandoned the rest to the dogs.

The animals, faint and weary, greedily seized on the food given them, while Sakalar and the Kolimsk men could scarcely believe their senses. The hot coals were at once brought into requisition, and the party were soon regaling themselves on a splendid meal of tea and broiled fish. I should alarm my readers did I record the quantities eaten. An hour later, every individual was a changed being, but most of all the lovers. Despite their want of rest, they looked fresher than any of the party. It was determined to camp at least twenty-four hours more in that spot; and the Kolimsk men declared that as the river must be the Vchivaya, they could draw the seine all day, for the river was deep, its waters warmer than others, and its abundance of fish such as to border on the fabulous. They went accordingly down to the side of the stream, and then the happy Kolina gave free vent to her joy. She burst out into a song of her native land, and gave way to some demonstrations of delight, the result of her earlier education, that astonished Sakalar. But when he heard that during that dreadful night he had found a son, Sakalar himself almost lost his reason. The old man loved Ivan almost as much as his own child, and when he saw the youth in his youрте on his hunting trips, had formed some project of the kind now brought about; but the confessions of Ivan on his last visit to Miouré had driven all such thoughts away.

'Art in earnest, Ivan?' said he after a pause of some duration.

'In earnest!' exclaimed Ivan laughing; 'why, I fancy the young men of Miouré will find me so, if they seek to question my right to Kolina.'

Kolina smiled, and looked happy; and the old hunter heartily blessed his children, adding that the proudest, dearest hope of his heart was now within probable realisation.

The predictions of the Kolimsk men were realised. The river gave them as much fish as they needed for their journey home; and as now Sakalar knew his way, there was little fear for the future. An ample stock was piled on the sledges, the dogs had unlimited feeding for two days, and then away they sped towards an upper part of the river, which, being broad and shallow, was no doubt frozen on the surface. They found it as they expected, and even discovered that the river was gradually freezing all the way down. But little caring for this now, on they went, and after considerable fatigue, and some delay, arrived at Kolimsk, to the utter astonishment of all the inhabitants, who had long given them up for lost.

Great rejoicings took place. The friends of the three Kolimsk men gave a grand festival, in which the rum, and tobacco, and tea, which had been left at the place as payment for their journey, played a conspicuous part. Then, as it was necessary to remain here some time, while the ivory was brought from the deposit near the sea, Ivan and Kolina were married. Neither of them seemed to credit the circumstance, even when fast tied by the Russian church. It had come so suddenly, so unexpectedly on

both, that their heads could not quite make the affair out. But they were married in right down earnest, and Kolina was a proud and happy woman. The enormous mass of ivory brought to Kolimsk excited the attention of a distinguished exile, who drew up a statement in Ivan's name, and prepared it for transmission to the White Czar, as the emperor is called in these parts.

When summer came, the young couple, with Sakalar and a caravan of merchants, started for Yakoutsck, Ivan being by far the richest and most important member of the party. After a single day's halt at Miouré, on they went to the town, and made their triumphal entry in September. Ivan found Maria Vorotinska a wife and mother, and his vanity was not much wounded by the falsehood. The *ci devant* widow was a little astonished at Ivan's return, and particularly at his treasure of ivory; but she received his wife with politeness, a little tempered by her sense of her own superiority to a savage, as she designated Kolina to her friends in a whisper. But Kolina was so gentle, so pretty, so good, so cheerful, so happy, that she found her party at once, and the two ladies became rival leaders of the fashion.

This lasted until the next year, when a messenger from the capital brought a letter to Ivan from the emperor himself thanking him for his narrative, sending him a rich present, his warm approval, and the office of first civil magistrate in the city of Yakoutsck. This turned the scales wholly on one side, and Maria bowed low to Kolina. But Kolina had no feelings of the parvenu, and she was always a general favourite. Ivan accepted with pride his sovereign's favour, and by dint of assiduity, soon learned to be a useful magistrate. He always remained a good husband, a good father, and a good son, for he made the heart of old Sakalar glad. He never regretted his journey: he always declared he owed to it wealth and happiness, a high position in society, and an admirable wife. Great rejoicings took place many years after in Yakoutsck at the marriage of the son of Maria, united to the daughter of Ivan, and from the first unto the last, none of the parties concerned ever had reason to mourn over the perilous journey in search of the IVORY MINE.

. For the information of the non-scientific, it may be necessary to mention that the ivory alluded to in the preceding tale is derived from the tusks* of the mammoth, or fossil elephant of the geologist. The remains of this gigantic quadruped are found all over the northern hemisphere, from the 40th to the 75th degree of latitude; but most abundantly in the region which lies between the mountains of Central Asia and the shores and islands of the Frozen Sea. So profusely do they exist in this region, that the tusks have, for more than a century, constituted an important article of traffic—furnishing a large proportion of the ivory required by the carver and turner. The remains lie imbedded in the upper tertiary clays and gravels; and these, by exposure to river-currents,

THE IVORY MINE.

to the waves of the sea, and other erosive agencies, are frequently swept away during the thaws of summer, leaving tusks and bones in masses, and occasionally even entire skeletons in a wonderful state of preservation. The most perfect specimen yet obtained, and from the study of which the zoologist has been enabled to arrive at an accurate knowledge of the structure and habits of the mammoth, is that discovered by a Tungusian fisherman near the mouth of the river Lena in the summer of 1799. Being in the habit of collecting tusks among the débris of the gravel cliffs (for it is generally at a considerable elevation in the cliffs and river banks that the remains occur), he observed a strange shapeless mass projecting from an ice-bank some fifty or sixty feet above the river; during next summer's thaw he saw the same object rather more disengaged from amongst the ice; in 1801 he could distinctly perceive the tusk and flank of an immense animal; and in 1803, in consequence of an earlier and more powerful thaw, the huge carcase became entirely disengaged, and fell on the sandbank beneath. In the spring of the following year the fisherman cut off the tusks, which he sold for 50 rubles (£7, 10s.); and two years afterwards, our countryman, Mr Adams, visited the spot, and gives the following account of this extraordinary phenomenon:—'At this time I found the mammoth still in the same place, but altogether mutilated. The discoverer was contented with his profit for the tusks, and the Yakoutski of the neighbourhood had cut off the flesh, with which they fed their dogs; during the scarcity, wild beasts, such as white bears, wolves, wolverines, and foxes, also fed upon it, and the traces of their footsteps were seen around. The skeleton, almost entirely cleared of its flesh, remained whole, with the exception of a fore-leg. The head was covered with a dry skin; one of the ears, well preserved, was furnished with a tuft of hair. All these parts have necessarily been injured in transporting them a distance of 7330 miles (to the imperial museum of St Petersburg), but the eyes have been preserved, and the pupil of one can still be distinguished. The mammoth was a male, with a long mane on the neck. The tail and proboscis were not preserved. The skin, of which I possess three-fourths, is of a dark-gray colour, covered with reddish wool and black hairs; but the dampness of the spot where it had lain so long had in some degree destroyed the hair. The entire carcase, of which I collected the bones on the spot, was nine feet four inches high, and sixteen feet four inches long, without including the tusks, which measured nine feet six inches along the curve. The distance from the base or root of the tusk to the point is three feet seven inches. The two tusks together weighed three hundred and sixty pounds English weight, and the head alone four hundred and fourteen pounds. The skin was of such weight, that it required ten persons to transport it to the shore; and after having cleared the ground, upwards of thirty-six pounds of hair were collected, which the white bears had trodden while devouring the flesh.' Since then, other carcases of elephants have been discovered in a greater or less degree of preservation; as also the remains of rhinoceroses, mastodons, and allied pachyderms—the mammoth, more abundantly, in the old world, the mastodon in the new. In every case these animals differ from existing species; are of more gigantic dimensions; and, judging from their natural coverings of thick-set curly-crisped wool and strong

hair, upwards of a foot in length, were fitted to live, if not in a boreal, at least in a coldly-temperate region. Indeed there is proof positive of the then milder climate of these regions in the discovery of pine and birch-trunks, where no vegetation now flourishes; and further, in the fact that fragments of pine leaves, birch twigs, and other northern plants, have been detected between the grinders, and within the stomachs, of these animals. We have thus evidence that, at the close of the tertiary, and shortly after the commencement of the current epoch, the northern hemisphere enjoyed a much milder climate; that it was the abode of huge pachyderms now extinct; that a different distribution of sea and land prevailed; and that, on a new distribution of sea and land, accompanied also by a different relative level, these animals died away, leaving their remains to be imbedded in the clays, gravels, and other alluvial deposits, where, under the antiseptic influence of an almost eternal frost, many of them have been preserved as entire as at the fatal moment they sank under the rigours of external conditions no longer fitted for their existence. It has been attempted by some to prove the adaptability of these animals to the present conditions of the northern hemisphere; but so untenable in every phase is this opinion, that it would be sheer waste of time and space to attempt its refutation. That they may have migrated northward and southward with the seasons is more than probable, though it has been stated that the remains diminish in size the farther north they are found; but that numerous herds of such huge animals should have existed in these regions at all, and that for thousands of years, presupposes an exuberant arboreal vegetation, and the necessary degree of climate for its growth and development. It has been mentioned that the mastodon and mammoth seem to have attained their meridian towards the close of the tertiary epoch, and that a few may have lived even into the current era; but it is more probable that the commencement of existing conditions was the proximate cause of their extinction, and that not a solitary specimen ever lived to be the cotemporary of man.

SECRET SOCIETIES OF MODERN EUROPE.

ONE of the marks which distinguish countries ruled by the despotic will of one individual from those in which the government is the reflex of the popular will, is the existence of Secret Societies, having for their object the overthrow of the established political system. Associations seeking to effect desirable alterations in the constitution or administration of the government now exist in all civilised countries; but it is obvious that their organisation, and the means by which they propose to accomplish their objects, must depend upon the circumstances that have called them into existence, and which they aim at removing. In countries in which the government emanates from the people, none but legal and constitutional means will be resorted to by those who desire to bring about changes which seem to them desirable in the political and social system; but where the people have no political existence, where the right of meeting is denied them, and where the press is shackled by restrictions as impolitic as they are unjust, such associations necessarily take a form which menaces the existence of government, and one too often inimical to social order. It is natural that men, smarting under the yoke of despotism, condemned to serfdom or political nullity, should meet in private to discuss their wrongs when they are forbidden to meet publicly; and it is equally natural that despotic governments should regard every popular movement with jealousy, and keep a watchful eye upon all whom they have reason to suspect of being engaged in designs inimical to their authority. To avoid the intrusion of spies, the association, even if it be merely a political debating society, having at the commencement no ulterior design against the government, will adopt a secret organisation; to guard against the admission of those who might be induced to betray them, they will adopt an initiative oath, with the addition of certain mystical or symbolical ceremonies, calculated to make a deep impression upon the mind of the neophyte; and a password and countersign, that they may know the members, and that no other persons may surreptitiously gain admission to the place of meeting; finally, some definite object is resolved upon, which the members engage themselves to accomplish; propagandist centres are established in various parts; and at length the society comes to embrace a system of affiliations more or less widely ramified.

Such are, in most instances, the circumstances under which secret societies have originated in modern times, and such the manner in which

they have invariably been organised. But for the evolution and growth of such a society it is not imperatively required that all the conditions here indicated should exist; it may spring up under a constitutional government as well as under a pure despotism, when the right of meeting is restricted, and the press is fettered by an unwise and jealous policy. The freedom of the press, the right of meeting in public to discuss political questions, and of petitioning for redress of grievances, are indeed more effectual safeguards against the dangerous tendencies of secret societies than any extension of popular rights which does not include these; for while secret societies of a political nature have kept France in a state of almost constant fermentation from the epoch of the Directory to the present moment, the only strictly secret society which has been engrafted upon the political movements of our own country was that of the Dorsetshire labourers, an association local in its organisation, numerically weak, and of brief existence. The cause of this difference in the mode of conducting the agitation of political questions in the two countries, the constitutions of which will be found, upon an average of periods, to rest upon bases of equal breadth, is obvious: in England the press is comparatively free, and the unenfranchised classes enjoy the right of meeting in public to talk over their grievances and propose remedies; and in France, whether under Napoleon, the Bourbons, Louis-Philippe, or President Bonaparte, the press has been, except during the brief gusts of revolution, so cramped and fettered as to be anything but an index to the state of public opinion, and the right of meeting has only been exercised under restrictions and police surveillance, and often extinguished altogether.

It is also worthy of remark, and a circumstance especially important at the present moment, that the sphere exposed to the dangerous influence of secret societies is always in proportion to the extent of the base upon which the constitution rests. The higher classes are always the first to initiate revolutionary ideas; and when they have attained a degree of political freedom which enables them to exercise a certain control over the monarch, they become conservators; the ideas of progress which they have introduced are then taken up by the middle classes; and when these have achieved their enfranchisement, the working-classes are naturally led to adopt similar principles and views. The succession of great names with which we are presented in the progressive phases of the first French Revolution serves to illustrate this law of political progress: first, we have the Count of Provence, the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke d'Aiguillon; then the champions of the burgessy, Lafayette, Bailly, and Roland; and lastly, Marat, Robespierre, and St Just. It has been exemplified in our own country in the constitutional history of the last six hundred years—in the Magna Charta of the barons, the Reform Bill of the middle classes, and the more democratic Charter of present agitation. The history of the secret societies indicates the same course of opinion: the Illuminati, the Carbonari, the Tugendbund, originated with the upper classes of society, while the associations of more recent origin have for the most part been confined to the humbler orders. The attainment of political influence by one class has an inherent tendency to awaken a desire for participation in the class immediately beneath it; and thus the gradual extension of popular rights enlarges the sphere in which alone secret societies are likely to exist,

until the turning-point is reached at which the majority of the people are in possession of political power, and then the sphere of their dangerous influence is narrowed by every new extension. Much, however, depends upon the national character or idiosyncrasy of the people, and still more upon the degree of freedom allowed to the press.

Freemasonry seems to have given the idea of the secret societies treated of in this Paper, and to have furnished them with much of their organisation and machinery. The Masonic order, indeed, is but a transcript of society, traced from its primitive condition through the various phases of its progressive development, and all its grades have been conceived in the spirit of this idea. Every social grade, up to the rank of pontiff and king, is more or less denoted by the different degrees of the Masonic hierarchy; and though much of the conceptions and intentions of the original founders of the order appear to have been obscured by the lapse of time and the addition of many new and often ridiculous ceremonies, they can still be traced by the scrutinising eye of the social philosopher. It was probably the knowledge of these circumstances, and the applicability of Freemasonry to secret societies of a political tendency, which caused so much of the Masonic system to be adopted by the founder of the first association which comes within the scope of this paper.

This was Dr Adam Weishaupt, professor of canon law in the university of Ingolstadt in Bavaria, who, May 1, 1776, commenced the initiation of members of the celebrated society of the Illuminists, which exercised no small influence over the progress of the first French Revolution. Its avowed aim was, as its name imports, to illuminate the world with the aurora of philosophy; to ray forth from secret societies, as from so many centres, the light of science over all nations; to diffuse the purest principles of virtue; and to reinstate mankind in primeval innocence and happiness. The speculations of St Pierre, of Rousseau, and of Helvetius, had tended in the same direction; and Morelly had previously proclaimed to the world a moral code based upon the unwritten laws of nature, and a system of society which reproduced the idealities of Plato and More. Freemasonry supplied Weishaupt with the hierarchical organisation of the new order, and he derived from the same fertile source much of the machinery proper for the working out of his idea, adding to what he borrowed from the Masonic institution a variety of new mystical and symbolical ceremonies. A number of scientific men of liberal principles, as such men usually are—the nature of their studies tending to enlarge the mind, and free it from the influence of antiquated dogmas, musty prejudices, and old associations—gradually became absorbed into the society. Among these were Mesmer, the introducer of the mysteries of *clairvoyance*, and founder of the psychological system to which he has given his name; and the celebrated Condorcet, afterwards a distinguished member of the Girondist party in the French Convention. As the initiations increased in number, the system of affiliated societies was introduced, and lodges were opened in various parts of Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, those of each country being dependent upon the grand lodges, and the latter upon the central society at Ingolstadt. Among the members initiated in France were the Duke d'Orleans, Mirabeau, and the Abbé Sieyès.

The ulterior objects of the Illuminatis no sooner became evident, than they awakened the jealous fears of the despotic governments of Europe, and excited against them the prejudices of all who sought to uphold the crumbling institutions of the past. They were accused of designing the overthrow of the European governments, the subversion of social order, and the annihilation of religion. Undoubtedly there were those among the Illuminati who would have hailed with satisfaction the repression of authority within the limits of a constitutional expression of the national will—who would have regarded the complete extinction of feudalism as the dawning of a new era—and who would have sang *Jubilate* over the wreck and ruin of priestly intolerance and superstition; but they proposed to accomplish aims to them so desirable by the force of reason alone, relying confidently and solely upon the diffusion of knowledge as the most potent weapon of the innovator. If they laid the train which eventuated the revolutionary explosion of 1792, theirs was not the hand that fired it. But so great was the alarm which they created among those who knew that they held an absolute and undivided authority solely in virtue of the popular ignorance, that the Freemasons shared the suspicions with which they were regarded, and heavy restrictions were, by an edict of the Emperor Joseph, laid upon all the Masonic societies in Germany, while in the Netherlands they were totally suppressed.

The initiations, however, continued to multiply up to the time when the French Revolution enabled the Illuminatis to tear off the symbolic bands from the eyes of philosophy, and to lift the veil of mystery under which they sought to advance it. The mystery in which their proceedings were enveloped invested Illuminatism, to imaginative minds, with the halo of romance, and enthusiasm and terror were by turns worked upon by the chiefs of the mystic hierarchy. They even professed to raise the dead, to evoke apparitions, and to make their sepulchral voices heard in those lodges in which everything wore an air of strange and appalling mystery. The magic-lantern, little known at that time, was the means by which these illusions were effected. Cagliostro, a notorious Italian adventurer, who first introduced Illuminatism into France by founding a lodge of the society at Strasburg, professed to have visions, to hold converse with the spirits of the departed, and by phantasmagorical illusions to shadow forth the events of the future.

The Freemasons had in some measure justly drawn upon their order the suspicions of the imperial government, for great numbers of them were initiated by degrees into the mysteries of the Illuminatis. The Masonic societies, which have in England no connection with politics, because the constitutional form of government and comparatively free press of that country serve as vents for the emission of any superabundant political zeal which may exist, possessed a very different character upon the continent. Throughout Germany they were the conventicles of free thought, which enveloped itself in mystery until the time should come when it might throw off its mask and lay aside its mystic symbols. The Masonic lodges occupied among the institutions of that day a place corresponding to that which is held in literature by the parable and the apologue. Frederick II., intrinched amid his well-disciplined armies, had allowed contempt for established institutions, and particularly for religion, to be freely propagated in his domi-

nions; and by his assiduous cultivation of the friendship of Voltaire, and the favour shown by him to literary men in general, he had given a new tone to popular opinion. The German princes had become initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry, esteeming it the highest honour to be associated with the literati, and seeing nothing in the craft but a few general principles of virtue and philanthropy, without any direct application to politics or society science. Frederick had in his youth been initiated at Brunswick by Major Bielfeld, and the Emperor Joseph had at one time wished to be initiated at Vienna by the Baron de Born, grandmaster of the Freemasons of Austria.

The order of the Illuminati absorbed into itself all the Freemasons who were looking forward to the regeneration of society, the triumph of philosophy, and the government of opinion. They wished to commence with the minds the most advanced, that by the aggregation of these, the diffusion of the new ideas of the philosophy of progress might be more easily and rapidly effected. At first the princes of Germany were dazzled by the air of romance and mystery which the Illuminists contrived to throw around them; and the founder of the order, forced to fly from Ingolstadt, found an asylum at the court of Prince Augustus of Gotha. But when the French Revolution began to loom threateningly upon the horizon, the Illuminati were regarded as its authors; and their principles were renounced by those whose eyes were opened by that event to their inevitable tendencies. Royalty and aristocracy now regarded them with abhorrence; and the Freemasons, as we have seen, fell under the same ban. It was they who had applied the match to the mine of passions that had slumbered since the Reformation; it was they whose spells had evoked the terrible phantom of democracy! At the first looming of the danger, the Illuminists were encountered by this royal repudiation and condemnation; but their secret organisation enabled them to elude the hand of despotic authority that was outstretched to crush them; and the melodramatic rapidity with which the events of the Revolution succeeded each other, soon rendered secrecy no longer necessary. The French Revolution was the triumph of the Illuminists through the members affiliated in France, and their reply to the despotism which had menaced their existence in Germany and the Netherlands. The Duke of Orleans was a member of the Jacobins, though distrusted by them; the Abbé Sieyès, the champion of the *tiers-état*, had given to France the constitution of 1791; the voice of Mirabeau was potential in the Assembly; Condorcet, the philosopher of the Gironde, exercised by his genius an undoubted influence on public opinion; and Robespierre, a mystical enthusiast, by his connection with Theroigne de Mericourt, the Lais of the French Revolution, became a link between the Illuminists and Jacobins, and the populace of the faubourgs.

The system of secret societies, in the natural order of things, could have no existence while democracy was in the ascendant, and while the existing government was a reflex of the national will; but when the reaction which succeeded the conspiracy of Tallien and Barras had narrowed the basis of the constitution, and the government of opinion was upon the eve of being merged in a military dictatorship, it was natural that the system should

revive. At the time when the authority of the Directory passed into the hands of Bonaparte as First Consul, there existed at Besançon an association called the Philadelphic Society, consisting of about sixty members, mostly young men, who, without having any political object in view, were united by congeniality of disposition and tastes. The society was purely literary and philosophic; but General Mallet becoming a member, determined to make it instrumental in effecting the restoration of the Bourbons; an object which he was led to contemplate partly through revenge at being recalled by Bonaparte from the command at Rome, and partly from a desire to curb the despotic tendencies of the First Consul's disposition, which he thought could be effected by no other means. Not possessing sufficient tact or talent himself to remodel the society in conformity with his ulterior views, he selected for that purpose Lieutenant-Colonel Oudet, who, though only twenty-five years of age, had attained a high military reputation. He was the son of respectable parents in the Jura Alps, and had commenced his career of arms as a volunteer in the war of La Vendée; his right arm had been twice fractured by a bullet, he had been wounded in the leg, the stroke of a sabre had slightly divided both lips in a vertical direction, and he had been again wounded at San Bartolomeo by the bursting of a shell. He had received only an ordinary education; but he possessed a fertility of genius and a profundity of judgment which capacitated him for great undertakings, and the daring and resolution requisite to carry these out.

Oudet was intimately acquainted with Freemasonry, and he resolved to apply his knowledge of the system to the reorganisation of the Philadelphic Society, in conformity with the views entertained by himself and Mallet. He began by classifying the members in certain ranks, assigning to each certain duties defined and controlled by fixed laws; and in order to conceal his real design at the beginning, the better to insure eventual success, he threw over the new organisation of the society the veil of mystery and fanciful extravagance. He divided the members into three classes, of which each was completely unacquainted with the functions of the other two; while Oudet, as the founder and chief, wielded an absolute authority, and was thus enabled to concentrate the whole force upon any given point at will. Every member took an oath of secrecy and fidelity upon his initiation; and thus Oudet held in his hands the strings of the secret machinery by which was directed every subsequent conspiracy against that growing incubus which at length overshadowed not France alone, but all Europe. The avowed and ostensible objects of the society had been changed but little: the specious pretext of the new organisation being to realise a type of moral perfection and a grand idea of society and civilisation; but it was so organised as to be ready for action whenever the opportunity might offer.

As soon as the primary organisation was complete, Oudet sent emissaries throughout the country, who established affiliated societies in the departments; but these were composed only of the humbler classes. Thus were formed the Miquelets in the west, the Barbets in the south-east, and the Bandoliers in Switzerland and Savoy. He likewise contrived to introduce Philadelphism into the army; and three regiments of the line—two of light infantry, and one of dragoons—were very soon initiated, and formed into the

affiliated societies of the *Frères Bleus*. The first result of the military affiliations was the conspiracy of Adjutant-General Arena, concerning which Bonaparte never could obtain any certain information; and for obvious reasons: Oudet was the centre of many circles, and these, though links of one chain, exhibited no apparent connection. Without him, none of the links were perfect; so that all the efforts of the astute and indefatigable Fouché could never discover more than a few trifling ramifications. Suspicions, however, were excited; and Bonaparte, alarmed by the very vagueness of the danger which threatened him, dismissed two generals and some other superior officers; and Oudet was sent to join his regiment, then in garrison at St Martin in the Isle of Rhé. He was received with a burst of enthusiasm, which excited renewed distrust, but led to no discovery; and this first reverse increased the importance of the Philadelphic Society without compromising any of its interests.

Among the arrested Philadelphians was a Captain Morgan, against whom the only evidence was that of a man not belonging to the society, who asserted that he had seen among the jewels of the accused some of a remarkable form. These were seized, and it was contended that they were the signs of some secret confederacy. Morgan was subjected to a rigorous confinement, closely interrogated, and threatened with perpetual imprisonment unless he made the fullest disclosures. He refused to give any explanation, and was found dead in his dungeon, having, as is supposed, committed suicide: his breast was bare, and on it was tattooed the same figure as that displayed on the jewels which had led to his arrest. This emblem afterwards became that of the Legion of Honour, the head and device alone being changed; and thus the symbol of a secret society became that of a national institution. 'My brothers,' said Oudet, when he heard of the circumstance, 'who could have anticipated such a result? Bonaparte is our accomplice; and it is the Legion of Honour that will destroy the tyrant.' Still suspicious of Oudet, the Consul shortly afterwards deprived him of his rank, and banished him to Menale—a small village in the Jura Alps near his birthplace—with strict injunctions not to quit it.

Among the general officers who were affiliated to the Philadelphic Society, in addition to Mallet, were Moreau, Lahory, and Pichegru, the last having recently succeeded in effecting his escape from Sinnimari in Guiana, to which place he had been banished for participation in a former conspiracy. From among these Oudet chose Moreau to succeed him as chief of the order, unfolding to him all the ramifications of his policy. Georges Cadoudal and Lajolais were also in the first class of the Philadelphians, and a new conspiracy was entered into against the Consul. The motives which induced Moreau to engage in this affair were not sufficiently known by his cotemporaries themselves to inspire a hope that the complete details will ever become matter of authentic history. That the hero of Hohenlinden, one of the most prominent instruments by which the Revolution had been upheld against the antagonism of the crowned heads of Europe, should at this moment have become a pure monarchist, prepared to use all the influence of his military renown and moral credit to effect a counter-revolution, is scarcely credible. It is more probable that, seeing the Republic about to become extinct, without any hope of a speedy

resuscitation, and dreading the consequences to France and to the liberties of Europe of military dominance in the person of one so ambitious and so unscrupulous as Bonaparte, he wished to establish a constitutional monarchy upon the basis of a national compact with the Bourbons. A numerous party in the senate had privately offered him the dictatorship, a large portion of the army would have hailed the event with acclamation, and he possessed the confidence of four thousand officers, members of the Philadelphic Society. It is undeniable, therefore, that he held at his command all the elements of a counter-revolution; but he was unwilling to hazard so important an enterprise without being assured of the concurrence of the Bourbon princes, and obtaining from them guarantees for the establishment of liberal institutions.

Pichegru was at this time in England, where he had been in close communication with the brothers of Louis XVI.; and from his former connection with Moreau in the Army of the Rhine, he sought an interview with that general, who was on bad terms with Bonaparte and his government. Moreau met him more than once; but his prudence and his moderate principles alike revolted from the idea of restoring the Bourbons unconditionally, as was proposed by Pichegru. Neither was the scheme of the latter practicable, since the number of pure Royalists of the *ancien régime* was very inconsiderable; and Cadoudal, so prominent in this affair, had no other weight than what was derived from his personal courage and unqualified loyalty to the Bourbon cause. He had no national, or even Parisian reputation; and he felt that he was only countenanced because he might be made useful. Moreau felt embarrassed by the connection with the Chouans; and despite his prudence and consummate sagacity, his cool and profound combinations were rashly and prematurely pushed forward by Lajolais and his associates, among whom were two of the Polignacs. He was frequently and impatiently urged to seize Bonaparte dead or alive; but he constantly refused, deeming the time not yet favourable for the execution of so bold a design. Moreau could not enforce upon Pichegru and Cadoudal the obedience due to him as the Philadelphic chief; and as he persisted in refusing to participate in any movement against the Consular government without a guarantee for a constitutional basis of that of the Bourbons, his associates virtually deposed him from the chieftainship.

The conspiracy was now directed by Pichegru and Cadoudal; and the assassination of Bonaparte having been determined upon, about fifty Chouans were secretly introduced into Paris to execute the crime. The plan proposed was to attack the Consul on his way to Malmaison or St Cloud, overthrow his guards, and slay him—the preliminary skirmish being supposed to give to the affair the colour of a regular conflict. The existence of some such conspiracy as this had been suspected since the affair of Arena, and the police had been on the alert; but as yet they were unaware of its magnitude, and had discovered nothing to implicate any person of distinction. A clue was at length obtained to the whole affair; and in February 1804 the police succeeded in arresting Moreau, Pichegru, Cadoudal, the Polignacs, and more than seventy others. These arrests took place three months after the banishment of Oudet to Menale; and as the ramifications of the conspiracy remained unknown, and no connection was suspected between Oudet and Moreau, it was at this moment that Bonaparte

chose to put a period to the banishment of the former, and gave him the commission of major. He arrived in Paris just after the arrest of the conspirators, resumed his original functions as chief of the Philadelphians, and proceeded immediately to concert a plan for the liberation of Moreau, in the event of his being capitally convicted. The First Consul knew Oudet to be his enemy, but he knew him to have formerly been a decided republican; and deeming rightly that he would not engage in any scheme for the unconditional restoration of the Bourbons, he never suspected for a moment his complicity in the plot of Pichegru and Cadoudal. He was thus enabled to rally around him a great number of Philadelphians, chiefly officers in Paris on furlough, with the design of rescuing Moreau in the event of his condemnation to death. It is this conspiracy which is alluded to by M. Beauchamp, who was unacquainted with the entire facts, in his 'Private Life of Moreau.' 'The disgraceful victory,' says he, 'which Bonaparte gained over an enchained enemy, nearly caused his own ruin. During the trial of Moreau, there was a conspiracy formed to liberate him by force, had he been condemned to death. The authors of this scheme were for the most part officers on furlough from the army. The police, apprised of the fact, had surrounded the Palace of Justice with troops and cannon. It seems certain that this military conspiracy was anterior to the pretended conspiracy of Moreau; and, moreover, that it was not the hesitation of Moreau which caused the failure of the conspiracy of Pichegru, but the rash precipitancy of Pichegru which defeated the real plans of Moreau.'

The arrested conspirators were brought to trial before the chief criminal court of the department of the Seine. The association of names included in the indictment was singular. Pichegru, the conqueror of Holland—Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden—Polignac, an ex-noble of the old régime—Cadoudal, the chief of the brigands of La Vendée! The trial, which lasted fourteen days, created a most extraordinary sensation not only in Paris, but throughout France; and the excitement was increased by the startling fact of Pichegru being found one morning strangled in his cell—whether a suicide, or the victim of assassination, is still involved in mystery and doubt. A verdict of guilty was returned against all the prisoners, but the sentences were for some time deferred. Vague rumours of plots, inflammatory placards posted up in Paris, anonymous letters of a menacing character, and so numerous as to alarm the government, excited the most vivid fears in the mind of Bonaparte that if Moreau was sentenced to death, his condemnation would be followed by some serious outbreak. The government had failed to penetrate the secret of Philadelphism, and to discover all the hidden ramifications of the plot, and the First Consul felt that he might be standing on the brink of a volcano. He wished, yet feared to remove Moreau from the path of his ambition, and in his perplexity he sought the counsel of Murat. Fearing that the condemnation of Moreau to death would occasion an outbreak which might be with difficulty repressed, and only at the cost of a terrible slaughter, and that the memory of his fate would tend to keep up a dangerous spirit of insubordination in the army, Murat proposed to spare the general's life, but to reduce him to insignificance by the very leniency of his treatment. The First Consul was pleased with this suggestion, and acted upon it: Moreau was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and subsequently retired to America, after disposing

of all his property in France. Polignac and his aristocratic associates were likewise spared, because their families had recovered some of their former influence in France, and Bonaparte had no desire to irritate them at a moment when he required their countenance to his contemplated assumption of the imperial dignity. He would even have spared the life of Cadoudal, whose indomitable courage inspired him with involuntary admiration; and he despatched a confidential agent to the prison in which the Chouans were confined, on the night which preceded their execution, to offer them their lives on certain conditions. The officer found the condemned at prayers; and addressing Cadoudal, told him that he came, in the name of the First Consul, to offer him a commission in the army—adding that the lives of his companions would likewise be spared, provided they earned such clemency by an unreserved renunciation of the hopeless cause of the Bourbons. 'That does not concern me alone,' returned the Chouan chief; 'permit me to communicate your proposals to my comrades, that I may hear their opinions.' He then repeated Bonaparte's message, and paused for their reply. One of them, Burban, rose up immediately, and shouted *Vive le roi!* The rest of the prisoners echoed the cry with one voice. 'You see,' observed Cadoudal, turning to the officer, 'we have only one thought and one cry—*Vive le roi!* Have the goodness to report faithfully what you have heard.' The officer sighed, and left the cell; and on the following morning the brave Cadoudal and his associates were executed on the Place de Grève.

Oudet remained the directing chief of the Philadelphic Society, and though personally absent on a mission to the south of France, his mind was present in all the councils of the secret fraternity. Still resolved upon carrying out his original aim, he now devised a union of the Royalists and Republicans, and the Philadelphic Society eventually merged in that of the Olympians, the members of which held the same principles and pursued the same objects. Several diplomatic agents of the British court—particularly Mr Drake, the British envoy at Munich—were strenuously labouring at this time to excite a royalist outbreak in France; and the treasonable correspondence which rose out of these intrigues was at length detected by Fouché, who was still engaged in endeavouring to unravel all the mysteries of the secret societies, from which had sprung the late military conspiracies—the Philadelphians and the Olympians. The latter, like the former, consisted chiefly of officers of the army; and the transition from Philadelphism to Olympianism was made on account of the discoveries by the police in connection with the former system. Fouché had no sooner detected the correspondence with Drake, than he set a snare to entrap the British envoy, whom he actually decoyed into a direct correspondence with a secret agent of the police. The letters were dictated by Bonaparte himself in his own cabinet, and the simple envoy replied to them in the full conviction of their authenticity. A passage occurs in one of these letters which, though not express or positive, clearly shows, by way of inference, that Oudet was the person alluded to:—'The chief of whom you desire particulars,' says the writer, 'is a man twenty-eight years of age, of a remarkable and distinguished figure. His bravery exceeds all praise; he speaks with grace, and writes with talent. The Republicans have such entire confidence in

him, that they see, without the least inquietude, his familiar visits to the First Consul when he leaves the army to come to Paris, and pay his court to the ladies who grace the saloons of the Consular palace. If you desire my personal opinion of him, it is this: his ambition is unbounded, and he plays with both Republicans and Royalists, using both to gain his own ends. I flatter myself with having gained his confidence. The First Consul does all he can to conciliate him; but there is only one mode of success—to yield up his own place in his favour.'

The Marquis of Jouffroy acted as the agent of the Bourbon princes in negotiating with the secret societies, and through them with the Republicans. Lieutenant-Colonel Pyraunt was to be the commander-in-chief of the military force by which their schemes were to be carried into execution. It was ascertained at this time that Bonaparte was about to undertake a journey through the forests and mountains of the Jura, with an escort of only one hundred guards; and it was resolved to waylay and capture him, if he were not slain in the skirmish. A provisional government was then to be established, and negotiations opened with the Bourbons; the condition of whose restoration to the throne was to be made the establishment of a constitutional government similar to that of England. The daring scheme was frustrated; and by the treachery of an officer of the army, instructed by Fouché for the purpose, so many of the secrets of the Olympic Society became known to the police, that its plans were rendered abortive, though the entire organisation of the secret societies of this period was never fully discovered. The British envoy at Munich having at the same time completely compromised both himself and his government, all his correspondence with the secret agent of the French police was published by order of Bonaparte, who thus sought to overwhelm his enemies with confusion, and at the same time justify his seizure and execution of the Duke d'Enghien. The elevation of the Consul to the imperial dignity followed immediately afterwards, and all the hopes of both Royalists and Republicans were for the present extinguished.

In a few years continental Europe was prostrate at the feet of Napoleon, and kings and emperors were themselves made to feel how galling were the fetters of despotism. Then the Prussian monarch, smarting under the humiliation imposed on him by the Gallic conqueror, and seeing that Germans would not fight for a mere choice of despots, bethought him of the expedient of making the war a struggle for liberties which could not be enjoyed under the yoke of Napoleon. The war was no longer waged for legitimacy and absolutism, but for the liberty and independence of all peoples. Vague hints at representative government and a free press were judiciously thrown out, and the low murmur of smothered patriotism immediately arose from the Rhine to the Elbe. The youth of Germany burned with patriotic ardour to earn liberal institutions for their country by the expulsion of the French. It was a dream which their rulers never intended to realise; but it served the exigency of the period. All Germany was speedily in a ferment of patriotic excitement, and it was solely because a new soul had been infused into her people that the campaign of 1813 differed so remarkably from those of 1806 and 1809. Napoleon

might shoot a Palm, and threaten a Hatzfeld with the same fate; but he could not prevent the formation of secret societies, by which a nation was quietly and mysteriously prepared for the struggle, awaiting the signal of their chiefs to start up into an armed host.

The Tugendbund, or 'League of Virtue,' which at this time had its affiliated societies throughout Germany, was founded by the Prussian minister Stein. Napoleon, finding that Stein had committed himself in a letter, demanded his dismissal, and Frederick was fain to comply with the requisition. Hardenburg, who succeeded in the ministry, had been initiated into the Tugendbund, and under his auspices it continued to spread and flourish, until it numbered among its members princes, statesmen, generals, authors, and students. Among the more prominent initiations in the earlier stages of the League's existence were those of Arndt the popular author, and Jahn, a professor of the Berlin Gynnasium, both of whom afterwards served in Lützow's volunteer corps, which formed part of the army of General Walmoden throughout the campaign of 1813. When the war of liberation finally broke out, the Tugendbund had served its purpose as a secret society, and its members hastened to enrol themselves in the volunteer corps just referred to. It was formed and commanded by Major Lützow, with the view of acting as a guerilla force in the rear of the retreating French after Blücher's victory of the Katzbach, and rousing the whole population in the name of liberty and independence. Von Ense is of opinion that there were too many men fit to be officers in this legion, and that with a less proportion of princes, philosophers, and poets it would have done more real service. 'But with the utmost truth may we say,' says Richter, 'that in Lützow's volunteer corps lived the *idea* of the war. The universal enthusiasm elevated itself here to a noble self-consciousness. In the other corps, this and that individual might attain the same high intellectual position that was the property here of the whole body; every soldier entered with full sympathy into the dignity of his personal mission, and fought from a clear conviction, not from a blind impulse. . . . These men were all penetrated by the conviction that, in the nature of things, no power merely military, no cunning of the most refined despotism, can in the long-run triumph over native freedom of thought and tried force of will. These men looked upon themselves as chosen instruments in the hand of the divine Nemesis, and bound themselves by a solemn oath to do or to die. These men were virtually free while Germany yet lay in chains; and for them the name of Free Corps had a deeper significance than that of volunteer soldiers. Here the deed of the individual was heralded by the thought that measured inwardly, and rejoiced in the perception of its capability.' The prince, the philosopher, the bard served under Lützow, as volunteers, in the humblest capacity. The Prince of Karolath, Steffen, Jahn, Theodore Körner, and many other consecrated names, belonged to this noble body.

Körner, the author of the patriotic lyrics, 'Lützow's Wild Chase,' 'Battle Prayer,' and 'Sword Song,' fell by the rifle of a French sharpshooter in a foraging affray; and many of the 'lyre-and-sword' heroes of the war of liberation—they whose patriotic effusions were the spells which raised Germany from the slough of degradation into which Napoleon had plunged her—found themselves subsequently immured in the dungeons of

Spandau as revolutionists and traitors. The object of their rulers was gained, and the warrior-bards of 1813, the chiefs of the *Tugendbund*, being no longer necessary, were regarded as obstacles to the restoration of order and the old régime.

Freemasonry, as it was the parent of Illuminatism, seems also to have lent the aid of its organisation, its symbolic ceremonies, and its mystic nomenclature, to Carbonarism, though the origin of this system is involved in mystery and doubt. The Carbonari of Naples had a tradition that it originated in Germany in the middle ages, and afterwards spread over the Netherlands and France; the Abbé Barruel states that it was established in France in the reign of Francis I.; and a French work, attributed to M. Charles Nodier, asserts that the secret association of the *Charbonniers* had existed for ages in the Jura. Be this as it may, it is certain that the order acted no conspicuous part in public affairs until the commencement of the present century. The Freemasons were established in Italy among all ranks, and the Illuminatis had reckoned among their initiated some of the Knights of Malta, including Dolomieu. Lady Morgan states, in opposition to the various opinions just noticed, that the Carbonari were at first a private association, formed for the cultivation of political science on the principles of constitutional liberty. 'In its original formation,' she says, 'there were no mysteries to conceal, no forms to celebrate, no dogma, no secret. The league was that of intellect, of spirits ardent in the cause of liberty and of truth; and, like the League of Lombardy, it soon embraced all that desired or deserved to be free.' She acknowledges, however, that it is very difficult to arrive at the truth with regard to the order; and indeed the Carbonari themselves knew not the precise means by which they were restored or reorganised—some attributing the work to a Neapolitan officer who had been some time in Spain, and others maintaining that the system was introduced at Capua in 1810 by a French officer. Nothing authentic in connection with the Carbonari, however, can be discovered until a period of five years later than the date just mentioned, when the affiliated lodges of the order began to be established in the Neapolitan and Roman States by Maghella. This individual was a native of Genoa, and had been minister of police in the Ligurian republic; becoming subsequently acquainted with Murat, he obtained, on the elevation of that personage to the throne of Naples, the appointment of director-general of the police, and a seat in the council of state. Having urged Murat to declare against Napoleon, and proclaim the independence of Italy, the Emperor claimed Maghella as a Genoese, and consequently a subject of France, and he was arrested and sent to Paris. He effected his escape from confinement in a daring and romantic manner, returned to Naples, prevailed upon Murat to declare against the French Emperor, and immediately began to organise the Carbonari as a means of effecting the complete independence of Italy.

From the character of Murat, which must have been well known to Maghella, it is probable that he was only regarded as an instrument, which a successful revolution would enable the conspirators to set aside. Maghella began by proposing a constitution for Naples, by which the power of Murat would be limited, and an inducement held out to the other Italian states to join the contemplated movement. The nobility and higher classes of

Naples generally favoured his endeavours, and the names of the first families in the kingdom were among the signatures to the address soliciting from Murat the oft-promised constitution. They saw their ancient privileges disappearing, and their feudal revenues diminishing, and they hoped, by means of a parliament, to transfer authority from the king to their own order. The army saw with jealousy and indignation French officers of all ranks employed in great numbers, and often in preference to their own countrymen, and hence were induced to make common cause with the nobility. The inferior gentry of the provinces, and the rural classes, particularly in Calabria and the Abruzzi, were indifferent or hostile to the constitution; and it was to remove their prejudices against innovations, and to gain the entire people by degrees to his cause, that Maghella resolved to introduce among them the system of Carbonarism. While Murat was amused with the idea of becoming the sovereign head of the Italian league, the aristocracy supported the constitutional project for the selfish purposes just alluded to, and was joined by the army; and the middle and lower classes had their patriotism, their devotion, and their pecuniary interest by turns appealed to, as the Carbonaro leaders depicted the future glories of Italian unity and independence, upheld the imitation of Jesus as the religious object of the order, and represented a large diminution of taxation as the inevitable result of the political changes which they were labouring to bring about.

The grand lodge of the Carbonari was composed of honorary members, and of deputies from the provincial lodges, and was formed in the city of Naples, where it was intended to be permanently established, as affording the most effectual means of concealment. It was the business of the grand lodge to grant dispensations, or charters of organisation, to new lodges, to make new laws and regulations, or to confirm such as were submitted for its approbation. It was also a court of appeal in all cases of dispute between lodges or members, and formed for some time the centre from which all the revolutionary movements of Southern Italy radiated. Allusion has already been made to the political aspect of Freemasonry upon the continent; and we find that from the first establishment of the Carbonaro lodges, all Freemasons were admitted into them simply by ballot, and without undergoing the initiation and probation to which ordinary candidates were subjected. The order was professedly founded on principles of religion and virtue; and, as among the Freemasons, Odd-Fellows, Foresters, and other secret benefit societies, all conversation upon theological topics, or contrary to morality, was strictly prohibited in their lodges. The uninitiated were called Pagans, the initiated Good Cousins; and these were divided into classes—Apprentices and Masters. The former consisted of the newly-initiated members, who, at the expiration of six months, were admitted to the higher grade. All the members were required to preserve inviolable secrecy concerning the mysteries of the order and the business transacted in the lodges, which latter those of one lodge were even forbidden to communicate to those of another.

The lodge was as rude and plain in appearance as the meeting-room of the Jacobins of Paris. The grand-master sat at the centre of the upper end, with a large block of wood before him to serve as a table, an axe in his hand, and before him a crucifix. On his right and left, behind similar

blocks, were seated the secretary and orator. The Masters were ranged on benches on the left of the grand-master, and the Apprentices on the right; and at the lower end of the room were seated a master of the ceremonies and two assistants, the latter having blocks of wood before them, and being provided with axes. The axes were used to strike upon the blocks to command silence, and to make other signals. The various articles used in the ceremony of initiation lay on the block of the grand-master, and five transparent triangles were suspended from the ceiling: that over the grand-master's block contained the initials of the passwords of the second rank, that on the left various Carbonaro symbols, and the three on the right the initials of the sacred words of the first rank. The candidate for initiation was brought in blindfolded; and when the secretary had taken down his name, profession, and residence, he was questioned by the grand-master concerning sincerity, contempt of danger, morality, and benevolence. He was then led out, and made to pass through certain symbolical ceremonies of moral application, after which he was again led into the lodge, and made to kneel on a white cloth before the grand-master, in which position, and amid solemn silence, the oath of secrecy was administered by the grand-master. As he pronounced the final words, 'So help me God,' the grand-master and assistants struck on the blocks with their axes, the bandage was removed from the eyes of the candidate, and he perceived the axes gleaming above his head. 'These axes,' said the grand-master, 'will surely put you to death if you become perjured. On the other hand, they will strike in your defence when you need them, if you remain faithful.' He was then instructed in the secret signs and words of the order; and at the end of six months he underwent a new examination, and was initiated into the Carbonari of the second grade. This second initiation consisted of a dramatic representation of the trial and torments of Jesus: the Apprentice was made to pray, to drain the cup of bitterness, to wear a white robe, to be crowned with thorns, to hold a reed in his hand, and to bear a cross. Then the Good Cousins asked his pardon of the grand-master and his two assistants, who represented Pilate, Caiaphas, and Herod; which being granted, he was made to kneel down on his left knee, with his right hand on the grand-master's axe, and to take the following oath, which is a recapitulation of that of the Apprentices, with additions:—'I promise and swear before the grand-master of the universe, upon my word of honour, and upon this steel, the avenging instrument for the perjured, to keep scrupulously and inviolably the secrets of Carbonarism, and never to talk of those of the Apprentices before the Pagans, nor of those of the Masters before the Apprentices. Also not to initiate any person, nor to establish a lodge, without permission, and in a just and perfect manner; not to write or engrave the secrets; to help, even with my blood, if necessary, the Good Cousins Carbonari, and to attempt nothing against the honour of their families. I consent, if I perjure myself, to have my body cut in pieces, then burnt, and the ashes scattered to the wind, that my name may remain in execration with all the Good Cousins Carbonari spread over the face of the earth. So help me God.'

He was then girded with a tri-coloured scarf—black, blue, and red, as symbolical of charcoal, smoke, and fire, and instructed in the signs and words of the second rank. The sign of fellowship was made by pressing

the middle finger upon the right thumb of the member accosted; the sacred words of the first rank were Faith, Hope, Charity; those of the second rank Honour, Virtue, Probity. The first rank had no password; that of the second rank was *fern*, and the countersign *nettle*.

Two registers were kept by the secretary of the grand lodge, called respectively the Golden Book and the Black Book. In the first were registered all the laws and regulations of the order, the elections of all the officers, the opening of all new lodges, and the minutes of such debates as were of general interest to the society. The Black Book was divided into two parts: in the first were inscribed the names, ages, professions, and residences of all unsuccessful candidates for admission into the order, with the names of the lodges in which they had been proposed, and the number of votes by which they were rejected; the second part contained the names and rank of all members who had been expelled from the society for betraying its secrets. When a Carbonaro was guilty of perjury, his name, written on a slip of paper, was burned in the presence of all the members of his lodge; his memory solemnly devoted to general execration; and notice of his expulsion sent to every lodge, where it was affixed to the wall, after being read by the grand-master to the assembled brethren. Though the Neapolitans are notoriously the most immoral nation of Europe, the penal code of the Carbonari was remarkable for its austere severity: habitual association with vicious characters was punished by suspension for a period of from two months to one year; and the same punishment was awarded to gambling, drunkenness, abandonment of families, and general dissoluteness of morals. Any attempt upon the honour of female members of Carbonaro families was punished by expulsion; the seduction of female servants of Carbonari, by suspension for a term of from one year to three years; and adultery, by suspension for a period of from two to six years. No other society with members so widely distributed ever sought to detach them from the state by means of a code of laws so distinct in its form, and so much at variance with those of the nation. Its members were forbidden to refer cases of litigation to the ordinary judges, until they had been brought before the Council of Appeal of the grand lodges, and reason given for permitting a further investigation in a Pagan court.

Admission to the first rank of Carbonarism was easily obtained; and whoever objected to being initiated in a full lodge, was allowed to go through the ceremony before three grand-masters in private. As nothing was trusted to the Apprentices, nothing was risked by multiplying them. The main object was to secure a numerous and organised body of men, ready to obey the commands of invisible superiors, and enter, at a word, upon any desperate undertaking. The inferior clergy were enrolled in great numbers; a proof that the Roman hierarchy has for the last half century been endangered by its own members. Actuated by the same feelings and opinions as many of the same order in France at the present day, they promulgated, by every means in their power, the principles

Carbonarism was instituted to uphold and advance, and openly took in the subsequent disturbances at Benevento, at Nola, at Salerno, at Isermo, and at Girgenti. The affiliations, indeed, increased among all classes with astonishing rapidity: in a few months from the opening of

the grand lodge, the Carbonari numbered from 25,000 to 30,000. In some of the towns of Calabria and the Abruzzi the entire adult male population was initiated. Lanciano, for example, though an inconsiderable place, contained 1200 Carbonari so early as 1814.

In the lodges of the Carbonari absolute equality was observed; social distinctions were set aside; and the rich and the poor, the noble and the artisan, sat together on the same bench. So far was this carried, that an assassin, condemned to the chain, was permitted to take his place in the lodge of the Castle of St Elmo at Naples, where he was confined with other galley-slaves; and the commandant of the fort, himself a Carbonaro, did not dare to exclude him, but was obliged to sit by his side. 'Carbonarism,' says an initiatory discourse found upon one of the conspirators of Macerata in 1817, 'presents itself without mystery to those who know how to understand it: it receives them into its bosom, and elevates them to the contemplation of nature, to the love of man collectively, to the hatred of oppression and despotism, to the knowledge of good and of all that is useful to society, and confirms the general system of truth and justice. Carbonarism teaches in its lodges the true end of existence, and gives rules of conduct for social life. It points out the means for diffusing the light of truth, and for disseminating the principles of philosophy and equality. It is to the sacred rights of equality that the Good Cousin must especially attach himself.'

The feeling of devotional ardour diffused among the Carbonari, and the circulation of a document professing to be a bull of Pius VII., encouraging them, induced a belief that they were protected by that pontiff; and so convinced was Murat of the truth of this report, that one of his first requests, when he met the pope at Bologna, was, that he would recall the obnoxious bull. Pius assured him that the document was a forgery; and no sooner had he returned to Rome, than he fulminated an edict against secret societies, in which category the Freemasons were included. About this time the project of establishing a counterpoise to the Carbonari was conceived by Cardinal Ruffo, who obtained a list of the brigands who had been concerned in the sanguinary scenes of 1799, and formed them into the Secret Association of the Holy Faith. Its members swore to obey his orders, to defend the Catholic faith, and to use every means to exterminate all Jansenists, Molinists, Economists, Illuminists, Freemasons, and Carbonari. The last-mentioned continued to increase; and an implacable hatred arose between the rival orders. Disturbances ensued, and the public tranquillity was often endangered by the tumults arising out of their relentless hostility to each other. It was clearly the policy of Murat to support the Carbonari; but he knew that his throne was being sapped by both societies, and he instituted judicial proceedings against them, which resulted in the execution of several persons. The Carbonari saw that his power was tottering; they read his doom in the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna, and prepared for triumph and revenge. By exciting insubordination in the army, whole battalions were induced to desert; and his precipitate retreat after the battle of Tolentino was a necessity brought about by their machinations. Conceiving that they held the game in their own hands, the Carbonari sent deputies into Sicily to offer the kingdom gratuitously to the deposed Ferdinand. The Chevalier de Medici treated

with them; they demanded the establishment of a constitution, and a formal recognition of their society. These terms were refused; and the Carbonari saw that they had no more to hope for from Ferdinand than from Murat. The successes of the Austrians under Bianchi in 1815 put an end for the time to the intrigues of Maghella and his associates, and the former was arrested, and confined in a fortress in Hungary. After some time, he was given up to the king of Sardinia, by whom he was again imprisoned twelve months in the fortress of Fenestrelles.

The return of Ferdinand to Naples was followed by frightful massacres and excesses committed by the Santa Fedists, the members of Cardinal Ruffo's secret society of the Holy Faith, upon the Carbonari and their families. The Prince of Canosa, minister of police, secretly encouraged the Santa Fedists, and distributed among them 20,000 muskets, procured from the government arsenals, or purchased for the purpose. Two of his colleagues in the administration, disgusted and horrified by the outrages perpetrated by the Santa Fedists, urged their suppression; but Canosa openly avowed the policy of protecting and favouring them, as a means of exterminating the Carbonari. The latter took additional precautions for their safety, drew the bands of their union closer, and renewed their oaths of mutual assistance and defence. The terror inspired by the Santa Fedists, the dread of a terrible retaliation by the Carbonari, and the representations of some of his ministers, at length induced the king to deprive Canosa of his office, and banish him from his dominions. He left Naples in June 1816; and the king about the same time gave General Nunziante, the military commandant of Calabria, a secret commission to collect information respecting the numbers and organisation of the Carbonari, with a view to their suppression. The general succeeded in corrupting a member of the order; but shortly afterwards the body of the man was found pierced with numerous wounds, and with a paper affixed to it addressed to the general, exhorting him to relinquish the undertaking, unless he wished to share the fate of the perjurer and traitor. Nunziante accordingly sent information to Naples that the means at his disposal were wholly inadequate to suppress the Carbonari, whose number in Calabria alone he estimated at 50,000 or 60,000.

The Carbonari do not appear to have extended their lodges beyond Italy until 1821; but the restoration of the Bourbons in France, and of absolutism in Germany, was naturally followed by the formation of similar societies in those countries. In 1816, a secret society, called the Associated Patriots, was formed in France by one Pleignier, a currier, and Carbonneau, an engraver. The central society was seated at Paris, but it had affiliations at Amiens, Lyons, Nismes, and Grenoble. It embraced numerous members in a higher rank of life than its founders, chiefly military officers and civil functionaries displaced by the Restoration. They distributed a great number of inflammatory circulars; and availing themselves of the wide-spread discontent engendered by recent events, they excited disturbances at Lyons and Tarrascon, and kept Nismes in a state of continual agitation and tumult. The unemployed workmen of Paris and Lyons, and the disbanded soldiers of the army of Napoleon, were the sources from which they drew the mass of the members. At length it was resolved, by a simultaneous rising in Grenoble and Paris, to capture the Duchess of

Berri on her way to the capital—to seize or destroy the whole of the royal family—and set up a provisional government, preparatory to the establishment of a republic. The plan of operations was, to enter the Tuileries during the night by a subterranean passage worked from a sewer; and as Paris was very slenderly garrisoned at the time, and principally by British regiments, the daring project might have been attended with success; but one of the initiated betrayed the conspiracy to the police, and thus frustrated it. Numerous arrests were made; and the prisoners being consigned to the rigorous justice of the arbitrary provostal courts, most of them were capitally condemned and executed. In the communes around Grenoble, however, an actual insurrection took place, large bodies of peasantry suddenly rising in arms, and marching upon the town, under the command of one Didier, a gray-headed veteran of sixty-four. General Donnadieu, the military commandant of Grenoble, though the force at his disposal was small, succeeded in repulsing the insurgents; and pursuing them with merciless rigour, massacred more than a hundred of them, and took a great many prisoners. Didier escaped for the moment into Savoy; but being delivered up by the Sardinian authorities, he was publicly executed, together with twenty-one of his fellow-insurgents.

In 1817 the Carbonari again began to excite the apprehensions of the Neapolitan government by an extensive distribution of printed papers, in which they demanded a constitution from the king, and excited the people to withhold payment of all taxes in the event of his refusal. The commissioner Intonti was despatched by the government to Foggia, the chief town of the Capitinata, in which province the Carbonari were most active, though their manifestoes had been largely circulated through the adjoining districts of Lecce, Bari, and Avellino. He was intrusted with unlimited authority to suppress the Carbonari, even to the extent of executing suspected persons without trial; but he preferred milder and more moderate means, and did not even acquaint the local authorities with the nature of his commission. He had been an attorney at Foggia, and was acquainted with many of the Carbonaro leaders in that district. These he summoned to his presence, and represented to them that it was impossible for the king to yield to their demand for a constitution, as neither the Emperor of Austria, whose troops were still on the frontiers, nor the other allied powers of the north, would consent to such a measure. Through his persuasive measures tranquillity was preserved, and the operations of the Carbonari in the kingdom of Naples were for some time suspended.

In Calabria and the Abruzzi, however, three new associations of a secret nature had sprung from Carbonarism—namely, the Philadelphians, the Reformed European Patriots, and the Decided. The lodges of the first-named society were called *camps*, and consisted of 300 or 400 members each; those of the Patriots were called *squadrons*, each containing from forty to sixty members. The organisation of both these societies was military. There were in 1817 no less than 117 camps and squadrons in the province of Lecce alone, and they began at that time to organise a corps of cavalry. Their sittings were at first held by night, and their lodges carefully guarded by sentinels. Their military exercises took place in solitary houses, or in suppressed and deserted monasteries; but growing bolder by degrees, they were soon seen performing their evolutions by day,

and in the open air. Many of them had firearms, and all of them had poniards. The seal used by these two societies, and found impressed on their dispensations and certificates, bore the figure of Liberty holding the Phrygian cap on a pike, and leaning upon the Roman fasces and axe. A similar seal, with the addition of a serpent, which the goddess tramples upon, was used by the Carbonari, and the device of the fasces and axe often appears in their dispensations and other papers. The Reformed European Patriots had also a second seal, with the device of the sun enclosed within two triangles. The Decided were less numerous, but surrounded with every circumstance which could invest them with terror. It embraced the fanatics of the movement party: men expelled from the Carbonari for their offences; those whom political enthusiasm had hurried into crime; and those who were pursued with unrelenting rigour by the government, and could find safety only in joining themselves to others of equally desperate fortunes. The symbols of lightning darting from a cloud and striking crowns and mitres—the fasces and the Phrygian cap planted upon a skull between two axes—the skulls and cross-bones, with the words *Sadness, Death, Terror, and Mourning*—sufficiently characterise this terrible association. Its members mostly maintained themselves by plundering the houses of those obnoxious to them, and the torch and dagger were among the means by which they revenged themselves upon their enemies. Among their officers was a registrar of the dead; and a register was actually kept of the names and condition of the victims whom they immolated.

Ciro Annichiarico, a Calabrian priest, who had been condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment for murder, but had escaped from prison after undergoing four years' confinement, was a member of both the Decided and the Reformed European Patriots. Many priests, indeed, belonged to these societies, and also to the Philadelphians. Encouraged by the weakness of the government and the apathy of the local authorities, these three societies began to send forth bands of resolute men to wreak their vengeance upon their enemies, and plunder their houses. Some of the less wealthy proprietors, and even of the inferior nobility, joined them, partly to preserve their property, partly from a spirit of opposition to the government. The superior nobility and the opulent proprietors were regarded by the government with distrust; and General Pastoré, commandant of Calabria, and the Marquis of Predicatella, intendant of Lecce, could find no better means of repressing disorder than by imitating the examples of Cardinal Ruffo and the Prince of Canosa, which only aggravated the evil. The number of the Decided, the Patriots, and the Philadelphians, reached its greatest height at the beginning of 1818, when they were estimated at 20,000. Assassination had become a crime of frequent occurrence, and robberies were daily committed by armed bands of the Decided. Among others a magistrate and his wife were killed in their own garden at Luogo Rotondo; and an old man, his wife, and their servant, were murdered at Francavilla by one Perrone. The government could depend upon neither the army nor the militia, in both which bodies, even in the crown battalion of reserve, these societies had many members; but the evil increased to such an extent, that it became imperatively necessary to do something, and in its perplexity and consternation it superseded Pastoré and Predicatella, and replaced the former by General Church. A foreign legion was raised by the new com-

mandant, composed principally of Germans, Swiss, and Albanians, and with these he commenced vigorous operations against the secret societies. The Dukes of Cesareo and Monte Jasi, with some of the wealthy proprietors, gave him their ready and zealous co-operation; but the bulk of the population either regarded his efforts with indifference, or secretly aided Annichiarico and his armed bands.

General Church divided his legion into movable columns, which scoured the country in all directions, gradually narrowing the circle of their operations until the brigand bands of the secret societies were hemmed in about and within the towns of Grottaglia, Santo Marzano, and Francavilla. Annichiarico attempted to escape from the country; but being foiled in an attempt to embark at Brindisi, he resolved to strike a desperate blow: he attacked a detachment of the foreign legion at Santo Marzano, but was repulsed, and compelled to fly. Taking up a strong position near that place, he twice repulsed the troops of Captain Montorj, but was at last put to flight, and five of his band being made prisoners, were executed at Francavilla. The black flag of the insurgents also fell into the hands of the legions, and was presented to the king. At Francavilla a general tumult broke out, but was suppressed by Major Bianchi; and at Santo Marzano the militia refused to aid General Church until he threatened to pillage the town. Hunted from place to place, Ciro Annichiarico at last took refuge, with a few comrades, in a farm-house ten miles from Francavilla, and after a desperate and protracted resistance, surrendered to Major Bianchi. He was executed at Francavilla in the presence of all the inhabitants, who preserved a gloomy silence, and evidently sympathised with the condemned. Ten more of the Decided were executed at the same place on the following day; and the military tribunal instituted by General Church afterwards tried 227 persons, nearly half of whom, being convicted of murder or robbery with violence, were executed, and their severed heads set up before the churches.

In the autumn of 1816 the Carbonari had begun to extend their lodges into the Papal States, where the secret association of the Guelphs was already in existence. The central council of the Guelphs sat at Bologna, and between its members and those of the Carbonaro lodge of Fermo a plan was laid down for the union of all the secret societies in the Roman territories, and the formation of new lodges. A system of secret correspondence was invented, by the substitution of certain mystical words for others of real meaning, by means of which the orders of the central council at Bologna were communicated to the Carbonaro and Guelphic lodges. Guelphic councils were established at Fermo, Macerata, and Ancona, and to these the Carbonari were admitted without initiation, as the Freemasons had formerly been to the lodges of the Carbonari. The Papal dominions were divided into three divisions, which were subdivided into primary and secondary centres. The divisions were those of Bologna, Forlì, and Ancona: the first was a primary centre in itself; the second included the primary centres of Forlì, Ravenna, and Ferrara; and the third those of Ancona, Macerata, and Fermo. Each secret society observed its own constitution, and had its own peculiar organisation. Each lodge or council was required to send to the central council at Bologna a monthly statement of its members, their names, ages, and

condition. The grand lodge of the Roman Carbonari was established at Ancona, and by it secret passports were issued, by which they might obtain hospitality at the houses of the members they passed in travelling. In the initiation of members the Roman Carbonari substituted daggers for axes, and they adopted for the device on their seal a hand grasping a dagger. Though mostly of a higher rank than their Neapolitan brethren, they seem to have been actuated by the same vindictive spirit with the Decided; and Brigadier Pastori, after repeated threats, and a narrow escape from a pistol-shot, was poisoned, as supposed, by them; besides which, several individuals were attacked at night by persons unknown and masked, and wounded with stilettoes.

Early in 1817 the Roman Carbonari and Guelphs began plotting an insurrection in the Papal States, the pope being at the time dangerously ill. The plan of organisation for this revolt was drawn up by Monti, grand-master of the Carbonaro lodge at Ferrara, and was approved by the central council of the Guelphs at Bologna. In the correspondence between Monti and Count Fattiboni an allusion is made to the 'grand dignitaries' of Milan, so that it is probable that either the Carbonari or Guelphs, or both, had commenced operations in Lombardy also. The lodges of the Roman Carbonari and the councils of the Guelphs now rang with denunciations of the papal authority, with calls to arm, and with threats of death against those who should become perjured. The outbreak was arranged to commence at Macerata, where the Guelphs and Carbonari of the district were to assemble in the night; when the barracks were to have been taken by surprise, the troops who refused to join them were disarmed and confined, the prisons broken open, and all the prisoners able to bear arms made to join them. Four caldrons of flaming pitch on the summit of the tower of Macerata, with rockets discharged from the square, were to have announced to the other towns of the district the success of the enterprise; and signal-fires, on appointed heights, were to have communicated the result to the Guelphic council at Bologna. The peasantry were to have been drawn into the town on the following morning by the tolling of all the bells, and then the establishment of an independent republic was to have been proclaimed, and Count Gallo proposed as consul. The recovery of the pontiff disconcerted the conspirators, and they deferred the execution of their plans; but the plot was not laid aside, and June 24th was finally appointed for the enterprise. A proclamation calling upon the people to take up arms for the recovery of their ancient liberties was extensively circulated, and at midnight the members of the secret societies began to assemble within and without Macerata. The incautious discharge of two muskets at a sentinel near the walls, who observed them, gave the alarm to the authorities, and all the troops turned out under Captain Pesci. The insurgents of Fermo and Ancona not having arrived, those of Macerata thought it advisable to separate, and reserve the execution of the plot for another opportunity. Meanwhile the police lost no time in instituting a rigid inquiry into the events of the night, and some of the conspirators were immediately arrested. From the desire of the papal government to become fully acquainted with the ramifications of the plot, in order to crush future attempts the more easily, the arrest of the principal persons implicated was delayed till the end of November, when they were seized

simultaneously in their respective localities, and confined in the Castle of St Angelo. They were not brought to trial until October 1818, when Count Gallo, the advocate Castellano, a merchant named Papis, a soldier named Carletti, and an ex-gendarme named Riva, were sentenced to death; and Count Fattiboni, a notary named Sampaolesi, and Cottoloni, the Carbonaro secretary at Macerata, were condemned to imprisonment for life. They were likewise condemned to pay the expenses of the judicial proceedings; but Pius VII. commuted the sentence on Gallo, Castellano, Papis, Carletti, and Riva, into one of imprisonment for life in a fortress, and that passed on the other prisoners to confinement for ten years.

It appears from the report of these proceedings, published by order of the Papal government, that all the secret societies of Italy were considered to be derived from Freemasonry. 'We had become fully acquainted,' says the report, 'with the Masonic sect during past calamities, which owe their origin to it. That of the Carbonari was called forth just as these calamities were about to cease, as if to increase and perpetuate them. It had its origin and principal seat at Naples, whence it spread to some provinces of the Papal States; and its inauspicious influence had been particularly felt in the Marches. While, in the midst of general peace, this society was making progress in several cities of Dalmatia, other secret associations, no less audacious, established themselves. The Guelphs extended themselves into Lombardy from the northern provinces of the states of the church; the republican Brother Protectors, of French and Lombard origin, insinuated themselves into some parts of the Marches; the Adelphi lurk in great secrecy throughout Piedmont; and lastly, the Society of the Black Pin has attempted to introduce itself into Italy from France. These different denominations, which succeeded each other, were artfully contrived not only for the purpose of deepening their secrecy, but to enable their chiefs, whenever it suited their purposes, to get rid of such members as change of times or circumstances had rendered obnoxious to suspicion. They also served to inform all the initiated at once of whatever was going on in the way of innovation or reform, and to keep them in constant activity, that they might be ready and ardent to support, on the first opportunity, a political change agreeable to their wishes. In fact the adherence of any individual to one of the secret societies suffices to insure his reception with a corresponding rank into all those that may be formed afterwards, so that one sect is always merging in another while procuring new proselytes. That they are all, however, no other than so many ramifications of Masonry, some of the best-informed sectaries themselves allow; and none of them differ essentially as to the object they have in view—namely, independence, and a constitutional government.'

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the Papal and Neapolitan governments to suppress them, the Carbonari continued to maintain their ground in Italy; and in 1819 they extended their system to Spain, and in both peninsulas a general insurrection was planned, to take place simultaneously in the following year. The Tugendbund was revived at the same time in Germany, where numerous affiliated societies were formed to wring from its rulers the constitutions they had promised, but now withheld. The assassinations of Kotzebue and Ibell, who had lent their services to the cause of despotism, were laid to their charge; and though the assassins denied that they

were connected with the secret societies, and there was no evidence to prove the contrary, the circumstance was eagerly seized by the Austrian and Prussian governments, and made the pretext for a general persecution of all who were known to entertain liberal opinions. The governments of the minor states of Germany were compelled to follow their example; and the most severe and oppressive measures were adopted to suppress the Tugendbund, and extinguish the last sparks of German freedom. Similar measures of repression were taken by the Austrian government against the Guelphs and Carbonari of Lombardy; and among other victims of its tyranny, the poet Pellico was arrested at Milan, on the charge of participation in the machinations of the secret societies, and condemned to a long imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg, though his real offence was the editing of '*Il Conciliatore*'—a liberal paper, published at Milan, and which the government suppressed.

The project of a revolution at Naples had been conceived by the Carbonaro leaders in 1817, but its execution was deferred through the representations of the commissioner Intonti. The plan was arranged by the Salerno lodge, and the leading members of that and the grand lodge at Naples held a conference on the subject at Pompeii. Circulars were despatched from Naples to all the subordinate lodges in the kingdom; and Gagliardi, grand-master of the Salerno lodge, went into Calabria to ascertain how far the Carbonari of that province were prepared for a rising. Only those of the district of Principato Citra were considered sufficiently organised; and it was deemed advisable to defer the enterprise. The initiations continued to multiply, and soon embraced a considerable part of the army; and a constant correspondence was maintained between the grand and provincial lodges, the former having been transferred to Salerno. In March 1820 the example of Spain raised the enthusiasm of the Neapolitan Carbonari to the highest degree of fervour. A meeting was held towards the end of April, at which it was resolved to concentrate a large force at Naples, seize the king and royal family, and keep them in confinement until Ferdinand consented to grant the constitution which they desired. All the Carbonaro leaders present approved of the plan; and on examining their force, it was found that, besides officers and privates in nearly every regiment, they had gained over an entire regiment of dragoons, and could count upon ten pieces of cannon. During the month of May the greatest activity prevailed among the Carbonari; and all the provinces being organised in readiness to rise on the first movement at Naples, the night of the 29th was fixed upon for the enterprise. Unfortunately, however, for their immediate success, a newly-initiated member betrayed their designs to the police; and on the night of the 26th nineteen of the most active Carbonari, including Lieutenant Bologna and five non-commissioned officers of the army, were arrested. The intelligence was instantly communicated to all the lodges, and the rising was postponed, in consequence, to the night of June 10th. The doubts and fears of the conspirators led to a second delay—until July 1st, when the standard of the constitution was raised at Monteforte; and a portion of the Bourbon regiment of dragoons, led by Lieutenants Morelli and Silvati, marched from Nola to join the insurgents. On the 2d the Carbonari rose in arms at Naples, and that city continued in a state of excitement and disorder until the 6th,

when Ferdinand IV., finding the insurrection extending, and the army siding with the insurgents, consented to the promulgation of a constitution similar to that which had a few months previously been wrung by the Spanish Carbonari from his relative Ferdinand VII.

'Whoever,' says General Colletta, 'is curious to trace the progress of public disaffection, has only to consult the progressive registers of Carbonarism. The number of Carbonari enrolled during the month of March in the present year (1820) amounted to 642,000.' In the city of Naples there were 340 lodges; the *Capri* ship of war contained 3. In the province of Principato Citra there were 182 lodges, and they were equally numerous in all parts of the kingdom, so that the total number of the Carbonari was estimated at this time at little less than one million. The most eminent and influential man of the revolution was the Canon Menechini, who was appointed a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and distinguished himself by the services in the cause of humanity which his popularity enabled him to render. Some sanguinary scenes ensued in the progress of the revolution; and when a number of persons had been massacred at Naples, and the enraged populace assembled before the palace, it was Menechini who calmed them. Again, when the Carbonari threatened the lives of the ex-ministers Medici and Tommasi in the Field of Mars, it was he who disarmed their resentment. Sonnets in his praise were published at Naples, and his lithographed portrait was sold by thousands in the streets. The Carbonaro leaders had the entire direction of the revolution, but the order appears to have been divided into two parties, differing as to the ulterior results to be obtained. The more moderate of the Carbonari considered their mission performed when the constitution had been proclaimed, while the ultras wished to establish a republic, and would have done so but for the strenuous opposition of their constitutionalist brethren. Tumults and dissensions, excited by the ultras, agitated the Basilicata throughout July and August, and they threatened to march upon the capital. The cry of imbecility and treason was raised against the constitutionalists, and several lodges sent emissaries to Naples to excite the Carbonari there against the government. Paladini, Vecchiarelli, and Maenza, the leaders of the ultra-Carbonari of Naples, visited Salerno on the 2d September, and Avellino on the 5th, to concert a republican rising, and returning to the capital on the 6th, were immediately arrested. They had destroyed their papers, and consequently, after an imprisonment of sixty-seven days in the Castle of St Elmo, they were discharged for want of sufficient proofs to criminate them.

A Carbonaro guard was organised at Naples, which was of great service in maintaining order and tranquillity; and, as might be expected, there was a numerous sprinkling of Carbonari in the Neapolitan parliament, but mostly of the moderate party. On the 15th January 1821, however, the royal veto having been pronounced upon certain modifications of the Spanish constitution relative to religion, against which Cardinal Ruffo and twenty-two archbishops and bishops had vehemently protested, Naples again became the scene of disorder. Several hundreds of the republican Carbonari invaded the assembly, took possession of the tribunes, and demanded the arrest of Cardinal Ruffo, the adoption of the modifications in defiance of the veto, the dissolution of the Committee of Public

Safety, and the reduction of the Royal Guard. The reproaches of the popular deputies, however, were sufficient to induce them to withdraw, though several skirmishes ensued at night between the National and Carbonaro Guards, in which the former were uniformly successful. These dissensions and tumults made the moderate Carbonari desirous of effacing from their order the character of a secret society, and impressing it with that of an institution for the maintenance of the constitution, which they regarded as their own work. With this view the laws of the order were revised, the dispensations of many of the lodges were withdrawn, and the more violent of the ultras were everywhere expelled. The Carbonaro Guard was remodelled at the same time, and subjected to a thorough weeding, to get rid of the Republicans. Troyse, the minister of justice, addressed a circular letter to the clergy, in order to persuade them that the Papal bulls refusing absolution after confession to the members of secret societies were no longer applicable to the Carbonari. 'All mystery being now laid aside,' said he, 'and the object of the Carbonari openly avowed, their societies are no longer subject to the bulls in anyway, but are amenable directly and exclusively to the laws of the realm.' The grand lodge addressed a remonstrance to Pius VII. on the same subject, and published several manifestoes disavowing the ultras, and condemning their proceedings. The expelled ultras formed themselves into a separate society under the name of Pythagoreans; but the intendant of Teramo ordered the lodges which they had opened to be closed, and in the capital they were placed under the surveillance of the police.

The success with which the efforts of the Carbonari had been crowned in the kingdom of Naples caused a thrill of hope to pervade the hearts of the patriots throughout the peninsula, and produced a corresponding uneasiness at Vienna. Several assassinations, attributed to the Carbonari, had taken place in the Romagna, and the Carbonari of Northern Italy, with the kindred societies of the Guelphs and the Adelphi, were supposed to be plotting all kinds of mischief. The Emperor of Austria, accordingly, thought it necessary to promulgate a decree declaring Carbonarism to be high treason, and all the initiated subject to the pains and penalties prescribed by law—namely, death and confiscation; and all persons aware of the existence of Carbonaro lodges, and neglecting to denounce them to the police, were declared accomplices in the treason, and, as such, subject, on conviction, to imprisonment for life. The promulgation of this decree repressed the patriotic ardour of the Lombards; but in Piedmont an insurrection broke out in March 1821, and here likewise, as in Spain and Naples, a considerable portion of the army joined the insurgents. The king of Sardinia abdicated, and the Prince of Carignano proclaimed a constitution similar to that of Naples; but the Emperor of Austria immediately ordered the army of reserve in Lombardy to invade Piedmont; and as the new king, Charles Felix, was very willing to be rid of the trammels of the constitution, a counter-revolution was easily effected.

In the meanwhile Carbonarism had penetrated into France, where its lodges were established in almost every town, with a grand lodge regulating the affairs of the association. The provincial lodges had no correspondence with each other, nor any cognisance of their respective proceedings. The members of the grand lodge were alone acquainted with all the ramifications.

tions of the society, and in secret conclave set in motion the elements of revolution at the distance of hundreds of miles. Members appear to have been initiated in France with more care than in Italy, and only after the most minute inquiries, in order to guard against the admission of spies. Numerous initiations were made in the army, as well among the officers as in the ranks; and the military Carbonari were most prominent in the outbreaks which took place in the spring of 1822. No popular assemblage was ever allowed to occur without a considerable number of the Carbonari being present, in order to take advantage of any opportunity that might offer of creating a tumult which might be favourable to the attainment of their object. Whenever a review took place in the gardens of the Tuileries, or Louis XVIII. went to open the Chambers, the Carbonari were on the alert; for the seizure of the royal family formed a part of their plans, as it had done of the Associated Patriots in 1816. An insurrection, in order to establish the republican form of government, was determined upon, and the Carbonari rose simultaneously at Befort, Saumur, and Rochelle. Bazard, subsequently a chief of the St Simonians, proclaimed at Befort the formation at Paris of a provisional government, consisting of Lafayette, Constant, Lafitte, and other republican members of the Chamber of Deputies. The insurrection, however, was quickly suppressed at all these places, and the rash enterprise of General Berton only entailed destruction on himself and the most prominent of those engaged in it. This officer, who had distinguished himself in Spain, raised the tri-coloured flag at Thouars, and marched on Saumur with a body of soldiers and retired officers of the army of Napoleon. The general and officers were captured, and suffered death, together with four sergeants who had headed the revolt at Rochelle, and Captain Vallée, arrested at Marseilles on a charge of participation in the conspiracy. The intelligence of the outbreak threw the populace of Lyons into a revolutionary ferment, and caused disturbances which continued for several days, and were not suppressed without considerable bloodshed.

This conspiracy and abortive insurrection of the French Carbonari excited much uneasiness in the minds of Louis XVIII. and his ministers; and as the Carbonaro lodges were discovered to be most numerous in the departments of the west and south, the system was supposed to have been introduced from Spain. This constituted an additional motive for the invasion of that country by the Duke d'Angoulême, the results of which were the abrogation of the constitution, and the proscription of the Carbonari and the liberal party generally. While such various success attended the enterprises of the Carbonari in Western Europe, the order was secretly and silently extending its lodges among the oppressed peoples of the Eastern monarchies, and sowing the seeds of revolution in the very bosom of the Holy Alliance. The Emperor Alexander, the framer of that iniquitous compact, had seen with alarm the successive revolutions in Spain and Naples, and the subsequent insurrections of the Piedmontese and French Carbonari; and though the flame of liberty had been for the time quenched in blood, the secret societies caused him the most profound uneasiness. The Carbonari were an enemy far more to be dreaded than the armies of Napoleon, and their mysterious symbols excited more alarm in his breast than the sight of the French eagles on the towers of the Kremlin

would have done. His Cossacks, and the rigours of a Russian winter, would rout the latter; but the former might undermine the very ground beneath his feet without his knowledge!

What, then, must have been his dismay when the police of St Petersburg made the astounding discovery, in the autumn of 1825, that lodges of the Carbonari existed in the capital itself—in the Russian army, that army which had done so much to overturn the work of revolution in Western Europe—nay, in the very guards about his sacred person! It was so; and that very subversion had been the primary cause of a movement that was near inflicting a signal retribution. A number of young officers, belonging to the most distinguished families in Russia, who had been attached to the Army of Occupation in France, had there imbibed revolutionary ideas, which they transplanted to their native soil on their return. Whether Carbonaro lodges had been opened in France previous to the evacuation of her territory by the allied armies in 1818 is not known, but during the period of occupation, the Associated Patriots had existed on one side of the Rhine, and the Tugendbund on the other; and the Neapolitan revolution of 1820 had made the entire system of Carbonarism widely known, since secrecy and mystery were no longer observed by the initiated of the south of Italy. The refusal of Alexander to assist the Greeks, with whom much sympathy was manifested in Russia, on account of community of religion, did much to increase the discontent fomented by the Carbonari, and to multiply the initiations in the army. Alexander received timely warning of a plot to assassinate the whole of the imperial family; and to avoid the impending danger, he left the capital, and made a tour through the southern provinces. Being seized with fever and erysipelas, he expired at Taganrog in December 1825; and his brother Constantine having renounced the throne, it was ascended by his youngest brother, the present emperor. The occasion was seized by the conspirators to excite a tumult at St Petersburg, where they persuaded the troops that Constantine had not renounced the throne, and that Nicholas was a usurper. Constantine being in Poland, the conspirators proposed to seize the new emperor, and hold him in confinement until he consented to grant a constitution; and with this view they assembled tumultuously in the square of the Senate-House, to the number of 1800, and being joined by a great number of the inhabitants, they fortified their position with several pieces of artillery. The governor of St Petersburg, who endeavoured to persuade them to lay down their arms, was shot dead; and when Nicholas, relying upon the superstitious veneration with which the czar is usually regarded by his subjects, essayed a remonstrance to the same effect, he had a narrow escape from a similar fate. Troops upon whose loyalty he could depend were then brought up, and after an obstinate conflict, and a frightful amount of carnage, the insurgents were routed. A great number of arrests were made during the night, including the Princes Odofsky, Obolensky, Taubetskoy, and Valbolsky, and many other officers of all ranks, both of the army and navy. They were all confined in the citadel, around whose gloomy walls flow the waters of the Neva; and some of them were subsequently hanged, while the rest were banished to the dreary plains of Siberia. Of all the nations of Europe, Russia is perhaps the least prepared for self-government; and even if the conspirators had succeeded in their immediate object

of obtaining a constitution, the immense military force at the disposal of the emperor would speedily have enabled him to annul a concession extorted from him by force. If the constitutionalists, in self-defence, had proclaimed the emancipation of the serfs, the result would inevitably have been the reign of anarchy and terror, which could only be terminated by the restoration of despotic authority. When Russia has gradually emancipated her serfs, and diffused among them the blessings of education, she will be in a better position to demand a constitution; but unfortunately irresponsible rulers are prone to forget the necessity of progress as an imperative condition of the continuance of order, and thus revolutions become inevitable.

The spirit of liberty had been so effectually crushed by the Holy Alliance, that no further revolutionary movements were concerted by the secret societies until the French Revolution of 1830 again fanned the smouldering embers into a flame. Of the numerous insurrections which immediately broke out in various parts of Europe, only those in Italy can be distinctly traced to the secret societies. In the Papal dominions the insurrection maintained itself the longest, and it is remarkable that the chief points of action were the same as those established by the Guelphs and Carbonari in 1817. By the intervention of an Austrian army, the insurrection was for the time suppressed, and the authority of Gregory XVI. restored; but on the refusal of the pontiff to accede to the recommendation of the five great powers, that he should institute certain necessary reforms in the civil administration of the Roman States, the inhabitants of the Romagna again rose in arms. Ancona and Bologna had been evacuated by the Austrians previous to this second insurrection; but on the application of the pope the latter city was again occupied by them, and Ancona was subsequently taken possession of by the French. The insurrection was ultimately suppressed by the Austrian troops and the Swiss Guards of the pope, and the most horrible barbarities marked the conduct of the victors at Forlì, Cesena, and other places.

Though any association comprising more than seventy persons, and meeting at stated times for a political, religious, or literary purpose without a previous license from the government, was forbidden by the 291st article of the Penal Code, and though, under this law, the societies of the Friends of the People and of the Rights of Man had been suppressed, the former within three months after the revolution of 1830, no secret society was formed in France while the press remained comparatively free. But the enactment of the severely restrictive laws of September 1835 was immediately followed by the formation of the secret society of the Families at Paris, the founders of whom were Barbes, Blanqui, and Bernard, well-known chiefs of the French Socialists and Communists. On the 25th June 1836 an attempt to assassinate the king was made by a member of this society, a young man named Alibaud, who fired at him as he was leaving the Tuileries in his carriage to visit the château of Neuilly. Alibaud was apprehended, but no disclosures of any importance could be elicited from him, though he confessed the act, and endeavoured to justify it. 'Regicide,' said he before the Chamber of Peers, 'is the right of the man who can procure justice only by his own hands.' He was executed on the 11th July, exclaiming aloud, as he mounted the scaffold, 'I die for the cause of

liberty!'. A plan of insurrection was subsequently prepared with great secrecy by the chiefs of this society, which broke out in Paris on the 12th May 1839. The members of the society, to the number of about 1500, turned out under the leadership of Barbes, Blanqui, and Bernard; but not being joined by the populace, as they had expected, they were unable to accomplish anything of importance. An officer on duty before the Palace of Justice was shot dead by Barbes himself, and several soldiers were killed by the insurgents at the military posts. When the military appeared in force, the insurgents were quickly put to flight, and Barbes and many of his fellow-conspirators were captured. They were tried before the Chamber of Peers, by whom Barbes was condemned to death; but numerous memorials being presented to the government praying for a remission of the sentence, the judgment was commuted by Louis-Philippe into imprisonment for life. The remainder of the conspirators were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and no further attempt against the government of Louis-Philippe was made until 1848.

There can be little doubt that the memorable explosion of February 1848 was not the result of a predetermined plan on the part of the secret societies, but the spontaneous ebullition of popular wrath. At the same time it must be observed that the secret societies had been in active operation for some time previous to that event, waiting for the outburst which all save the infatuated monarch himself saw to be inevitable, and that they had prepared all within the sphere of their influence for the establishment of a republic. The society of the Families was still in existence, and its prominent chiefs were still Blanqui and Bernard. They had seen, however, in repeated failures and disasters, the imprudence of initiating of themselves a movement in favour of a republic, and they waited for the liberal deputies to sound the tocsin of revolt before they descended into the streets. Until that moment, the republican leaders, the chiefs of the secret societies, kept in the background, and allowed Odillon-Barrot and his party to monopolise all the honour of the reform agitation, while they laboured in secret, and made the opposition deputies their unwitting tools. But no sooner had the actual insurrection commenced, than the members of the secret societies were the most active of the insurgents; and when blood had been shed, and barricades raised, and the National Guards were fairly committed in the revolutionary struggle, they knew that their object would be accomplished. The result proved that their plans had been well laid, for the revolution—as indeed the opposition deputies might have foreseen—passed from the hands of Odillon-Barrot and his colleagues, and the republic was established in their despite.

The Revolution liberated Barbes from the prison in which he had been confined since 1839, and he was elected colonel of the 12th legion of National Guards. In conjunction with Blanqui and others, he concerted the demonstration of the 16th April, and the less defensible movement of the 15th May, when, supported by an armed mob, he proposed to the National Assembly the dissolution of the National Guard, and the imposition of a heavy tax upon real property, to defray the expenses of an armed intervention to restore the nationality of Poland. A new provisional government was nominated, including Barbes and Blanqui; but as soon as the National Guards had recovered from the consterna-

tion which this outbreak and the defection of General Courtais, their commander, had created in their ranks, they stormed the Hôtel de Ville, captured Barbes, and lodged him at once in the fortress of Vincennes. Blanqui and others were subsequently arrested, and consigned to the same state prison. They were not brought to trial until November, when they were arraigned before the High Court of Bourges, a tribunal not in existence at the time of their arrest; and being all convicted, Barbes was sentenced to transportation for life, and Blanqui and several others to various terms of imprisonment. These details must be fresh in the memory, and are not introduced here on account of any novelty they may possess, but because of their connection with the secret societies in existence prior to 1848, and the antecedents of Barbes and Blanqui. The former is a man of good education and considerable property, and was elected into the Constituent Assembly; but such is his restlessness and his fiery zeal for the establishment of those principles of equality in which he is a sincere believer, that, though only liberated by the Revolution of February from an imprisonment which had lasted nine years, they hurried him in May into courses which will probably render him an exile for the remainder of his life. Bernard, his coadjutor in the society of the Families, and his fellow-conspirator in 1839, was also elected a deputy to both the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies; but becoming implicated in Ledru-Rollin's abortive movement of the 13th June 1849, it became necessary for him to leave the country, to avoid a prison, and he is now in London.

Little information has yet reached this country concerning the more recent secret societies of Germany, Italy, and Spain; it is only known that such societies do exist in those countries, and that their aim is political unity and republicanism. Concerning similar associations in Switzerland we possess more definite information, the government of Zurich having published a report on the subject in 1844. From this we learn that there are in Switzerland three secret and illegal associations — 1. Young Germany; 2. The Society of Grütli; 3. The Communists. The first was introduced from Germany, where it has extensive ramifications, by the German workmen so numerous in Switzerland, but who, according to the custom of the continent, are constantly passing from one country to another. Their aim is the unity of their country, and the establishment of a German republic: the number of members in 1844 was 1100; but as they were constantly leaving the spot, to be replaced by others, it was calculated that 600 new members were enrolled every year. The object of the Grütli is the abolition of the federative principle in the Swiss constitution, and the substitution of that of unity and indivisibility, by which many fruitful sources of discord and ill-feeling would be at once removed. None but Swiss are admitted as members of this society. The Communist societies are of more recent date than the others, and are thirteen in number, having an aggregate in 1844 of 750 members. They are composed of both Germans and Swiss, and are found chiefly in the cantons adjacent to France. At their first establishment in 1840, singing clubs already in existence appear for the most part to have been their foundation, being turned into Communist societies having the same outward form. These have for their end, in the words of Wilhelm Weitling, who took a prominent part in their for-

mation, 'the enfranchisement of all humanity, the abolition of property, of heritage, of money, of wages, of laws, and of punishments; they desiring an equal repartition of works and of enjoyments, according to the natural proportions.' By the rules of admission to the Communist societies, every candidate is required to be proposed fifteen days before his reception, in order that time may be given to make inquiries concerning him. On his admission he pays an entrance fee, and receives in return a card bearing his name, age, condition, and date of admission. The chief and secretary of the society attach their signatures to the card, and the member by whom the candidate has been proposed endorses it. A register is kept in each society of the names, ages, and conditions of its members, and the dates of their respective admissions. The following is the formula of initiation, as it appears—copied from the manuscripts of Weitling, seized on his arrest in 1844—in the official report of the commissioners appointed by the government of Zurich:—

'a. They demand of those who present for what end they bring them.

'b. What end they have in view, and what means they believe efficacious.

'c. They complete their answers, and enlighten them further.

'They represent to them especially the necessity of silence and of sacrifices, and make them comprehend that, if each furnished his man every month, or even two months, they would at the end of the year attain their end without violence by a simple majority.

'd. They demand again if they adhere to all these things.

'e. After which they take their engagement.

'f. The junction of the association follows.'

An appropriate address and declaration are likewise read by the chief on the admission of the candidate. At each meeting of the society the chief asks each member in turn what he has done since the last meeting in furtherance of their common object, whether in propagating their principles or in enlisting new members, and if any one has been unproductive, he is counselled how to proceed in future.

Such are the most prominent features in the organisation of the Swiss societies; and in taking leave of the subject, the writer would again call attention to the fact, that restrictions on the liberty of the press are the most prolific parents of secret associations, and that the cause of order is in more danger from them than from the widest extension of popular rights, by which they would be disarmed.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

THE recent death of the most distinguished citizen of Edinburgh, the Hon. Francis Jeffrey, and the national importance of his career as a man of letters, a lawyer, and a politician, have suggested that some brief record of him should appear in this miscellany. A durable and fitting memorial of his life and services will soon, we trust, be raised by worthy hands, but in the meantime we may be allowed, like the Roman soldier at the grave of his general, to collect some fragments for the funeral pile. The history of Francis Jeffrey is of interest to all classes. It furnishes one of those examples which are the peculiar glory of a free state; for it exhibits talents, integrity, and perseverance—without extrinsic aid, and without one shade of subserviency or moral debasement—conducting its possessor to the highest professional rank, to opulence, and fame. It is instructive to note the stages in his onward march, as difficulties disappear, and honours gather round his name, and to perceive that, though endowed by nature with various and exquisite powers, he was no less remarkable for indefatigable study and patient application. It was by the union of those intellectual gifts and acquirements with inflexible principle, with energy, and with the graces of private life, that he won his way to public and social distinction. His course was long and prosperous.

‘Another race hath been, and other palms are won.’

His work was accomplished. His early and courageous *championship* of toleration and freedom had been crowned with success; the school of criticism, which he had founded and built up with such incessant care, was crowded with new and worthy disciples, and its essential principles had spread into all lands. He was still able, however, to serve his country on the judicial seat as a most upright, laborious, and penetrating judge. He was still able to counsel and direct, and to dispense a generous but not ostentatious hospitality. There was a sunset brilliancy and benignity in his latter days that made his age beloved as well as venerable.

It is to the honour of the profession of the law that some of its most eminent members have been great also in literature and science, and have dignified their legal career with important public services. The names of Sir Thomas More, of Bacon, Coke, and Selden—of Clarendon and Somers—of Mansfield, Blackstone, and Sir William Jones—the unrivalled forensic oratory of Erskine, and the enlightened humanity of Romilly and Mack-

intosh—form a splendid bead-roll. The Scottish list is less brilliant; but we may instance, not without pride, Viscount Stair, whose ‘Institutes’ form the text-book of the Scottish lawyer, and who was also a philosopher and statesman; Lord Fountainhall, who resisted the tyranny of the Stuarts, and vindicated the independence of the bar; Sir George Mackenzie, who, though the persecutor of the Covenanters, was an elegant author, the friend of Dryden, and the founder of the Advocates’ Library; Duncan Forbes, the upright and intrepid judge, the scholar, and the pure self-sacrificing patriot; and Lord Hailes, the early and accurate explorer of Scottish history, and the opponent of Gibbon. We may notice the metaphysical acuteness and learning of Kames and Monboddo, and the accomplished associates of the ‘Mirror’ and ‘Lounger,’ with their chief, Henry Mackenzie, the ‘Man of Feeling.’ To these might be added many living instances of the happy union of law and literature. The world is slow to admit that a man can excel pre-eminently in more than one pursuit, but even the proverbial severity of legal studies need not exclude from more elegant attainments, and extensive legal practice need not extinguish taste or patriotism.

FRANCIS JEFFREY—who was destined to afford one more illustrious instance of this intellectual and moral combination—was born in the city of Edinburgh on the 23d of October 1773. He could boast of no high lineage. His family was one of humble industrious Edinburgh citizens; but his father, Mr George Jeffrey, being bred to the law, had attained to the position of a depute-clerk of session, an office now inferring a salary of about four hundred pounds a year. He has been described as a writer or attorney in respectable practice, chiefly from the northern counties. His wife’s name was Henrietta Loudon, and she was a native of Lanarkshire. This worthy, careful, and respected couple had several children, of whom Francis was the eldest. The exact spot of his birth has been disputed, and the sarcastic line of Byron—

‘The sixteenth storey where himself was born’—

would of itself give interest to the question in what part of the town he first saw the light. We may therefore state on authority that Francis Jeffrey was born in the *fourth* storey, or flat, of a house in Buchanan’s Court, Lawnmarket, nearly opposite Bank Street. The Lawnmarket is one of the upper sections of that great line of buildings extending about a mile in length from Holyrood Palace to the Castle, and which, from the stupendous height of the houses, their air of antiquity, the steepness of the ascent, the crowded and various population, and the historical associations connected with the Old Town, is perhaps the most remarkable and unique street in Europe. The lines of Scott—which it is impossible not to recall—give a glowing yet accurate picture of the outline of this great thoroughfare:—

‘Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Filed deep and massy, close and high—
Mine own romantic town!’

It has been related, though we cannot give the anecdote authoritatively, that when Francis Jeffrey was about a year old, his father's house took fire, and in the alarm and confusion of the moment, the child, who was in his crib in the garret, was forgotten. At length one of the neighbours, a slater, volunteered to rescue the infant. With much difficulty, and no little danger, he succeeded in carrying him out of the burning house, and delivered him to his anxious parents. Many years afterwards, when Mr Jeffrey had gone to the bar, the slater, being, through no fault of his own, involved in a series of legal troubles, applied to him for his professional assistance. This was readily and gratefully extended, and with such success, as soon to replace the honest tradesman in comparatively easy circumstances.

Francis Jeffrey was of a slight and delicate frame. From his infancy he evinced the greatest quickness of apprehension and lively curiosity; and he could read well when only in his fourth year.* Having made rapid progress at a day-school, he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and in October 1781 (when he had about completed his eighth year) was entered in the second Latin class, then taught by Mr Luke Fraser. He remained under Mr Fraser four years, until October 1785, when, according to the usual routine, he was transferred to the class of the rector, Dr Adam, where he continued two years. In Fraser's class Jeffrey distinguished himself; although in the higher department of the rector he never attained the honour of *dux*. He was, however, a good Latin scholar; and in 1825, when the High School was rebuilt, chiefly by public subscription, he signified his gratitude to the institution by contributing the sum of fifty pounds.

From the High School of Edinburgh Jeffrey proceeded to the university of Glasgow. He matriculated as a student of the logic class, under Professor Jardine, in the session of 1787-8, having just completed his fourteenth year. Glasgow was then famous for its professors. Mr Young, who held the Greek chair, was one of the most eminent philologists of his day, and a highly successful teacher. Professor Jardine was not less able in his department of logic and belles lettres; and Jeffrey said he owed to the judicious instructions of this gentleman his taste for letters, and any literary distinction he had attained. Dr John Millar was then professor of law; and being himself a zealous Whig, he seems to have instilled his own opinions into the minds of his admiring pupils. 'By his learning, sagacity, and wit,' says Thomas Campbell, 'John Millar made many converts.' Jeffrey has also borne testimony to Millar's extensive learning and penetrating judgment, and to the 'magical vivacity' which he infused into his lectures and conversation. The chair of moral philosophy was held

* The late Mr Alexander Smellie printer (son of William Smellie the naturalist, and correspondent of Burns), used to relate the story of Jeffrey's *début* at school. It took place at a seminary situated in a now unapproachable den of the Old Town, called Baillie Fyfe's Close. Smellie was in the *Collection Class*, so called from the book taught being a 'Collection of the Beauties of English Authors,' and which is usually introduced about the third year of an ordinary English course. Jeffrey came, a small creature in petticoats, and was put into the lowest class. From the marvellous quickness of parts shown by the tiny scholar, he was soon transferred to the *Collection Class*, the top of which he gained in *half an hour*. Cockburn, the schoolmaster, prophesied that the little fellow would come to something; and Smellie cried heartily at being so completely beaten by a child not yet deemed fit for male attire.

by Professor Arthur, but his great predecessor, Dr Thomas Reid, still superintended the progress of the class—'hallowing,' as Jeffrey has finely remarked, 'with the sanctity of his venerable age, and the primitive simplicity of his character, the scene over which his genius has thrown so imperishable a lustre.'

With such able and congenial instructors, it is to be regretted that Mr Jeffrey did not remain longer than two sessions. His academical career was desultory and incomplete; but he was always preparing himself for the profession of the law, to which he was early destined. In December 1789, his name appears in the records of the university of Edinburgh as a student in the Scots Law Class, taught by Professor Hume. The following winter he was again at the university of Glasgow. In 1791 he proceeded to Oxford, and was entered of Queen's College.* His journey southwards had been very leisurely performed, for he was twelve days in getting to London, and he remained a week in the metropolis. He seems to have entered Oxford with no prepossessions in favour of that ancient seat of learning. Its classical renown had no inspiration for the young metaphysical law-student, and its stately Toryism was alien to his nature. It was a jocular remark of Johnson that much might be made of a Scotchman if he was caught young; but Jeffrey would not be caught. In a letter written six days after his arrival, and addressed to one of his college companions in Glasgow, he says—'Separated as I am from all my friends, and confined to the society of the students of one college, I shall not cease to regret the liberty and variety of intercourse which was permitted, and I hope not abused, at Glasgow. I have been too much in the company of ladies and relations to be much interested with the conversation of pedants, coxcombs, and strangers.' In a second letter to the same friend, without date, but apparently about a month after the former, the young student writes—'You ask me to drop you some English ideas. My dear fellow, I am as much, nay, more a Scotchman, than I was while an inhabitant of Scotland. My opinions, ideas, prejudices, and systems, are all Scotch. The only part of a Scotchman I mean to abandon is the language, and language is all that I expect to learn in England. And indeed, except it be prayers and drinking, I see nothing else that it seems possible to acquire in this place.' He then describes the scenes of uproar and dissipation which took place among the students, and the fragments of broken doors, windows, and stairs, which lay scattered about. Of the fellows and heads of colleges he gives a very unfavourable account. 'They are men,' he says, 'who had in their youth, by dint of regular, persevering, and indefatigable study, painfully acquired a considerable knowledge of the requisite branches of science, which knowledge served only to make them pedants, and to render still more austere and disgusting that torpid insensibility and awkwardness which they had contracted in the course of their painful retirement from the world—men who accustomed themselves to a vile and sycophantical reverence to their superiors while they had them, now insist upon a similar adoration and observance to themselves. If you add to this a violent attachment to the

* The following is an extract from the Register of Matriculations of the University of Oxford:—'Termino Sti. Michaelis, 1791. Oct. 17, COLL. REGINÆ. FRANCISCUS Jeffrey, 17, Georgii de Civitate Edinburgi armigeri Filius.' He was, however, in his eighteenth year.

game of whist, and to the wine called port, you will have a pretty accurate conception of the venerable men to whose hands I am now committed.' In a third letter he indulges in the same querulous and lachrymose strain: the home-sickness was evidently strong upon him :—

'As for the times, I know little more of them than that they are such as have succeeded to the past, and must pass away before the future can come on; that they are measured out by hours, and days, and years; and that people observe their lapse with the same testifications of joy and sorrow as have divided their sensations from the creation of the world. To say the truth, I know less of the world than almost any man alive in it. I hardly ever see a newspaper, politics are banished from our conversation, and a man may spend ten years in Oxford without hearing anything but the history of foxes and fox-chases, and riots and trials. Such an institute as your Juridical Society, which seems to occupy so much of your time, would have no more chance of succeeding here than an institution which required a sermon from each of its members once a week. The collected and accumulated study of an Oxonian in a whole year is not in general equivalent to the reflection you bestow upon one of your orations. But I would labour to no purpose to give you an idea of the indolence which prevails here. For my own part, I would attempt to persuade you that I am an exception; but I hate to tell lies, and I had better say nothing at all about it.'

These graphic sketches are probably a little exaggerated. The writer, like most young artists, may have been more intent on force and liveliness of colouring than on correctness of outline or literal truth. His opportunities for observation had at least been too limited to justify such wholesale censure of the fellows and heads of colleges. It is clear that the atmosphere of Oxford did not agree with his Scottish tastes and feelings. He might not have been prepared to appreciate the importance which is attached to classical learning at that university, and his patience would be sorely tried by the syllogisms of Aristotle and the system of college tutors, so different from popular lectures in natural and moral philosophy, and from the social studies to which he had been accustomed. That there was at that time, and long previously, as well as afterwards, no small share of bigotry and careless discipline in the colleges and halls of Oxford, has been proved from various sources. Jeffrey's statements agree in a remarkable manner—even to the port-wine potations—with the experiences of Gibbon, which he could not have seen (for the *Memoir* by Lord Sheffield was not published till 1795); and it is obvious, from the constitution of the colleges, that, along with the quiet and retirement of the monastic life, a considerable portion of its indolence and prejudice had descended to those venerable institutions. It is unfortunate, as Adam Smith had said long before, that the Oxford professors are secure in the enjoyment of a fixed stipend, without the necessity of labour or the apprehension of control. The system is now considerably improved; but the vast wealth of the university can never be efficiently employed until it be freed from the ancient statutes, which fetter its powers of teaching, and directly encourage sloth and inactivity.

The letters of Jeffrey at this early period evince his acuteness and discrimination, his love of intellectual pursuits, and that strong attachment

to *home and friends* which marked him throughout life. Even the style of his composition seems to have been formed. Its flexibility, vigour, and copiousness are already there, and no small portion of the polish which afterwards more highly distinguished it. In nearly all of his letters he makes apologies for writing so much at length, and this was another peculiarity in his character. He was always a voluminous letter-writer, and was seldom a day absent from his family or familiar friends without communicating with them in long and lively epistles.

It is a tradition at Queen's College that Jeffrey left Oxford in disgust at the *intense idleness* which prevailed at the time. He remained only one session, and consequently did not graduate at the university. On his return to Edinburgh he resumed his legal studies. In the session of 1791-2 he again attended the Scots Law Class under Professor Hume. In the session of 1792-3 he repeated his attendance at this class, adding to it the study of civil law under Professor Wilde, and that of civil history and Greek and Roman antiquities under Professor Tytler. He is not entered as having attended any of Dugald Stewart's classes, which is the more remarkable, considering his partiality for ethical studies, and the high reputation of the professor. He may, however, have been present occasionally at the lectures without being enrolled as a student.

In December 1792 Mr Jeffrey became a member of the Speculative Society—an extra-academical school of oratory and debate, and of literary composition, connected with the university of Edinburgh, and sanctioned by the *Senatus Academicus*. Institutions of this kind have long been popular with young and ambitious students, as affording a ready mode of trying their scarce-fledged powers in generous rivalry with their fellows, and of preparing them for a higher flight. Of all our modern orators or statesmen, the second William Pitt was perhaps the only one who, when barely of age, started into full maturity as a public speaker. The flower and the fruit were of simultaneous growth. But his rivals and compatriots, Burke, Sheridan, Curran, &c. were early members of Debating Clubs. The Speculative Society of Edinburgh is an institution of a higher class: the members are nearly all, or have been, students at the university. They are required to produce written essays, as well as take part in debates on questions of political economy, legislation, and philosophical history; and the rules with regard to attendance, the selection of topics, and the conduct of the proceedings, are judicious and rigid. The society has been in existence since the year 1764, and many of the greatest Scottish lawyers and professors disciplined their minds in its exciting discussions. There Dugald Stewart, the most accomplished and eloquent of all commentators on moral philosophy, read his first essay; there Sir James Mackintosh made his first speech; there Playfair, so distinguished in physical science, and the classic Dr James Gregory, found a fitting audience. Divines mingled with lawyers and philosophers; for two of our greatest theologians, Professor Hill and Sir Henry Moncreiff, were members of the Speculative. Baron Hume the able lecturer on Scots law, John Clerk (Lord Eldon), Malcolm Laing the historian, Benjamin Constant the French economist and statesman, and Sir Astley Cooper the eminent physician, participated at the same period in its debates; and when Jeffrey entered, to the new attraction and celebrity to the society, he found Walter Scott

officiating as its secretary. In a few years he was joined by Henry Brougham, by Francis Horner, John Archibald Murray, James Moncreiff, and Henry Cockburn. Three students destined to eminence as British statesmen—the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Glenelg, and Lord John Russell—were subsequently members of this society. An institution boasting such an array of varied and commanding talent, and enriched with historical associations, might well breathe an invigorating spirit and generous emulation into all its members. Its fame and importance imposed the necessity for careful preparation; knowledge was acquired in its debates; and the practice it gave in the mechanical part of public speaking was of inestimable importance to the future advocate or senator.

The meetings of the Speculative Society were held once a week in the evening, during the winter session of the university, from November to May. At the meeting when Jeffrey first saw Scott, who was for several years secretary and treasurer, the future prince of novelists read an essay on ballads, which so much interested the new member, that he requested to be introduced to him. Mr Jeffrey called on him next evening, and they adjourned to a tavern and supped together. 'Such,' says Mr Lockhart, 'was the commencement of an acquaintance, which by degrees ripened into friendship, between the two most distinguished men of letters whom Edinburgh produced in their time.' The secretary must have been gratified by the kindred ardour which his new acquaintance evinced in the business of the society. He was a frequent speaker, and during four sessions, from 1794-5 to 1797-8, he was annually elected one of the presidents. We find he brought forward the following questions:—

1793. Feb. 12. Is a System of Influence necessary to the Support of a Free Government? Carried in the affirmative by 8 to 3 votes.
 ... Dec. 17. Is the National Debt to be considered as a Grievance? Carried unanimously in the affirmative.
 1794. Jan. 21. Is Monarchy more Favourable than Democracy to Excellence in the Arts and Sciences? Carried in the affirmative by 3 to 1.
 ... Feb. 3. Whether is Theism or Polytheism most natural to a rude state? Carried by a majority of 3 that polytheism is most natural.

The essays contributed by Mr Jeffrey were on the following subjects:—

1. Nobility; 2. Effects derived to Europe from the discovery of America;
3. Authenticity of Ossian's Poems (a subject on which he had already produced two essays); 4. Metrical Harmony; 5. The Character of Commercial Nations. The titles of these early prelections indicate the writer's prevailing tastes and studies.

In the discussions of the Speculative Society questions of party politics and religion were prohibited; and in 1798, when the celebrated Irish barrister, Thomas Addis Emmet, became a member of the Executive Directory of the Irish Union, and was privy to the carrying on a treasonable correspondence with France, his name was expunged from the records of the society. This was done at the instance of Henry Brougham. But notwithstanding the prudent caution and abstinence of the members, the Speculative Society fell under the ban of one of the political parties of the day. The French Revolution had roused the fears and jealousies of men in authority. The 'Reflections' of Burke, followed by the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' of Mackintosh, had made political discussion the favourite exercise of young and ardent

minds. Then came the stormy debates in parliament, the secret associations, and state trials throughout the kingdom—all filling the minds of the timid and anxious with suspicion and alarm. There were years of agitation and doubt, during which the constitution was in danger both from the excesses of revolutionary zeal and the uncontrolled exercise of arbitrary power. The crisis passed, but parties were not reconciled:

‘They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder.’

Jeffrey was no unmoved spectator of the rapidly-shifting scenes of this great drama. He had been present at the trials of Muir, Palmer, and Gerald (1793-4 and 5), and was deeply affected by what he witnessed. The lofty bearing of the accused parties, their romantic enthusiasm, and the severity of the sentences inflicted on them, deepened his convictions in favour of reform. Another eminent Scotsman—Thomas Campbell, then a youth of sixteen—had walked from Glasgow to Edinburgh to witness the trial of Gerald, and from that day was a sworn enemy to oppression. Jeffrey was less of a democrat than Campbell. He was a Whig of the school of Fox and Burke, before Burke had receded from his ancient principles, scared by the horrors of the French Revolution. His leanings were all towards the popular branch of the constitution, but without the slightest tincture of democratic violence. He conceived that the prerogatives of the crown had encroached on the rights of the commons, and required to be curtailed. He saw state prosecutions conducted with oppressive rigour, and he contended for freedom of opinion, and the impartial administration of justice. There was a native independence in his character, and a jealousy of all power and control, which kept him apart from the slavish adherents of party and the unscrupulous dispensers of patronage.

The suspicion that the Speculative Society, under the guise of academic debate, had been converted into a political club, led to the secession of above twenty of its members. Mr Jeffrey exerted himself to protect the institution. He joined in drawing up an earnest appeal; and committees of the Senatus Academicus and the town-council having investigated the charge, it was found to be groundless. The society soon regained its popularity and influence; and from 1797 to 1805—with the exception of the temporary cloud we have alluded to—has been considered the most splendid period of its history. Long afterwards, Jeffrey delighted to recall his connection with the society. He was present at two great anniversary dinners of the old members—one in 1814, and another in 1835. At the latter he presided. Several of his early associates were gone—dropt through the broken arches of the Bridge of Life. Horner had been cut off in his prime, and the unrivalled genius of Scott had been extinguished amidst delirium and gloom. Mackintosh also had departed. But around him were Cockburn, Murray, and Moncreiff—now all Scottish judges—and he had risen to be a judge himself. Henry Brougham was a peer, and had been chancellor of England. These were examples of the advantages of such institutions in training men at an early period of life to vigorous exertion and to the use of their minds. ‘For my own part,’ said Jeffrey, ‘in looking back to that period of my life when I had experience of this society, I can hardly conceive anything in after-life more to be envied

than the recollection of that first burst of intellect, when, free from scholastic restraint, and throwing off the thralldom of a somewhat servile docility, the mind first aspired to reason and question nature for itself; and half wondering at its own temerity, first ventured without a guide into the mazes of speculation, or tried its unaided flight into the regions of intellectual adventure, to revel uncontrolled through the bright and boundless realms of literature and science.'

Having duly qualified himself by his studies in the classes of Scots and Civil Law, Mr Jeffrey passed his trials, and was called to the bar. The official record bears, that on the 13th of December 1794 Francis Jeffrey was 'publicly examined on Title 7, Lib. 50, Pand. de Legationibus, and was found sufficiently qualified.' The minute is signed by the witty and famous Henry Erskine, then dean of the Faculty of Advocates. The study of the Pandects and Institutes—Roman jurisprudence and Scots law—would now be varied by attendance at the Parliament House and the drudgery of Session papers. Mr Jeffrey applied himself with his usual energy to his profession. Success at the bar, however, is seldom attained until after years of dreary toil and perseverance. Sir Walter Scott, though assisted by business from his father—a Writer to the Signet, in good practice—was four years an advocate ere his professional earnings amounted to £100 per annum. He ascribed his failure mainly 'to the prejudices of the Scotch solicitors against employing, in weighty cases at least, any barrister supposed to be strongly imbued with the love of literature;' and he instanced the case of his friend Jeffrey as almost the solitary instance within his experience of such prejudices being entirely overcome. Overcome they were at last, but not without a tedious and disheartening probation. The really valuable part of the practice was engrossed by his seniors, who had toiled up the steep ascent, or by plodding junior counsel, who never diverged into the flowery paths of literature, or presumed to meddle with politics. So late as 1803, in writing to his brother in America, and discussing the possible effect which literary pursuits might have on his business, Mr Jeffrey expressed indifference on the subject, because, he said, he had never in any one year made £100 by his profession. His indifferent success, however, did not prevent him from assuming the dignity of a housekeeper, and giving, as Lord Bacon has said, 'hostages to fortune.' On the 1st of November 1801, Mr Jeffrey was married to Miss Catherine Wilson, daughter of the Rev. Charles Wilson, professor of ecclesiastical history in St Mary's College, St Andrews. This lady (described by Mrs Grant of Laggan as a 'beloved and very deserving wife') survived the union only a few years: she died August 8, 1805.

It was obvious that the intellectual activity of Jeffrey and his associates, urged by ambition and conscious power, could not long be restrained within the narrow professional channels to which it was then confined. Literary and scientific societies might afford better scope for argument and oratory than they could find at the bar, but these were only a preparatory exercising-ground. They were *private*, and the youthful aspirants longed for a public theatre and more numerous audience. Their social circle had received a valuable addition by the arrival in Edinburgh, in the year 1797, of an accomplished Englishman—the Rev. Sydney Smith, one of the most

original and genial of wits, with the classical learning of an Oxford M. A.; and with a fund of natural sagacity, toleration, and manly simplicity, which kept him free from the slightest tinge of pedantry. Mr Smith had been a curate, as he has humorously told the world, 'in the middle of Salisbury Plain'—at Netheravon, near Amesbury. 'The squire of the parish,' he adds, 'took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the university of Weimar. Before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war; and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray, and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet, in the eighth or ninth storey, or flat, in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the "Edinburgh Review." The motto I proposed for the Review was—

"Tenui musam medilamur arena."

"We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal."

But this was too near the truth to be admitted; and so we took our present grave motto from "Publius Syrus,"* of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line. And so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success.'

We are happy at being able to produce a still more interesting and detailed statement of the circumstances attending the commencement of the Review—a document hitherto unpublished, and written by Lord Jeffrey, at the request of Mr Robert Chambers, in November 1846. It is as follows:—'I cannot say exactly where the project of the "Edinburgh Review" was first talked of among the projectors. But the first serious consultations about it—and which led to our application to a publisher—were held in a small house, where I then lived, in *Buccleuch Place* (I forget the number). They were attended by S. Smith, F. Horner, Dr Thomas Brown, Lord Murray, and some of them also by Lord Webb Seymour, Dr John Thomson, and Thomas Thomson. The first three numbers were given to the publisher—he taking the risk, and defraying the charges. There was then no individual editor, but as many of us as could be got to attend used to meet in a dingy room of Willison's printing-office in Craig's Close, where the proofs of our own articles were read over and remarked upon, and attempts made also to sit in judgment on the few manuscripts which were then offered by strangers. But we had seldom patience to go through ~~with~~ this; and it was soon found necessary to have a responsible

* [*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.* Literally: 'The judge is condemned when the guilty is absolved.' This famous motto was much canvassed at the time. The adventurers, it was said, had hung out the bloody flag on their title-page. 'It was a sort of imprecation on themselves and their infant publication, if they withheld their arm from battle for pity, need, or respect of persons.'—*Scott.*]

editor, and the office was pressed upon me. About the same time Constable was told that he must allow ten guineas a sheet to the contributors, to which he at once assented; and not long after, the *minimum* was raised to sixteen guineas, at which it remained during my reign. Two-thirds of the articles were paid much higher—averaging, I should think, from twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole number. I had, I might say, an unlimited discretion in this respect, and must do the publishers the justice to say that they never made the slightest objection. Indeed, as we all knew that they had (for a long time at least) a very great profit, they probably felt that they were at our mercy.

'Smith was by far the most timid of the confederacy, and believed that, unless our incognito was strictly maintained, we could not go on a day; and this was his object for making us hold our dark divans at Willison's office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly, and by back approaches or different lanes! He also had so strong an impression of Brougham's indiscretion and rashness, that he would not let him be a member of our association, though wished for by all the rest. He was admitted, however, after the third number, and did more work for us than anybody. Brown took offence at some alterations Smith had made in a trifling article of his in the second number, and left us thus early; publishing at the same time in a magazine the fact of his secession—a step which we all deeply regretted, and thought scarcely justified by the provocation. Nothing of the kind occurred ever after.'

In this document (which must be regarded as an important contribution to literary history) the distinguished writer has made no mention of his own emoluments as editor of the Review. The principal publisher was Mr Archibald Constable—a liberal and enterprising bookseller, the Mæcenas of Scottish authors, whose highest pride it was to elevate the literary reputation of his country, and associate his name with all its triumphs. Constable remunerated the editor of the Edinburgh Review on a scale of what must then have appeared princely liberality. From 1803 to 1809 a sum of 200 guineas was given for editing each number. The account-books are missing for three years after 1809, but from 1813 on to 1826 Mr Jeffrey is credited 'for editing' £700 a number, so that his salary appears to have been more than trebled.

The youth of the Edinburgh critics was at first a fertile subject of comment and ridicule. The Review was pronounced to be the result of 'a conspiracy of beardless boys,' and the veteran Richard Cumberland wrote against the *young gentlemen* of the 'Edinburgh Review.' It may be as well, therefore, for the sake of accuracy, to note the respective ages of the leading contributors. The youngest of the band, it will be seen, was about as old as Pitt when he became a cabinet minister and chancellor of the exchequer. In 1802 Sydney Smith was in his 34th year, Jeffrey was 29, Dr Thomas Brown 24, Horner 24, Brougham 23, Allen 32, Dr John Thomson 38, and Thomas Thomson 32.* The *title* of the work, and some parts of its general plan, were most probably suggested by a periodical of a superior class, bearing the name of 'The Edinburgh Review,' which was

* Of this fraternity, Lord Brougham and Mr Thomas Thomson are now (1850) the only survivors.—Ed.

started in 1755 under the auspices of Adam Smith, Robertson, and Blair, but which was discontinued for want of encouragement after two half-yearly numbers had been issued. As a medium between the half-yearly plan and the ordinary monthly term, the quarterly form of publication was a happy and judicious arrangement. It allowed the critics a greater variety of selection than the shorter period could furnish, as well as more time and space for their lucubrations. They were not under the necessity of noticing the trivial and ephemeral works which the press throws off in the summer months when publishers rarely launch their important ventures, but which were indispensable towards filling the pages of the monthly miscellany; and they had no occasion, within their enlarged bounds, to continue any article from one number to another. Thus a generally grave and permanent character was given to the work, distinguishing it from all its critical contemporaries of that period. The liberal copyright allowance made to the writers was also a novel and judicious feature in the scheme. It tempted and rewarded study, and no contributor could be degraded by what was one of the conditions of authorship imposed upon all.

A still more favourable circumstance for the new adventurers was the low state into which periodical criticism had then fallen. The 'Monthly Review' was the principal critical journal of that day, and it had been much improved in its management since the time that poor Goldsmith groaned under the tyranny of Griffiths and his wife. Sir James Mackintosh, William Taylor of Norwich, Southey, and other men of talent, made it the repository of their political and literary theories. There were other respectable literary journals, but none of an independent or commanding character, none supported by an organised body of able well-paid contributors, working on a regular plan, and exempt from bookselling influence and control. The general complexion of the whole was that of insipid compliment and tame uniformity, and both writing and quotation were dealt out in scanty measure. The advent of the northern Rhadamanthus in the midst of this rose-water criticism was an event startling to authors and booksellers, but sure to arrest in a strong degree the attention of the public, who have a malicious satisfaction in witnessing high pretensions brought low, or drowsy learning and gentle dulness routed by the lively forces of wit and satire.

The first number of the 'Edinburgh Review' appeared on the 1st of November 1802. The greater part had been written, and even printed, some months previous, but it was suggested by Constable that the publication should be deferred until the commencement of the winter season. The number of copies printed was 750. The demand, however, exceeded this limited supply: 750 more were thrown off, and successive editions still more numerous were called for. In 1808 the quarterly circulation of the Review had risen to about 9000; and it is believed to have reached its maximum about 1813, when 12,000 or 13,000 copies were printed. Before the poems of Byron and the novels of Scott had taken the public, as it were, by storm, this success was unprecedented.

Never again perhaps will one generation of critics have such a splendid harvest to reap—such a magnificent vintage to gather in. Could the editor have surveyed the thirty years' produce that lay before him, awaiting his heilical distribution, he must have been overwhelmed by its prodigality and

richness. There was the poetry of Crabbe, of Campbell, Moore, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth—types of different schools; there was the gorgeous chivalry of Scott, with his long file of novels and romances, like an endless procession of the representatives of all ages, conditions, and countries; there was the Oriental splendour and grace of Byron, alternating with his fierce energy and gloomy philosophy—the still more erring and extravagant genius of Shelley—and the youthful bloom of Keats; there were the tales of Maria Edgeworth, of Miss Austen, Galt, Wilson, and other not unworthy associates; the histories of Hallam, and the historical pictures of Macaulay; innumerable biographies of great contemporaries who had gone before—the Sheridans, Currans, Wilberforces, and Hebers; innumerable books of travels, that throw open the world to our curious gaze; the gossiping treasures of Strawberry Hill and other family repositories, that revived the wits, and poets, and beauties of a past age; the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys; the inimitable letters of Cowper drawn from their sacred privacy; the policy and intrigues of courts laid bare; the whole world of literature and the living world of Europe stirred to their inmost depths. What rich materials in the wars and politics of the times—in the rise and fall of Napoleon—in the overthrow of kings and dynasties—in the perturbations even of the mighty heart of England throbbing to be free! What discoveries in science and the arts—steam, gas, railways, and all that facilitates and sweetens social intercourse! Over such vast and interesting fields had the ‘Edinburgh Review’ to travel, moving firmly under the guidance of its editor, with elate and confident step, and attended by thousands who caught its enthusiasm, and echoed its sentiments and opinions.

We have traced some of the circumstances which imparted interest and novelty to the plan of the Review. Its grand distinction, however, and the genuine source of its success, was the ability and genius it displayed, coupled with the perfect independence and boldness of the writers. Within the small circle of its projectors were men qualified to deal with questions in physical science, in political economy (the chosen field of Horner), in politics (the favourite ground of Brougham), in law, poetry, and the belles lettres. They had wit, irony, and sarcasm at will, with the higher attributes of eloquence, correct principles of reasoning and analysis, strong sense, and a love of freedom. They were free from all external restraint; they were young, and had both fortune and reputation to achieve. To give consistency and stability to the scheme, the editor laboured with unceasing attention and judgment. No other member of the fraternity could have supplied his place. His own contributions were also from the first the most popular and effective in the work. He selected the departments of poetry, biography, and moral philosophy, with occasional excursions into the neighbouring domains of history and politics. The first number of the Review displayed the leading characteristics of his style and manner. It could not show the whole extent and richness of the vein, but we saw its peculiar quality, and could form an estimate of its probable value. The opening paper is a critique on the now-forgotten work of M. Mounier on the ‘Causes of the French Revolution,’ and it is distinguished by great ability in tracing and comparing political events, and trying them by the tests of history and philosophy. Some of the reviewer’s distinctions and

illustrations are very happy, and a high moral tone is preserved throughout the whole. This first effort is a key-note to much of Jeffrey's reasoning and to his clear and pointed expression. Subsequently his style became more loose and oratorical,—from his increased practice at the bar, and the haste with which he wrote many of his reviews—but it gained also in power and copiousness. To the state of society and literature in France at this period he paid much attention; and his admirable articles on Marmontel, on Grimm, on Madame du Duffand, &c. are invaluable for the moral lessons they inculcate, and the earnestness with which the importance of our social and domestic duties is portrayed and recommended. The reviewer penetrated through the gaiety and glitter of the *salons* of Paris, and showed how little of real worth or of real happiness was contained amidst all their splendour. He delighted to expatiate on the superiority of those humble virtues which are of daily use and benefit, which brighten the domestic hearth, and shed contentment and joy on all the private and ordinary relations of life. And in this respect the example of the critic was in beautiful accordance with his precepts. He was the most affectionate relation—'not in the least ambitious of new or distinguished acquaintances, nor by any means fond of large parties or the show and bustle of life; there was no one to whom all the charities of home and kindred were more endeared.'*

In the first number of the Review Mr Jeffrey also propounded his canons of poetical criticism, and began his warfare with the Lake Poets. He produced an elaborate critique on Southey's '*Thalaba*,' prefaced with observations on the perverted taste for simplicity, which he considered as the distinguishing mark of the modern school of poetry, of which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Lamb, were represented as the masters or disciples. The gauntlet was thus thrown down. It was obvious that the great critic of the '*Edinburgh Review*' had taken his stand on certain limited principles of taste, and that however tolerant he might be of political innovation, he was to be strongly conservative in poetry. His rules were calculated to make correct poets, not great ones. He forgot that

'The native bards first plunged the deep
Before the artful dared to leap.'

The same circumstances which had convulsed society, and laid bare the whole organisation of governments, gave an impulse to the powers of creative genius, and led it into new fields free from the conventionalism of the old régime. Notwithstanding all the errors and puerilities of the modern school—aided by importations from the German dramatists—it had infinitely more of nature, of originality, and boldness, than the artificial system it sought to supplant. The critic's severe and restricted standard of poetical excellence was further illustrated by his criticism on Scott's poetry. He concluded that the popularity of the '*Lay of the Last Minstrel*' would be obstructed by the locality of the subject, while this very circumstance was in reality one great cause of its success. The old Border country was consecrated to song and romantic traditions. The aged minstrel, the chivalrous and superstitious incidents, and the feudal manners of the poem, were all native to the '*Braes of Yarrow*,' and familiar to

* Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs Grant of Laggan.

the lovers of poetry. 'Marmion' was still more unmercifully dealt with. Its errors were dwelt upon with iteration and emphasis, and little or no sympathy was evinced with respect to the nobler passages which redeem the work, and which rendered it so universally popular. The miscalculations of the critic as to the probable success of Scott's poems, and the effect of such minute painting of ancient manners, arose from the limited faith he had in the power of genius to mould the national taste and awaken enthusiasm. Scott broke through the rules of criticism in writing a modern romance of chivalry, but he infused into it the life and fire of genius, and many of the popular elements of poetry.

In the same number of the Review which contained the depreciatory critique on 'Marmion,' appeared one not less elaborate on the poems of Crabbe. The simultaneous publication of the two articles was an unlucky combination, for the principles laid down in one cannot be well reconciled with those in the other. If the ingenious critic be right in condemning the minute descriptions of Scott as deficient in interest and dignity, the same rule must be applicable to Crabbe, who is still more prolix and minute, and whose descriptions are of the humblest and lowest character. The account of Lord Marmion, with his mail of Milan steel, the blue ribbons on his horse's mane, and his blue velvet housings—even the attire of his men-at-arms—was as natural and necessary to the poet of chivalry as the cottage furniture, the cock-fights, the dirt and squalor of village life, were necessary to enable the poet of the poor to complete his pictures. The critic was inconsistent. Scott had not profited by his former schooling, and the lash, therefore, was laid on without mercy. In Crabbe, too, there was more of real life, of keen observation, and simple pathos, which possessed a greater charm for the mind and feelings of Jeffrey than the warlike chivalry and tournaments of the middle ages. He saw and felt the truth of these village paintings, and he forgave their Dutch-like minuteness in consideration of their reality. The works of Campbell and Rogers Jeffrey was peculiarly qualified to feel and appreciate, and friendship for the authors may have led to a warmth of praise unusual with the stern reviewer.

Poetry has many mansions, and even Francis Jeffrey had not then a key to all, or else he wilfully refused to enter some of its most select and august chambers. In the epic creations of Southey, and particularly in his 'Curse of Kehama,' there are sublime conceptions, and an affluence of poetical resources, which the critic did not rightly estimate; the fine imagination and rich diction of Coleridge he neglected or contemned; and to Wordsworth he was uniformly unjust. It required some courage to reprint in 1844 the critique on 'The Excursion,' beginning 'This will never do,' after the world had decided that it *would do*, and had reversed his judgment by calling for successive editions of the poem. The purity and elevation of Wordsworth's poetry, his profound sympathy with external nature and humanity, and the consecration of his whole mind and genius to his art, would have formed a noble and congenial theme for Jeffrey; but he saw only the puerilities and ridiculous theories of some of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' which no more represent the great body of Wordsworth's poetry than the weeds of a garden represent its flowers and fruits.

In his disquisitions on the old masters of our literature Jeffrey did good service. His reviews of the writers of the Elizabethan age and of later

periods are generally excellent. He revelled among the creations of Shakspeare, Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and dwelt with cordial delight on the ornate graces of Jeremy Taylor, or Sir Thomas Browne, as on the milder charms of Addison, the sweep of Dryden's versification, and the pointed brilliancy of Pope. The modern revival of a taste for those great authors may be partly ascribed to the 'Edinburgh Review.' And for the critic's severity in assailing those on the lower slopes of Parnassus who departed from such models, he had this excuse—that he conceived it to be his duty to punish all sins of irregularity and conceit, that he might keep the public taste from corruption, and reform the offender. He had another apology common to periodical writers, and which, in his genial frankness and acknowledged supremacy, he could afford to produce. When recanting some of his strictures on the character of Burns, he said—'A certain tone of exaggeration is incident, we fear, to the sort of writing in which we are engaged. Reckoning a little too much perhaps on the dulness of our readers, we are often unconsciously led to overstate our sentiments in order to make them understood; and when a little controversial warmth is added to a little love of effect, an excess of colouring is apt to steal over the canvas, which ultimately offends no eye so much as our own.' He seems also to have aimed at blending a conversational freedom and carelessness with his criticisms, as if ambitious, like Congreve, to be more of the gentleman than the author. This contributed to the tone of superiority which the 'Review' assumed from its commencement, and which the suffering authors felt to be peculiarly galling. It unquestionably made the articles more piquant; and when the reviewer rose above the conventional level, the contrast afforded by his finer passages was the more conspicuous and effective. If he had been more profound in imagination or feeling, he must have lost some of that airy elegance, and fancy, and spontaneous grace, which contributed so much to his success. Another distinctive quality was the great taste with which Jeffrey made selections from the works he reviewed. Whatever was new or striking, solemn, picturesque, or figurative in language or matter, was sure to be extracted. The finest scenes in a new novel, the best passages of a poem, a book of travels, or a work of biography, were generally to be found in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and the criticism with which the whole was linked together, or the manner in which the plot was described by the acute and lively critic, rivalled, if it did not excel, the work of the author. The *setting* was as precious as the jewels.

One of the most memorable incidents in the critical and personal history of Mr Jeffrey was his rencounter with Moore the poet. In this case the sentiment that no man should write with his pen what he is not prepared to defend with his sword, was substantially verified; for though in the modern *duello* the instrument of warfare has been changed, the danger has not thereby been lessened. Literary duels, still common in France, have always been rare in this country. The effusion of ink sufficed to revenge even the truculent satires of Dryden and the stinging sarcasms of Pope. Dr Johnson laughed at the Drawcansir threats and hostile message of Macpherson, though he seems to have considered duelling a species of self-defence that might be justified on the same grounds as public war. Happily the force of opinion has now all but abolished the practice. When

literary men have been prompted to manifestations of this kind, it will generally be found that the demon of politics was present; and this, we suspect, was the case in the misunderstanding between Moore and Jeffrey. In the spring of 1806, the former published his 'Epistles, Odes, and other Poems.' The poet enjoyed considerable social and fashionable celebrity. He was supposed to be a boon companion of the Prince of Wales. His poems were dedicated to the Earl of Moira; one of the epistles was addressed to Viscount Strangford, and others to the Lady Charlotte Rawdon, to Viscount Forbes, the Hon. William Spencer, &c. In all of these really graceful and sparkling poetical offerings, democratic America, with its 'piebald polity' and its 'fustian flag,' was heartily anathematised—French philosophy and liberty were denounced as unclean things—England was warned to beware of the mob mania—and over every page of the handsome hot-pressed quarto volume was spread an air of courtly fastidiousness and superiority. All this must have grated on the popular sympathies and Whiggish feelings of the Edinburgh reviewer; but he had a still more serious ground of offence. Many of the poems were tainted with licentiousness. Amidst the sweet and melodious versification, the glittering fancy, and rich exotic imagery, lurked this insidious poison of immorality—only the more seductive from its being half hidden with flowers—and Jeffrey, like the Good Knight in Spenser, set himself resolutely to trample down the whole. He reviewed the poems in the number for July 1806. Little was said of the literary qualities of the work; few citations were made, and those only of an unfavourable description; but the author was charged with deliberate immorality—with seeking to impose corruption upon his readers under the mask of refinement—and with insulting the delicacy and attacking the purity of the female sex. Some peculiarly mortifying personal imputations were also thrown out by the reviewer. Allusion was made to 'patrons who were entitled to respectful remonstrance,' and the following lines from an old poet were quoted as a prophetic description of Mr Moore's iniquities:—

'Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet oft. But ah, for shame!
Let not sweet poets praise whose only pride
Is virtue to advance and vice deride,
Be with the work of losel's wit defamed,
Ne let such verses poetry be named.
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such as he depended most upon,' &c.

SPENSER'S *Mother Hubbard's Tale*.

Youthful flesh and blood—and particularly Irish flesh and blood—could hardly refrain from resenting this charge of mercenary immorality. Mr Moore resorted to the mode then sanctioned as the blind arbiter of quarrels. He sent a challenge to his critic, who happened to be at the time in London, and the parties met, August 12, 1806, at Chalk Farm. Fortunately information of the affair had been given at Bow Street, and officers arrived just as the parties had taken their places to fire. It was afterwards found that the ball with which Mr Jeffrey's pistol was loaded had dropt out either on the field when the pistol was snatched from his hand by the

officer, or on the way to town, and some wag circulated a report that both pistols were leadless! Hence the sarcastic allusion in Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' which was afterwards nearly causing a duel between the noble poet and Moore, but ultimately led to their acquaintance and friendship.—

'Health to great Jeffrey!
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by?'

This was of course a false representation of what occurred, but it served as a subject of raillery, not the less, we may believe, because Mr Moore was known to be sensitive on the subject, and had even taken the trouble to contradict the report in the newspapers. In a letter written a few days after the occurrence, addressed to the editor of the 'Morning Chronicle,' Mr Moore vindicated his conduct. 'The quarrel,' he said, 'was not to be considered as *literary*. Though by no means indifferent to the decrees of criticism, I am aware that they are not to be reversed by an appeal to the pistol. The review, however, which Mr Jeffrey had written appeared to me to contain more personality than criticism; to impute to me motives which my heart disclaims and detests; and to assail me altogether much more as a man than as a writer. Conceiving, therefore, that in the present state of manners no gentleman can hold such language to another with impunity, I returned a contradiction to the assertions of Mr Jeffrey in terms too plain to be misunderstood, and the meeting of which the public has heard was the consequence.' The poet then anxiously explains that the pistol which the officer took from *him* was found to be regularly loaded, though, from some accident in the carriage of the pistols to town, that of Mr Jeffrey was certainly without a ball!

In this ridiculous affair the public was generally on the side of the critic. It was acknowledged that the prurient muse of the English Anacreon required to be checked and rebuked, and that though the moral censor might have gone too far, he went in the right direction. There was, however, too much wit, talent, and real worth on both sides for the estrangement to continue long. Habits of intimacy commenced shortly afterwards, and Mr Moore himself became an Edinburgh Reviewer. To the number for September 1814 he contributed a critique on Lord Thurlow's poetry, in which he almost rivalled the editor in critical severity. In one of the prefaces to his collected works, Mr Moore has said—'In the most formidable of all my censors—the great master of the art of criticism in our day—I have found since one of the most cordial of all my friends;' and on the occasion of his visiting Scotland in 1825, the poet passed some days with Lord Jeffrey at 'his agreeable retreat, Craigcrook,' where he sang his last new song, 'Ship Ahoy!' and was called upon to repeat it so often, that 'the upland echoes of Craigcrook ought long to have had its burden by heart.'

The famous critique on Lord Byron's 'Juvenile Poems' (January 1808) was still more remarkable in its results than that on Mr Moore. The merciless severity of the attack was intended to crush the minor poet, but it only nerved him for further exertion, and impelled him on in that poetical career

which was destined to be so fertile and glorious. Had Byron's first critic not pronounced his poetry to be a *dead flat*, which the author could neither get above nor below, and had he not counselled him to *abandon poetry*, we should never have had that vigorous satire, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and might have waited long even for 'Chiffle Harold.' There was some danger at this period that Byron would sink into the idle dissipation and frivolity of a town life; and from such a descent the reviewer called him, though with no friendly voice, and added his name to the proud roll of our national poets. Byron's diaries and letters afford evidence that he considered the critique in the 'Edinburgh Review' to be the work of Mr (now Lord) Brougham. We believe this is no longer a matter of doubt; though Jeffrey afterwards made amends to the noble poet's feelings by his criticism on his greater works. If Sir Walter Scott's critiques on Byron in the 'Quarterly Review' be compared with those of Jeffrey in the 'Edinburgh,' it will be seen that, beautiful as the former are in style and spirit—approaching almost to feminine tenderness, and overflowing with illustration—the professional critic has greatly the advantage in force, discrimination, and eloquence. The early crudities of his poetical faith and opinions had been mellowed down by time and reflection; the range of his poetical emotion was extended; and in the poetry of Byron he had subjects worthy of all his powers and sensibilities. The poet felt the generosity of his critic. He had heard Jeffrey, he said, most highly commended by those who knew him for things independent of his talents, and he admired him for his liberality towards himself. 'None but a great soul dared hazard it; a little scribbler would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter.' In the tenth canto of 'Don Juan,' written at Pisa in 1822—when all his 'little feuds' were over, and his brief career was drawing to a close—Byron paid a noble tribute to his former antagonist, blended with rich allusions to Scotland, to *auld langsyne*, and to his boyish feelings and dreams, as must ever render the passage one of the finest and most interesting episodes in his poetry and his life.*

As the Review advanced in public favour, it assumed a bolder tone in politics. The war in Spain ranged the nation into two parties—one, like Scott, animated with a strong anti-Gallican spirit; and another, like Jeffrey, predicting that we should reap nothing but disaster and disgrace from the struggle. An article by Brougham on the 'French Usurpation in Spain,' being a review of a work by Don Cevallos (1808), seemed to induce a crisis in the affairs of the Review. 'The Tories,' said Jeffrey in a letter to Horner, 'having got a handle, are running us down with all their might, and the ghosts of all the miscrables we have slain are rising to join the vengeance. Walter Scott and William Erskine, and about twenty-five persons of consideration, have forbidden the Review to enter their doors. The Earl of Buchan, I am informed, opened his street-door, and actually *kicked* it out!' The editor resolved to eschew party politics, and to prac-

* See 'Don Juan,' canto x., stanzas 11 to 19. In one line—'A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper'—there seems to be a punning allusion to the poet's supposed critic, Mr Brougham. Captain Medwin, in his conversations with Lord Byron in Italy, reports the poet to have said that Jeffrey disowned the article; and though he would not give up the author, promised to convince Byron, if ever he came to Scotland, who the person was.

tise exemplary moderation for the future; but this could not well be done. The public events were too exciting to be passed over in silence. Brougham and Horner were now in parliament, and connected with the Opposition. The editor himself was become too conspicuous to preserve an obscure neutrality. Friends required to be supported, and opponents encountered; and it was almost inevitable that the Review, to keep its ground, and preserve consistency, should become the recognised organ, defender, and exponent of the Whig party. A cry of infidelity was also raised against the Review, and it was grounded on articles written by an orthodox clergyman! Sydney Smith had commented in 1807 on Foreign Missions, and tried, as he said, 'to rout the nests of consecrated cobblers' with their Methodistic cant, in a style so daring and ludicrous, that it gave serious offence to many excellent persons, besides arming the political opponents of the powerful journal with new weapons of assault.

During all this time Mr Jeffrey was steadily advancing in his practice and reputation at the bar. In assiduity he rivalled the dullest plodder; for he took no fee without conscientiously studying the case, and he spared no pains to procure a verdict for his client. His fluency and vivacity, and the constant stream of his illustrations, poured out with the rapidity of a cataract, were sometimes too elevated and recondite for a common jury, but in important criminal trials he was highly effective. In political cases he was the intrepid defender of constitutional freedom. In the trials for sedition between 1817 and 1822 he was ever in the front rank. He also took part in public meetings, condemning the system of intimidation which was then adopted to repress the evils of discontent; he spoke at the Fox anniversaries; he wrote for the instruction of the discontented mechanics; and on all occasions, when oppression or slavery was to be stigmatised, or toleration and liberty promoted, he was ready with his displays of high eloquence, intermingled with effusions of wit or fancy. We need not dwell on those party conflicts; on the meetings in the Pantheon or county-halls; on the dinners to Hume or Brougham (in the latter case he disappointed his auditory, as if paralysed by the fierce invectives and tremendous power of Brougham); or attempt to depict the glowing scenes of rivalry and contention that have happily passed away. In 1816 the institution of the court for the trial of civil cases by jury in Scotland threw a vast accession of business into the hands of Mr Jeffrey. He was engaged in almost every case; his knowledge, acuteness, and subtle argumentation having there an appropriate field for exertion. In the intervals of his busy toils he made occasional excursions to the Highlands or to the English lakes. In 1811 he made a pilgrimage on foot through the wilds of Inverness-shire, and by the parallel roads of Glenroy. In 1815 we find him in France, noting in his journal that Cambrai was famed for 'its cambric, its league, and its Fenelon.' He had about this time taken a country-house—his residence of Craighcrook—'an old turreted mansion, much patched in the whole mass of its structure,' beautifully situated at the foot of the Corstorphine Hills, about three miles from Edinburgh. His windows looked out upon a wooded hill: he had a good garden, and some fields for rural occupation and pleasure. The charms of this old château and summer retreat were enhanced by the presence of a lady who added

much to his happiness, and who now mourns his loss. In 1811 M. Simond (the well-known French author), his wife, and niece, visited Edinburgh. Mr Jeffrey saw much of them during their stay, and some time afterwards the intercourse was renewed in London. In 1813 Mr Jeffrey followed his visitors to America, and was there married to the young lady, Miss Wilkes, a grand-niece of the celebrated John Wilkes.*

The exuberant fancy and imagery scattered throughout Jeffrey's essays and speeches, and which were constantly sparkling up like a perennial fountain in his conversation, led many to believe that nature had marked him out for a poet, and that, as in the cases of Lord Mansfield and Sir William Blackstone, the goddess Themis, so jealous of her rights, had defrauded the Muses. Rarely have rhetoricians had such command of the elements of poetry as was possessed by Jeffrey.

* The following anecdote is related of his transatlantic marriage-journey:—"He met in America a large and brilliant party, who endeavoured to extort political opinions from him. The paltry and unnecessary war between the United States and Great Britain was then in progress, and one American statesman, in a very marked manner, asked, "And now, Mr Jeffrey, what is said of the war in Great Britain?" Jeffrey was determined to mortify the national vanity of the Americans, and he replied, "War--war? Oh yes, I did hear some talk of it in Liverpool!" The insignificance of the struggle, and the little interest it excited in this country, could not have been more happily or sarcastically illustrated."

A few personal traits and anecdotes may be here given. It was the custom of Jeffrey, when reviewing the works of his friends, to give them the perusal of the proof-sheets before publication. In doing this to Mrs Grant of Laggan, he remarked, "I let them know what I say of them *before they are led out to execution*. When I take up my reviewing pen, I consider myself as entering the temple of truth, and bound to say what I think." He courageously sent the proof-sheets of his critique on 'Marmion' to Scott, having to dine with the poet the same day. Scott preserved his equanimity, as may be seen from the detail in Lockhart's life; but Mrs Scott could not help saying in her broken English, when her guest was departing, "Well, good-night, Mr Jeffrey; dey tell me you have abused Scott in de Review, and I hope Mr Constable has paid *you* well for writing it."

Mr Willison, the early printer of the Review, in sending one of the proofs to the editor, wrote on the margin that 'there appeared to be some obscurity in it.' The sheet was returned with this reply—"Mr J. sees no obscurity here, except such as arises from the great number of commas, which Mr W. seems to keep in a pepper-box beside him for the purpose of dusting all his proofs with." Jeffrey was somewhat peculiar in the punctuation of his writings, as in his handwriting, which was wretched.

It has been confidently stated that Jeffrey sent the late Mr Hazlitt a sum of £50, to relieve him from difficulty in his last illness. This generosity is alluded to in the 'Life of Charles Lamb.'

Mr William McGavin, a Glasgow merchant, and author of a series of letters entitled 'The Protestant,' was tried and convicted for a libel on the Catholic priest at Glasgow. Jeffrey was retained for the pursuer, and brought his eloquence to bear with a very lively effect on McGavin. The latter sat, in mute astonishment, gazing on Jeffrey, while, minute after minute, there rolled forth periods of the fiercest invective against himself. At length the mortified 'Protestant' took out his watch, and calculated how many words Jeffrey spoke in a minute. He afterwards published, that having compared Johnson's Dictionary with Jeffrey's speech, he found that the voluble gentleman had in two hours spoken the English language three times over!

As so much has been said about Jeffrey and the Lake Poets, we may mention that the critic had little personal intercourse with them. He had met Southey in Edinburgh and Keswick, and Coleridge once only at Keswick. Mr Wordsworth and his critical antagonist had one meeting. This was in June 1823, at an evening party in the house of Sir James Mackintosh in London. It was at his own request that the critic was introduced to the poet by their courteous and benevolent host.

'Oh! many are the poets that are sown
 By nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
 The vision and the faculty divine,
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.'

The Excursion.

This is the declaration of a high authority; but of one who would not perhaps have included the brilliant reviewer among his own silent brethren. To epic or tragic power, indeed, Jeffrey could have made no approach: the divine *afflatus* was wanting. But in that middle class of poetry, of which Horace was the great master and exemplar—uniting knowledge of the world and shrewd observation with pictures of manners, just sentiment, wit, and elegance—Jeffrey, we think, might have attained to a respectable rank. We do not know that he ever attempted translation. The following stanzas from his pen appeared in one of the *Annuals* in the year 1829, entitled 'Verses Inscribed in a Lady's Album.' They belong to the higher class of *vers-de-société*:—

Why write my name 'midst songs and flowers
 To meet the eye of lady gay?
 I have no voice for lady's bowers,
 For page like this no fitting lay.

Yet though my heart no more must bound
 At witching call of sprightly joys,
 Mine is the brow that never frowned
 On laughing lips or sparkling eyes.

No, though behind me now is closed
 The youthful Paradise of Love,
 Yet I can bless, with soul composed,
 The lingerers in that happy grove.

Take, then, fair girls, my blessing take,
 Where'er amid its charms you roam,
 Or where, by western hill or lake,
 You brighten a serenest home.

And while the youthful lover's name
 Here with the sister beauty's blends,
 Laugh not to scorn the humbler aim
 That to the list would add a friend's.

There is more poetry in the following specimen of his prose. In treating of the beauty of landscapes, as connected with the law of association, in a critique on Alison's *Essay on Taste* (1811), Mr Jeffrey draws this exquisite parallel:—

'Take, for instance, the case of a common English landscape—green meadows, with fat cattle—canals or navigable rivers—well-fenced, well-cultivated fields—neat, clean, scattered cottages—humble antique church, with churchyard elms, and crossing hedgerows—all seen under bright skies, and in good weather: there is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colours and forms—for colours more pleasing, and lines more graceful (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred), might be spread upon a board, or a painter's palette, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion

in the mind—but in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections—in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment—and of that secure and successful industry that insures its continuance—and of the piety by which it is exalted—and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life—in the images of health and temperance and plenty which it exhibits to every eye—and in the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition, and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum. At all events, however, it is human feeling that excites our sympathy, and forms the object of our emotions. It is man, and man alone, that we see in the beauties of the earth which he inhabits; or, if a more sensitive and extended sympathy connect us with the lower families of animated nature, and make us rejoice with the lambs that bleat on the uplands, or the cattle that ruminate in the valley, or even with the living plants that drink the bright sun and the balmy air beside them, it is still the idea of enjoyment—of feelings that animate the existence of sentient beings—that calls forth all our emotions, and is the parent of all the beauty with which we proceed to invest the inanimate creation around us.

‘Instead of this quiet and tame English landscape, let us now take a Welsh or a Highland scene, and see whether its beauties will admit of being explained on the same principle. Here we shall have lofty mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses—tufted woods hung over precipices—lakes intersected with casteled promontories—ample solitudes of unploughed and untrodden valleys—nameless and gigantic ruins—and mountain echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract. This, too, is beautiful; and to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yet lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of man and of human feelings that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colours that compose its visible appearance are no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind than the forms and colours of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past, or the imaginary *inhabitants* of such a region, that alone gives it either interest or beauty; and the delight of those who behold it will always be found to be in exact proportion to the force of their imaginations and the warmth of their social affections. The leading impressions here are those of romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity; lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, “from towns and toils remote;” and rustic poets and philosophers communing with nature, at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals; then there is the sublime impression of the Mighty Power which piled the massive cliffs upon one another, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base—and all the images connected with the monuments of ancient magnificence and extinguished hostility—the feuds, and the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred—and the romantic ideas attached to their ancient traditions and the peculiarities of their present life—their wild and enthusiastic poetry—their gloomy superstitious—their attachment to their chiefs—the

dangers, and the hardships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings—their pastoral sheilings on the mountains in summer—and the tales and the sports that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in the winter. Add to all this the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the language and the habits of the people, and on the cliffs and caves, and gulfy torrents of the land—and the solemn and touching reflection perpetually recurring of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion with all their toils and ambition, while nature holds on her unvarying course, and pours out her streams, and renews her forests, with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign.'

In 1820 Mr Jeffrey was elected Lord Rector of the university of Glasgow. The principle of election for this high academical distinction is of a popular character. By the original statutes, dated so far back as 1450, the suffrage is vested in the whole of the matriculated students, with whom are joined the dean and principal professors. In the earlier periods of our history, before civil rights were extended and defined, the rector possessed vast powers civil and criminal. His court was almost as absolute as the Star Chamber. The duties and powers of the office are now, however, almost nominal. The appointment is an honorary distinction, and is generally bestowed on some eminent public character with whose political sentiments, genius, or learning, the majority of the students sympathise. Burke filled the office in the year 1784: Adam Smith was installed in 1787. Of late years the names of Sir James Mackintosh, Brongham, Campbell, Peel, and Macaulay, shed honour on the office of Lord Rector, and on the choice of the young students. Jeffrey was elected in a time of considerable excitement by an overwhelming majority, and his appointment was a graceful tribute to his talents and political consistency, rendered the more appropriate by his having studied at Glasgow university. He delivered his inaugural address on Thursday, December 28, and spoke warmly of the grateful and flattering honour conferred upon him.

'It was here,' he said, 'that, now more than thirty years ago, I received the earliest and by far the most valuable part of my academical education, and first imbibed that relish and veneration for letters which has cheered and directed the whole course of my after-life; and to which, amidst all the distractions of rather too busy an existence, I have never failed to return with fresh and unabated enjoyment. Nor is it merely by those distant and pleasing recollections—by the touching retrospect of those scenes of guiltless ambition and youthful delight, when everything around and before me was bright with novelty and hope, that this place, and all the images it recalls, are at this moment endeared to my heart. Though I have been able, I fear, to do but little to honour this early nurse of my studies since I was first separated from her bosom, I will yet presume to say that I have been, during all that interval, an affectionate and not an inattentive son. For the whole of that period I have watched over her progress, and gloried in her fame; and at your literary Olympics, where your prizes are distributed, and the mature swarm annually cast off to ply its busy task in the circuit of the world, I have generally been found a fond and eager spectator of that youthful prowess in which I had ceased to be a sharer, and delighted

chronicler of that excellence which never ceased to be supplied. And thus the tie which originally bound me to the place was never allowed to be broken; and when called to the high office which I this day assume, I felt that I could not be considered as a stranger, even by the youngest portion of the society over which I was to preside.'

Mr Jeffrey, according to the usual custom, was re-elected Lord Rector at the expiration of his first year of office. He delivered a second inaugural address on the 3d of January 1822, in which he announced that he had determined to give a prize, 'to be awarded by the young men themselves, to the individuals who shall excel in recitation and declamation—a science in the study and knowledge of which we are so much behind our southern neighbours: the prize, a gold medal, to be confined to the two classes where such an excitement seems more particularly called for—the Greek and Latin classes—to each of which it will be given alternately, commencing with the Greek.' By a subsequent arrangement on the part of the Lord Rector, this prize was confined to the most distinguished student in the Greek class, the award to be made by the votes of his fellow-students. In order to place the medal on a permanent footing, the generous donor, in 1849, remitted to the college factor the sum of £120, of which ten guineas were to be applied in procuring two medal dies, the remainder to be invested by the faculty for the purpose of 'providing and engraving annually, in all time coming, a gold medal, of such value as can be obtained for the amount of the yearly interest.'

In 1829 Mr Jeffrey was chosen Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, an honour unanimously conferred upon him by his brethren of the bar, and which was justly regarded not only as a token of personal confidence and respect, but as an unequivocal recognition of his having reached the summit of his profession as an advocate. On his election to this office he resigned the editorship of the 'Edinburgh Review' into the hands of Mr Macvey Napier. He still, however, took a lively interest in its management, and was consulted by his successor whenever any difficulty occurred.

The year 1830 brought Mr Jeffrey prominently into public life. It was truly an *annus mirabilis*. We had the revolution in France agitating all Europe, and the scarcely less decided revolution in England, which began with the overthrow of the Duke of Wellington's administration (considered as impregnable as the lines of Torres Vedras), and the accession of the Whig party to power. Jeffrey was now to reap the honours of the well-fought field, and to receive the plaudits of the nation as one of the victors. With the French success he cordially sympathised, and he joined with his fellow-citizens in publicly commemorating the valour, moderation, and heroism of the people of France. A few months afterwards, he was appointed Lord Advocate in the administration of Earl Grey. This office must always be one of high responsibility, as including the functions of crown lawyer and public prosecutor, and the exercise of political influence and patronage. The Lord Advocate is the minister for Scotland. The duties of the appointment were also rendered more arduous and delicate at this time, when a party had acceded to power on popular principles, and pledged to extensive reforms. To charm the popular voice into submission and contentment after a period of such unbounded excite-

ment and expectation, required more energy and prudence than were necessary at first to secure success. Mr Jeffrey said he accepted office with sincere reluctance; for he had to leave the retirement of private life, in which he had his chief solace and delight. He did not covet the office; it had come to him from no solicitation on his part, but from the circumstance that the new government formed by the crown professed all the most important principles it had been the study of his life to assert and maintain. It was necessary that the Lord Advocate should have a seat in parliament. He became a candidate for the representation of the district of burghs including Perth, Dundee, St Andrews, Cupar, and Forfar, for so many important towns were then linked together in unnatural union to return one member to parliament! The three first-mentioned voted for the Lord Advocate; the two last for his opponent, Captain Ogilvy of the 'noble House of Airly;' and as Forfar was the returning burgh, and had a casting vote, both candidates claimed to be elected. Mr Jeffrey was declared the sitting member, and Captain Ogilvy petitioned against his return. Mr Jeffrey took his seat in the House of Commons on the opening of parliament in February 1831. He had thus an opportunity of aiding his friends in the great debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill, which, after a four-nights' discussion, was carried on the 22d of March. Four days afterwards, the election committee decided in favour of Captain Ogilvy. The Lord Advocate, however, found refuge in the small burgh of Malton in Yorkshire, where the influence of Earl Fitzwilliam predominated. Sir James Scarlett, who had opposed the Reform Bill, retired; and Mr Jeffrey succeeded him as member for Malton on the 12th of April. In less than a fortnight the House of Lords had rejected the Reform Bill, and parliament was dissolved. Mr Jeffrey then solicited the suffrages of his native city, and no less than 17,400 of the inhabitants petitioned the elective body, the town-council, in his favour. He was, however, defeated by the narrow majority of three—fourteen members of council voting for him, and seventeen for his opponent, Mr R. A. Dundas (now Mr Christopher). So indignant was the populace at the rejection of their favourite candidate, that serious riots took place, and the Lord Provost had to be escorted home by a party of dragoons. The whole nation was at this period (to use the phrase of an old politician) 'intoxicated by the elevation of a spirit too highly rectified.' The Lord Advocate was again returned—and on a valid election—for the Forfar burghs, his seat in Malton being at the same time kept open till his election was secured. He again co-operated in carrying the Reform Bill through the Commons. The peers gave way, the bill became law; and under the new constituency Mr Jeffrey, and his friend Mr Abercrombie (now Lord Dunfermline), were almost unanimously elected the representatives for the city of Edinburgh. The Lord Advocate retained his seat until May 1834, when he gladly exchanged the turmoil of party politics for the duties of a judge. He was appointed to the bench on the retirement of an aged judge, Lord Craigie; his parliamentary career having thus extended over a period of three years and three months.

The depression was universal that Mr Jeffrey had failed in parliament. The case of Erskine was cited as a parallel one, and we were reminded of the saying, that the floor of the House of Commons was strewed with the

wreck of eminent lawyers' reputations. All such broad unqualified statements must be received with caution. With the examples of Mansfield and Wedderburne, of Thurlow, Scarlett, and Brougham, before us, it is idle to say that eminent lawyers do not succeed in the House of Commons. Erskine's failure was only comparative. He could not rival Pitt, or Fox, or Sheridan; and he did not apply himself sedulously to cultivate the arts necessary to success in debate. His previous reputation as a forensic orator was so great, that scarcely any appearance could have realised the expectations formed by his friends. Mr Jeffrey laboured under the same disadvantage. His fame was already high—filled to the brim. He had to contend not only with practised rivals, who waited for his halting, but with the prepossessions and hopes created by his own genius. He made one brilliant speech in support of the Reform Bill—one of the best which the discussion called forth; but he made no attempt to shine as a debater, and this is the most attractive and valuable accomplishment in a popular assembly. A clever retort or sarcasm, a personal sally, or a strain of witty exaggeration directed against an opponent, will always meet with a better reception in the House of Commons than a speech which deals with the first principles of a question, though abounding in the finest analysis or illustration, and appealing to history and reason. A familiarity with the forms and *personnel* of the house, a knowledge of parties, and a certain style of masculine plainness and vigour, are also requisite; and these can rarely be acquired except by early practice and long perseverance. A gentleman who sat with the Lord Advocate in parliament, and was a strenuous supporter of his principles, writes to us as follows on the impression made on the House by his distinguished friend:—

'That Jeffrey failed in securing the attention of the House of Commons in a manner commensurate with his extraordinary genius, and his talents as a public speaker in other respects, is, I believe, certain. As to the causes of his being imperfectly listened to, I may begin by saying that his voice was far from clear and distinct, and that he was subject to a tendency to bronchitis. His utterance was also extremely rapid. His pronunciation, though not broad, was not easily followed by an English ear. The shape in which he clothed his thoughts was not very intelligible to an English audience. There was a spontaneous flow of imagery in his ordinary language which it was not easy for him to restrain. There was a good deal of metaphysical theory, and a considerable sprinkling of technical phraseology, which, though quite familiar to his audiences in Edinburgh, was very imperfectly understood in the House of Commons. Besides all this, he did not enter the House till on the borders of sixty, at which no eminent speaker ever commenced his career.'

These physical impediments could never have been wholly got over; but at this time Mr Jeffrey laboured under severe indisposition and debility, which disqualified him for active exertion. He was often confined to his house, or could only exchange it for the purer air of the country, free from the stir and noise of the Great Babel. If we glance at the few and imperfectly-reported speeches delivered by the Lord Advocate in the debates on the Reform Bill, we shall find no trace of mental weakness, or any cause of parliamentary failure. How few men in the House could have struck off the following brief and philosophical summary!—

'It could not be denied that if they looked back to the career of glory which England had run during the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts, they found that England during those periods held a high rank among nations for wealth and splendour, and even then was regarded by other nations as the country where the principles of liberty were best understood and practised. But could it be argued that because England held that rank among the nations during the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts, the country was now to be satisfied with the institutions of those days? Why, this was an argument contrary to all history; and, independent of history, it was contrary to all principle. In infant states, the first things in order were wealth and prosperity, and these might exist for a short time without either liberal institutions or freedom; but the fruit of wealth and prosperity was necessarily freedom. The first stage of what might be called civilised society was generally that in which a munificent and prudent tyrant ruled the destinies of a state, and encouraged those persons described in the book of Ecclesiasticus, as men who wrought with their own hands, and were cunning in works of wood, and brass, and iron. When wealth increased, liberty followed; for liberty was the daughter, not the mother, of wealth. This was the case with the Italian republics, with the free towns of Germany, with the ancient state of Corinth, and other Grecian republics; and, latterly, with the towns and corporations of England. Works of the utmost splendour and genius rendered England as proud a name then as it had been since; but was that any reason that when society became enlarged, and the various links of it became more multiplied, the basis of the constitution should not be widened, and room be found for the multiplied children of freedom?'

He argued that the greatest of all dangers was, that the really distressed or aggrieved in the country should be led to tolerate doctrines of anarchy in despair of legitimate redress. 'If the reasonably discontented were propitiated and satisfied, would they not feel themselves the stronger, and be the better able to deal with the unreasonable? He wanted, amid the political chaos, to establish a firmament which should separate the waters above from the infernal Stygian below.'

In advocating the Scots Reform Bill, which it was his official duty to prepare and superintend in its progress through the House, Mr Jeffrey gave a lucid and effective exposition of the anomalous and illusory system of representation which then prevailed. We may quote his account of Bute as a happy and remarkable illustration:—

'All the voters in the county of Bute were twenty-one, and it was ludicrous to state that twenty out of those twenty-one had no property whatever in that county; so that in that county there was only a single voter connected with it by property, who, like a sovereign, was uncontrolled within it. At one election there, within the memory of man, when the day of election came, only one person qualified to vote attended; and that person was the sheriff. He read the writ to the meeting as sheriff. Then he constituted the meeting. Then, having constituted the meeting, he called over the names on the roll. Then he answered to the names himself. Then he put the vote for a preses to the meeting; he elected himself preses; he read over the minutes of the last meeting; he moved that they should be confirmed; he confirmed them himself; and, last of

all, he put the representation to the vote; and being himself the whole meeting, made a unanimous return.'

If Jeffrey retired from parliament without one additional leaf of laurel — harassed with party tactics, and worn out with late divisions—he retired also without one stain on his honesty or disinterestedness as a politician. He was welcomed to the Supreme Court by all the legal profession and by the public; for all had confidence in his learning, his discernment, and his industry. He earned a high reputation as a judge. Suitors were anxious that their cases should be decided by him. He devoted the most careful consideration to every question that came before him; consulting authorities and maturing his opinions in private, and stating fully in court, with his usual candour and precision, the various grounds of his decisions. His quickness in detecting sophistry and error sometimes led him to interrupt the counsel with significant and puzzling questions; and there was at times an over-solicitude and over-refinement in his mode of handling a case; partly arising from his conscientious sense of duty, and partly from his intellectual habits of subtle investigation and nice inquiry. This, however, was counteracted by the alacrity with which he could set to any amount of labour, and his aversion to the accumulation of arrears. No better monument to his legal skill and perseverance need be given than the records of cases decided in the Court of Session within the last fifteen years. His judicial labours were relieved by his unabated love of literature. He contributed a few articles to the 'Edinburgh Review,' including critiques on the Lives of Mackintosh and Wilberforce; and at length he consented to the publication of a selection from the whole of his contributions, similar collections having been made and published with great success from the writings of Macaulay and Sydney Smith. Lord Jeffrey's work appeared in 1844, in four volumes, being only about a third of what he had actually written for the Review. The volumes were accompanied by a graceful, half-apologetic preface, and by explanatory notes couched in a gentle and subdued spirit. All traces of the keen invective and caustic irony had disappeared. The 'lord of the merriment bow' had sheathed his arrows. There was a full admission of the errors and indiscretions of the earlier numbers of the Review, and of its 'excesses both of party zeal, overweening confidence, and intemperate blame.' Lord Jeffrey acknowledged that he had said 'petulant and provoking things' of Mr Southey, and that he had in many places spoken 'rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults' of Mr Wordsworth's poetry. But in these cases, though regretting the manner of his strictures, he still adhered substantially to the judgments he had given. Having acknowledged his faults, he intimates his claim to the merit of having more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic made the moral tendencies of the works under consideration a leading subject of discussion. The praise to which he aspired was, 'that of having constantly endeavoured to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress his readers with a sense both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment, and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter.'

The great critic realised all he aspired to, and much more. He made

good his claim to 'titles manifold.' His four volumes, though not containing all his most original or striking essays, are a repertory of sound and valuable maxims, fine conceptions, and correct definitions. The actual writings, however, afford no just criterion of the benefits which Jeffrey conferred upon his Country. Who can calculate the impulse which he gave to thought and opinion, to the whole current of our literature, to correct principles of taste and reasoning, to enlarged views of government, of public duty, and private morality! Much that is valuable and instrumental in periodical writing perishes in their use. The arguments necessary to help on any great cause become to a certain extent superfluous and antiquated when that cause is won, as elementary dissertations on law or morals cease to interest in an advanced state of society. During his twenty-six years of active duty as editor and reviewer, Jeffrey had stored the public mind with principles and opinions which we have seen reduced to practice, and which no party would now dispute, but which were violently assailed when presented in the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review.' To appreciate him aright, we must go back to the times in which he wrote, when literary criticism was low and servile, and political independence a rare and dangerous quality—when he had to contend with discouragements on every hand, and to inspire or cherish the taste and feelings of which we now reap the advantages. Some of the reviews in his collected works, devoted entirely to political questions—to Ireland, the nature of our relations with America, the state of parties in England, and the subjects of parliamentary reform and criminal jurisprudence—are solid and valuable constitutional treatises. He not merely *lightens* on his subject—he reasons closely on it, and is logical as well as brilliant.

He loved to play with metaphysical abstractions; and this, which was one of his early triumphs, now impedes instead of advancing his popularity. He was just in time to catch the last gleams of metaphysical science from Reid, Stewart, and Alison; but the 'shadowy tribes of mind' retreated before the certain light of physical science, and the delineation of human passions and manners. The vivacity and ability with which Jeffrey could expound these mental theories astonished his contemporaries, and certainly have never been exceeded. He had an exhaustless armoury of language of all descriptions, to suit every shade of meaning, and he was always as definite and exact as he was copious and animated. Yet the adventurous critic was very sceptical as to the utility of metaphysical speculations. Instead of endeavouring to bring out a theory of his own, he set himself to investigate critically all the theories most prevalent in his day—to disentangle them from what he deemed doubtful and obscure, and to exhibit within the smallest possible compass what is satisfactory to our reason, or what bears in any degree on practical purposes. Thus he considers the principle of *veracity* and the principle of *credulity*, which Reid held to be original principles in human nature, to be merely excrecences on that philosopher's system, and unnecessary to carry out his views. He also cut off from Alison's theory of association the notion of *long trains* of ideas and sensations, which he held to be equally superfluous. Jeffrey's exposition of Alison's theory is one of his most elaborate and complete metaphysical dissertations, and it is enriched with some of his most picturesque and beautiful writing. He enlarged the article, and

reprinted it as an essay on Beauty in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' He evidently regarded it as the corner-stone of his fame.

His great superiority consists in the versatility of his powers, and the perfect command he had over his faculties and acquirements. There was scarcely a region of the intellectual world that he had not explored, yet his natural endowments were greater than his acquisitions. The demands of a laborious profession precluded any profound knowledge in the sciences or abstruser branches of learning. He was more a man of the world than an erudite scholar—more of a popular orator and lawyer than an author; yet how few have been able to rival him in mental philosophy or polite literature! His perceptions were so quick, as to seem intuitive, and his sensibilities so keen, as to include every species of emotion. No poet could have a greater admiration of the beauties of external nature, yet his fertile imagination was but the handmaid of his clear and powerful understanding. His reasons and arguments on any subject were as strong and distinct as his illustrations were rich and fanciful. When these were aided by the fire of his eye, the animated expression of his countenance, and that flow of language which seemed as if it were never to cease running and sparkling, and which never made one abrupt or half-formed sentence, the impression made by his genius and acquirements on all minds of the slightest susceptibility was indescribable. Mrs Hemans compared the effect of his conversation to drinking champagne. But Jeffrey aimed at higher things than these. Both by his voice and his pen he sought to make men better, and wiser, and happier. He had a deep sympathy with his kind in all its joys and sorrows—a love of whatever was fair and good, and a scorn of whatever was base, or mean, or hypocritical. His candour was as transparent as his truth. His highest flights as an orator or writer were connected with the best feelings and interests of humanity.

At a late period of his life Lord Jeffrey was called upon, in his judicial capacity, to deliver judgment in a case connected with the political reformers, Muir, Paine, and Gerald. It was proposed in the year 1845 to erect a monument to their memory, but the scheme was objected to chiefly on political grounds. The Court of Session, by a majority of its body, overruled the objection, Lord Jeffrey concurring. 'The thoughts,' he said, 'which such a monument should suggest, even to those most opposed to the views and opinions of its founders, are naturally of a solemn and sobering character. And if, in some, they may still be too much mixed up with feelings of anger at supposed injustice, and in others of unmerciful reprobation of offences, of which the mischief and the penalties have been long ago consummated, I can only say that the blame will be with those who continue, on either side, to cherish sentiments so uncharitable; and that, if there be any place where the influences of the scene in which they are suggested are likely to soften them down to a more humane and indulgent standard, it is when that scene is laid where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary rest; and where everything should remind us of our own frail mortality, and of that awful Seat of Judgment before which none of us can hope to be justified—except through mercy.'

This solemn and touching admonition may prepare us for the fast-approaching sequel of our narrative. Lord Jeffrey's health had been shaken by several severe attacks. His cheerfulness and clearness of

intellect, however, were undiminished. He scarcely seemed old even at seventy-six. His evening parties at Craigcrook, or at his house in Moray Place, were the special delight of his friends; his acts of generosity and charity and unaffected kindness were still more numerous. Recent circumstances had revived his interest in the 'Edinburgh Review.' His only child, a daughter, was married to Mr Empson, professor of law in the East India College at Haileybury; and in 1847, on the death of Mr Macvey Napier, Mr Empson succeeded to the editorship of that journal from which his illustrious relative had derived such solid and lasting honours. Lord Jeffrey might now be seen in his leisure hours turning over the leaves of a critique destined for publication, and perhaps suggesting some golden thought or happy illustration to be set like a 'coigne of vantage' in the text. He was so engaged within one week of his death! Within four days of that event he sat in court, not having missed a day during the season; and one of his last writings was a letter, full of tenderness, addressed to the widow of his early friend, Sydney Smith, who had sent him a printed copy of the Lectures on Moral Philosophy delivered by Mr Smith so far back as 1806. His early associates and occupations—the names and the duties so long familiar—were thus vividly before him at the last! The closing hours were linked in beautiful sequence and uniformity with the morning splendour. On returning from the court on Tuesday, January 26, 1850, Lord Jeffrey had a slight accession of cold, which brought on his constitutional complaint, bronchitis; fever followed, and at six o'clock on Saturday afternoon, while his medical attendant was in the act of feeling his pulse, life became extinct. His remains were interred in the Western Cemetery, without any funereal pomp, as was his own desire, but mourned deeply and widely with no common sorrow. He had lived and died among his own people; and his native country, amidst her grief, rejoiced, and will long rejoice—in his fame.

